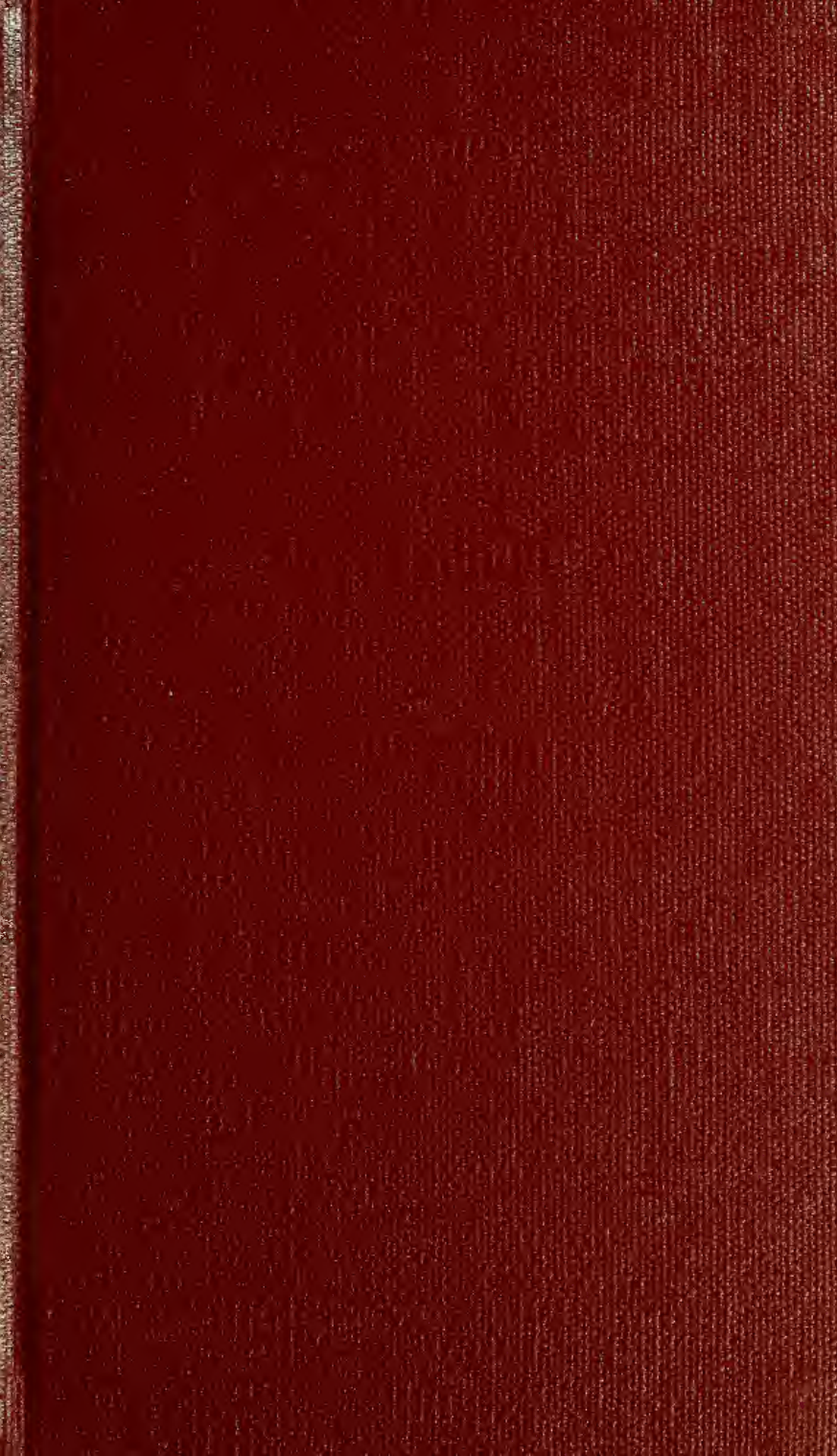






PRINCE BISMARCK.

1877.

EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS.

BY *Wm. H.*
ALFRED E. LEE,
LATE CONSUL-GENERAL U. S. A.

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EUROPEAN DAYS AND WAYS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD.

OUR steamship, the *City of Richmond*, cast off her lines in New York harbor one exquisite morning in May. As usual on such occasions; many friends of the voyagers on board had assembled to see the ship off, and had laden the cabin tables with their parting floral gifts. With cheers and fluttering handkerchiefs these friends gave us their final salute as the shapely steamer swung into the stream, and with tremulous thrill sprang away in quick response to the motion of her engines. The waving adieux soon became indistinguishable, and the great city, with its deep-voiced activities, rapidly disappeared behind us.

We were favored with friendly winds and an exceptionally quick and tranquil voyage. On Queen Victoria's birthday, which found us in mid-ocean, the ship spread all her bunting, bewildering in design and color, making her seem like a mammoth butterfly skimming over the liquid prairies of the deep. In the evening, the passengers signalized their respect for the occasion by holding a banquet, with addresses and music.

Probably all sea-voyagers are impressed with the loneliness of the ocean. It is the world's great desert. An occasional ship and a few acrobatic porpoises and sea-birds are almost the

only objects which vary the monotony of the wrinkled waste. To encounter, amidst this solitude, another vessel is quite an event. One fine evening the *Richmond* had a striking adventure of this kind, passing, at an apparent distance of but a few hundred yards, a three-masted ship, with every inch of canvas spread. Her crew cheered as the great steamer swept by, one of the sailors exuberantly swinging his boots over his head. Straightway the winged voyager passed out of hearing, and in a little while her white sails were shimmering in the evening sunlight, far away. So it is with wayfarers on the world's highways, whether on sea or land.

Like pilgrims on the hills of life,
We cross each other, and are gone.

Our approach to the coast of Ireland was made in the nighttime, amidst a thick fog, which enshrouded the land and darkened the sea. At daylight nothing could be seen but misty reaches of sea-water, close by the ship, but towards noon the cumbrous folds of vapor parted, disclosing some fine headlands, with intervening meadows.

During the afternoon the fog cleared away entirely, and the billows, breaking in spray against the Irish cliffs, flashed in the effulgence of an unclouded sun. Marvellous were the shades and combinations of color disclosed by this sudden revealment, as by drawn curtain, of the blended beauties of sea, sky, and land. The waves which dashed against the bow of the ship changed, in recoil, their light and deep greens into shades of blue of surpassing delicacy, fringed with snow-white foam. Equally pleasing to the eye were the verdurous meadows of the Irish coast, sloping down until blended with silvery volumes of rolling surf.

At four in the afternoon the *Richmond* put into Queens-town harbor, in quitting which, an hour later, she passed the *Indiana* coming in with General Grant on board. As the two

ships exchanged salutations, the passengers, gathered on their decks, broke into cheers. Next day the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, as we landed there, came down to the docks with a numerous retinue, all in state carriages and gorgeous livery, to receive the illustrious American. The *Indiana*, following our steamer, was then momentarily expected in the Mersey.

Our arrival in London happened to fall on the eve of Derby Day, when all England, so to speak, had come up for its annual holiday in the metropolis. Not one of the half-dozen or more hotels to which we had been recommended could receive us; the pleasure-seeking country folk had taken possession of London. We were glad to accept, at last, some improvised apartments, on condition that they should be surrendered next day. The condition was remitted, finally, for an extortionate consideration, and the days of our sojourn in the world's chief city were spared for something more agreeable than a tour of its lodging-houses.

Quitting London by a late afternoon steamer, we reached the open sea at nightfall, and early next morning were steaming up the wide and waveless Scheldt, rimmed with low, green dikes, along which groups of holiday-dressed peasants were passing. Under a cloudless sky we glided on over the placid waters until, rising on the distant edge of the far-reaching lowlands, the spire of the Antwerp Cathedral disclosed its pinnacle. The morning had not waned ere we quitted the steamer at her moorings and viewed the cathedral in full profile from the windows of our hotel apartments.

There is an old Antwerp and a new,—the one a maze of crooked lanes, across which the projecting peaked gables almost touch; the other a city of palaces, parks, and boulevards. Over all, beautifying all, rises the majestic cathedral spire,—an architectural poem,—a perpetual delight. Its proportions with the rest of the structure are said to be out of harmony, but the incongruity is not so serious as to mar our

enjoyment of an object in itself so superb. The tracery of this spire was compared by Napoleon to Mechlin lace, but without compare was the melody of its silver-toned carillon, falling in rhythmic showers on that tranquil Sunday morning.

Low, and loud, and sweetly blended,
Low at times, and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.

A fortified city, famous in war and in statecraft, Antwerp nevertheless bestows more conspicuous veneration upon its artists than upon its soldiers or its statesmen. The finest memorials which adorn its public places are not of warriors, or diplomatists, but of the great master, Rubens, and his illustrious disciples, Vandyke and Teniers. Indeed, the name and works of Rubens, it may almost be said, constitute the chief glory of Antwerp. The Museum contains his *Crucifixion*,—consummate in terrible sublimity,—his gorgeous *Adoration of the Magi*, and his dead Christ, known as the *Christ à la Paille*. His chair, even, is enshrined in a glass cabinet. His masterpiece, the *Descent from the Cross*, is preserved with pious care in the cathedral, where it is protected by a folding screen. His *Elevation of the Cross*, guarded in like manner, hangs on the wall opposite. His *Scourging of Christ*—a famous picture—is in the old Dominican chapel now known as the Church of St. Paul. The Church of St. Jacques contains one of his finest altar-pieces and his tomb.

The railway from Antwerp to Cologne, *via* Liége, courses through an exquisitely beautiful country, of great historical interest. There is scarcely a town or a village on the route which does not suggest some classic reminiscence. Mechelen, still abounding in mediæval architecture, traces its history back to the time of King Pepin, in the eighth century, and has been overrun again and again by the armies of Marlborough and

the invading French. The annals of Louvain, which claims Julius Cæsar as its founder, are perspicuous as far back as the ninth century. Between Louvain and Landen—the birthplace of Pepin—lie the battle-fields of the Neerwinden plain, where the French were defeated in 1693 by William III. of England, and in 1793 by the Austrians. Near Tirlemont the Belgic Lion and Prussian monument on the field of Waterloo may be descried from the railway. Liège, founded in the sixth century, at the confluence of the Ourthe and the Meuse, amidst a circlet of beautiful hills, has acquired fame alike from history and from Sir Walter Scott's fiction. Dolhain, the last Belgian station, was sacked at different times by the Emperor Henry V., by Louis XIV., and by Marlborough. Düren was the Marcodurum of Tacitus. At Aix-la-Chapelle, anciently renowned for its thermal springs, near which was stationed the First Roman Legion, Charlemagne was born, died, and was entombed. There also, in the course of subsequent centuries, thirty-seven successors of the great emperor were crowned. When his tomb was opened, in the year 1000, nearly two centuries after his interment, his body was found, still seated on its marble throne, and arrayed in its imperial robes.

At Herbesthal, the first Prussian station, the train halts while the German customs officers inspect the baggage of passengers. A change of currency and of language takes place at this boundary town, after quitting which the eastward-going traveller must accustom himself to *reichsmark* instead of *francs*, and to the German vocabulary in lieu of the French.

While our train scuds swiftly over the alluvial plains of the Lower Rhine, about an hour after quitting Herbesthal, we descry the twin spires of the Cologne Cathedral, the pinnacles of which are yet blazing with the setting sun as we alight beneath their evening shadows.

An ideal June day, radiant and gentle as could be, favored

our voyage by Rhine steamer from Cologne to Mayence. Byron must have had just such a day and season in mind when, with not less truth than poetry of description, he wrote :

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,—
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy, wert thou with me.

And peasant girls with deep-blue eyes,
And hands which offer yearly flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers.

The Rhine steamers are swift travellers, make short stoppages, and keep closely to their time schedules. Both deck and cabin are admirably arranged for observation of the scenery, than which there is none which affords a more pleasing or interesting epitome of the historic and legendary past.

During the latter part of the afternoon our steamer—the *Kaiser Wilhelm*—emerged from the gorge at Bingen and passed Rüdesheim, just above which the white-walled Schloss Johannisberg, crowning a distant height, came into view. The valley here widens out between lines of hills which gracefully recede on both sides of the river, the broad surface of which is clustered with small green islands. Through the Bingen gateway we have entered the Garden of the Rhine, strewing which, along the river's margin, or back upon the hills, are



ARIADNE.
DÄNNECKER.

numerous villages and castles whose vintages have made their names known the world over.

As we passed Eltville and Biebrich, the evening light was pouring in mellow splendors over the vine-clad hills, and burnishing the massive towers of the old cathedral at Mayence. The day and the river-voyage ended together as we touched the Mayence landing. Next morning we looked out, through a dripping atmosphere, on the quaint old Rossmarkt Square in Frankfort.

CHAPTER II.

A WINSOME GERMAN CITY.

THERE is no more fascinating old city in Europe than Frankfort-on-the-Main. The foreigners, not excepting Americans, who sojourn long within its precincts never fail to become its enthusiastic adorers. The Frankforters themselves regard it as such an excellent place to stay in that not many of them can be persuaded to leave it. There are not a few of its families whose perspicuous annals of residence extend back through a long line of ancestry for two or three centuries. There are banks and other business houses whose present name and location have been continuous for one hundred to one hundred and fifty years. The city itself dates back to the time of Charlemagne. One of its stone bridges, spanning the river Main, is said to have been built five or six centuries ago. A legend tells us it was placed there by His Satanic Majesty, on a special contract with the city fathers that he should have the soul of the first creature that should pass over it. When it was finished, the shrewd Frankforters sent a rooster across it, thereby showing themselves smarter than the sly party of the second part. An image of the rooster, surmounting a pole

set upon the bridge, commemorates the event and confirms the truth of the story.

The foundation of the Frankfort Cathedral is traced to Charlemagne by some authorities, and by others to King Pepin. Within its walls many of the German emperors were crowned, beginning as far back as 1711. A few hundred yards from it stands the venerable Römer, which is historically one of the most interesting buildings in Germany. The famous Golden Bull of Charles IV. is deposited among its archives; the electors of the empire assembled, when a new emperor was to be chosen, within one of its chambers; from its balcony the emperor-elect exhibited himself to the applauding multitudes, and in its grand saloon the coronation banquet was held. The full-size portraits of forty-eight German monarchs, painted in the costumes of their time, adorn this curious chamber.

Around the walls of Frankfort swept the armies of Louis XIV. and of the great Napoleon. Here Louis the Pious lived and King Günther died. Here, in one of the fantastic rookeries of the Judengasse, the Rothschilds laid the foundations of the most colossal fortune in the world. Here, in a narrow and crowded street, stands a comely old house with peaked gables and projecting stories, over whose portal we read the inscription:

*In diesem Hause
wurde
Johann Wolfgang Goethe,
am 28ten August, 1749, geboren.*

In this building the great poet spent his infancy, and made the home of his boyhood and early manhood. Here, later in life, he was visited by Lavater, Basedow, and Klopstock, and here, as we wander about the curious old chambers, we recall the names of Marguerite and Maximiliane, of Bettina and

Lili, of Sybilla Mönch and Anna Schönneman, of—but the list is too long for repetition. Most of all are we reminded here of her whose Martha-Washington-like face appears in a portrait on the wall,—the doting mother of the great Goethe. Of the spiritual presences within these old walls hers is the most palpable. Her illustrious son seldom dwelt in this house after the period of his early manhood, but here her faithful heart continued to beat in maternal fondness, until it ceased to beat, for her beloved Wolfgang.

In an obscure little park, beside a narrow and remote street, in another part of the city, Goethe's mother lies buried. There is no monument over the grave,—nothing to distinguish it save a plain, weather-worn tablet, around which a few sprigs of ivy scramble. The spot was once a suburban church-yard, but the city swept over and far beyond it, and now only a few of the graves remain undisturbed. Unnoted, Goethe's mother sleeps there, while out in the grand area, around which the life and energy of the city course and pulsate, stands Schwanthaler's splendid monument to her immortal son.

Frankfort has no military fame like Mayence, Metz, Strasbourg, or Antwerp. Though once a walled town, it was never a celebrated fortress. It has had its military vicissitudes, but they were not conspicuous. Goethe narrates in his autobiography that, during his boyhood, he once heard the trumpets sounding the alarm all day long from the watch-towers, as the French army approached and invested the town; that after the city had yielded without resistance to the beleaguering army, one of the enemy's generals of division quartered himself and staff upon the poet's reluctant and indignant father; and that he (young Goethe) turned the annoyance to good account by learning French from the unbidden guests. Other annals narrate that, a century and a half before this time, the army of Gustavus Adolphus appeared before the city, even then "opulent and populous," and demanded its surrender; that

the wealthy burghers hesitated, but at last succumbed ; and that the triumphant battalions of the great Swede marched through the gates and unfurled the banners of Protestantism from the city's walls and pinnacles.

Nearly two centuries later, Napoleon passed through Frankfort on his way to conquest, and also on his flight from disaster ; and in one of the public gardens a tree is pointed out under which, as tradition runs, the great emperor, when at the zenith of his fame, once stood while his veteran legions passed in review before him.

But Frankfort has always been a city of trade and finance, rather than one of military tastes and renown. Its wealth has been proverbial from its early history until now, and the assertion is made that, in proportion to population, its riches surpass those of any other city in the world. The Rothschilds, besides their great banking house, standing within a stone's-throw of the hovel where the family was founded, possess vast estates here, and the singular story is told that their first considerable gains were made with funds received and deposited by the Hessian government as the wages of its mercenaries in the attempted subjugation of the American Colonies.

Many other families, both German and Jewish, possess enormous fortunes, and own or control financial, commercial, and industrial interests radiating to nearly every part of the civilized world. Of banking houses, properly so called, there is no unusual number, but the city abounds in dealers in all manner of securities, and its stock exchange is one of the most important in Europe. Its capitalists claim to have been the first to take the bonds of the United States offered abroad during our civil war, and there have been times when their holdings of those bonds amounted to not less than a hundred millions of dollars. They also deal enormously in the railway, State, and local securities of this country, and there is no

city in Europe where all that pertains to American investments is better understood than in Frankfort. Several of the foremost financiers have branch houses in New York, with which they are in daily communication by cable. American investments are the favorites, particularly our national bonds, which are preferred even to those of Germany or Great Britain, but all the European loans are placed more or less through Frankfort agencies. It is a notable fact that many of the houses which have acquired great wealth in this business are those of Hebrews, who now live in princely elegance, although it is less than a century since all of that race dwelling in Frankfort were obliged to inhabit the hovels of the Judengasse, and were locked up at night in that narrow and odious quarter.

The ancient portions of Frankfort are poetically quaint. The narrow, meandering streets, overhung by projecting stories and lofty, peaked gables, are bewildering to the stranger. But all the thoroughfares, however irregular, are kept scrupulously clean; the sewerage system is superb; and the houses are painted in harmonious neutral colors, pleasant to the eye, so that even the older structures, some of which have existed without substantial change for seven or eight centuries, look comparatively fresh and tidy. Around the public square known as the Römerberg, fronting the Römer, stands a cluster of these ancient buildings, such as Ruskin might be supposed to describe when he says that "the glory of a human structure is not in its stones nor its gold, but in its age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation which we feel in walls that have been long washed by the passing waves of humanity."

But Frankfort is by no means all ancient. The West End, as it is called, is mostly new, and is a town of palaces. Half the rickety old hovels of the Judengasse have been torn away,

and many other primitive streets have been partly or wholly obliterated. Two splendid new bridges have been thrown across the Main, a grand opera-house rivalling that of Paris in the beauty and completeness of its appointments has been built, a system of sluice-ways by which the Main has been made navigable by Rhine steamers from Mayence to Frankfort has been constructed, and a union railway-station building, not surpassed except in size by any other on the Continent, has recently been completed. A large and elegant hotel, a museum and academy of art, a new exchange, and several large school buildings, all costly and beautiful structures, are among the later improvements.

Much is done for the general comfort and recreation of the people, and this is in nothing more conspicuous than in the public gardens and promenades. Most all German cities have such places of resort, but in few cities of any country are they so attractive and convenient as in Frankfort. On the site of the ancient walls, which have been torn away, and of the moat, which has been filled up, a series of connecting parks has been laid out encircling the old town, and lying nearly equidistant from the city's present centre and circumference. An American lady who well knows the *Anlage*, as this popular pleasure-ground is called, thus describes for me some of its attractions :

“One of its principal adornments is its trees. In the first place, besides being luxuriantly grown and leaved, they are all knotted and gnarled as fantastically as if they had grown so of their own volition, and not of the landscapist's. Nearly the whole tree is draped with light-green moss, which velvet may resemble but cannot rival. Even in winter, when the leaves are gone, it is delightful to look upon these venerable stems, with their interlacement of brown and green branches silhouetted against the sky.

“The *Anlage* abounds also in lakes, fountains, rustic bridges,

and sequestered nooks, where one may while away the summer hours watching the shadows creeping up and down the sand. The lakes are stocked with goldfish, which the children feed, and which everybody stops to admire. Then there are milk and refreshment booths, wells of pure cold water,* and plenty of comfortable benches for tired and loitering pedestrians. A large proportion of the visitors are working people, who try to pass through the Anlage while going to and from their labor, or to enjoy an hour's stroll in it on Sunday afternoons. Here, also, the children and their nurses come, and the little ones make themselves happy, playing in the sand-heaps."

The Palmengarten is above all else the pride of Frankfort. When the Duke of Nassau—an active sympathizer with the beaten side in the Austro-Prussian war—lost his dominions, and quitted his famous château at Biebrich, the Frankforters availed themselves of the opportunity to buy his entire collection of rare and costly plants, comprising about thirty thousand specimens. They then erected a mammoth conservatory of glass, with an elegant and commodious music- and dining-hall attached, and adorned the adjacent grounds with fountains, lakes, parterres, promenades, and all things beautiful, making, altogether, one of the loveliest spots in Europe. Scientific gardeners are regularly salaried and employed to keep the place in order, whose assiduity and skill impart to it such ingenuity of color and arrangement as a practised artist bestows upon the labor of his heart. In truth their handiwork is, in its way, artistic. In fine weather an orchestra plays in a pavilion in the garden, and at other times in the spacious concert-room. This apartment looks directly into the great

* In one of the parks of the Anlage, near its junction with the Mainzerlandstrasse, is located one of these wells, containing a primitive pump worked by a long iron handle, and surmounted by the bust of a laughing Bacchus.

conservatory, which presents a scene of tropical enchantment. Five large palm-trees, imported by Humboldt, occupy conspicuous positions amidst skilfully-grouped dracænas, ferns, azaleas, rhododendrons, passifloras, and a myriad of other rare tropical and semi-tropical growths. The ground is carpeted with light-green moss, smooth and soft as velvet, and moistened by the spray of falling waters.

Another popular place of resort, scarcely less attractive, is the Zoological Garden, containing a splendid music-hall in which daily concerts are given, an aquarium, and a large collection of rare specimens of the animal kingdom.

To the enjoyment of parks, promenades, and general outdoor amusement the moderate and equable climate of Central Germany is particularly gracious. The city of Frankfort, though in about the same latitude as Montreal, lies upon a very different isothermal line. Screened by the Taunus Mountains from the cold winds of the North Sea, it is at the same time sufficiently remote from the Alps to escape the violent atmospheric changes common to South Germany. Snow generally falls at Dresden, and also in the Black Forest, two or three weeks earlier than at Frankfort. In summer the heat is seldom oppressive, or of long duration, and the nights are always sufficiently cool to insure comfortable sleep. The winters are usually mild and open. In all seasons a great deal of rain falls, and unclouded skies are exceptional. An atmosphere perfectly pellucid and crystalline, with that resulting "divine splendor of the fields" which Virgil speaks of, is not known in Germany as it is upon our Western Continent. It came within the observation of the writer that the month of July, at Frankfort, contained, one year, but seven days without rain, and none at all that were cloudless.

In the Main Valley the soil is light and sandy, and evaporation is rapid. The local physicians say that moist weather is healthier than dry, because, by saturating the porous earth,

it prevents the exhalation of injurious vapors and secures a purer atmosphere. At any rate, the people do not seem to mind the rain, but rather to enjoy all the more on account of it their habits of out-door life. It is believed that the humidity of the atmosphere is favorable to corpulency, and no doubt to this cause, rather than, as commonly supposed, to the practice of beer-drinking, are due the full habit and tranquil temperament of the Germans.

The Frankforters possess, in its fullest degree, the German passion for art and music. They have among them several artists of wide celebrity, and also an art society of long standing, which maintains a permanent exhibition and weekly sale of contemporary paintings. The new Art Academy, known from its founder as the Städel'sche Institute, and occupying a commanding site on the left bank of the Main, is richly endowed, and possesses many rare and celebrated works. A collection of sculptures and casts, privately belonging to the Baron von Bethmann, but easily accessible to visitors, derives its name—the Ariadneum—from Dännecker's *Ariadne and the Lioness*, an exquisite work, worthy to rank with the finest antiques. The figures—representing Ariadne reclining upon the lioness's back—are wrought, life-size, from a single block of Carrara marble, and cost the artist seven years of continuous study and labor. Had he expended upon them his whole lifetime, he might still have died content with the product of his genius.

Not famous, like Dresden or Stuttgart, for its musical advantages, Frankfort nevertheless enjoys the best music of the period. Its conservatorium, in whose calendar of instructors we find such names as those of Stockhausen, Raff, and Clara Schumann (widow of the great composer), has achieved wide reputation. The opera, subsidized by the government, is of the highest order of merit. The museum concerts, given bi-weekly during the winter, attract the co-

operation of the best vocalists and instrumentalists in Europe, and are scarcely surpassed in any German city. The orchestra, containing about seventy performers, is extraordinary in its thoroughness of training and nicety of execution. Its interpretations of Beethoven, Mozart, and other great composers would be famous in any country less musical than Germany.

Scarcely less interesting than the music are the people who attend these concerts. The museum, as the concert-hall is called, is a model of comfort, convenience, and acoustic excellence, and not one of its fifteen hundred seats ever remains untaken. Hither come the wealthy, the refined, and those of all conditions who have a taste for the higher order of musical art, and among them all there is perceptibly no rude, ill-behaved, or obtrusive person. The entire audience gives its undivided attention to the music, and neither entertainers nor entertained will tolerate interruption. If the leader of the orchestra overhears conversation, he will immediately face the disturbers and throw up his baton.

The new Opera-House bears upon its front the inscription, *Dem Wahren, Schönen, Guten*, and it is an offering nobly conceived as well as nobly dedicated. It was built by joint funds of the municipality and of wealthy citizens, and contains seats for two thousand persons. As a precaution against fire, its *Coulissenhause*, or magazine for stage scenery, is built separately, at a considerable distance from the main building, with which it communicates by a surface tramway, and also by underground passages. The apparatus for heating, cooling, ventilating, and illuminating the building centres in the three-story basement—where its motive power is located—and performs its functions with marvellous perfection. Pure air, drawn from the neighboring *Aulage*, is heated in winter, or cooled in summer, and circulated with the most careful adjustment of temperature to every nook and corner of the

building. From his position in the basement, the engineer advises himself by an electric contrivance of the exact state of the atmosphere, both as to purity and temperature, in every corridor, lodge, and chamber, and is able, by the apparatus at his command, to correct immediately any improper atmospheric condition in any part of the building. It has been said that the Frankforters go to the opera for hygienic benefit as well as for amusement, and that they find there a refuge alike from the asperities of winter and the heat of summer.

The precautions for the safety of the audience are equally complete. During a performance, a corps of trained and vigilant firemen is constantly on the watch, prepared to flood instantaneously any part of the building where fire may appear, and such are the means of exit that the entire auditorium may be vacated in five minutes. Meanwhile, by the drop of an iron screen, the stage may, in an instant, be completely isolated from the remaining interior.

So perfect is the system of electric signals, that the actors are summoned by it to their places in the play, and the leader of the orchestra duplicates, by some electric magic, the strokes of his baton to the chorus behind the scenes.

The leading actors are of the first professional merit, and, being engaged for a term of years, become locally acquainted and enjoy, like the military, the highest social privileges.

The subvention to the opera is paid from the municipal treasury, and may reach, but not exceed, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. An equal expenditure of money could scarcely be better made for the wholesome recreation of the people.

The people of Frankfort enjoy their opera and are proud of its splendid temple, as they have good reason to be. In its interior and exterior elegance, and in the excellence of its

appointments, from its subterranean mechanism to the winged hippogriff upon the crown of its pediment, it is a princely testimonial to their good taste, and emblem of their refinement.

CHAPTER III.

GENERAL GRANT AT FRANKFORT.

THE extraordinary honors paid to General Grant in England created a profound impression all over Europe. No other American, and indeed few Europeans, had ever received such honors abroad, and the case was made still more exceptional by the fact that this great distinction was paid to no potentate or representative of political power, but to a plain private citizen, holding no rank or official position.

As soon as it was known that General Grant intended to travel on the Continent, he was invited to visit Frankfort-on-the-Main. The invitation was extended by the American residents of that city, and was accepted. A joint meeting of these Americans, and of prominent burghers of the city, was then held, and a committee was appointed, half Germans and half Americans, to make arrangements for the reception and entertainment of General Grant and his party. Mr. Henry Seligman, an American banker of Frankfort, and the writer were delegated to intercept the distinguished tourist on his journey up the Rhine, and conduct him to the city.

It was upon a radiant summer morning that we quitted Frankfort on this mission. General Grant was at Bingen, where he had arrived the evening before from Cologne. He was accompanied by Mrs. Grant, his son Jesse Grant, and General Adam Badeau, Consul-General at London. Their

arrival at Bingen had been so unostentatious that their presence in the town was scarcely known outside of the hotel in which they had taken rooms. Their departure was alike unnoticed.

Our train drew up at Bingen just as a special *schnellzug*, with the Emperor of Germany on board, swept past the town without stopping. Proceeding at once to the hotel, we learned that General Grant had already left for Rüdesheim, but had possibly not yet crossed the river. We hastened to the landing, and there found him and his party seated under some linden-trees, waiting for the ferry. I had a package of letters for the general which had come to my care, and which, after mutual introductions, I delivered to him at once. Tearing open and throwing away the envelopes until the ground around him was littered with them, General Grant hastily inspected the letters and passed them to General Badeau. By this time the Rüdesheim steamer had arrived, and we all went on board. In a moment more the boat pushed off and turned its course up the stately river. The rippling waters sparkled in the sunshine, and all the vine-clad hills were dressed in the emerald bravery of summer. On the right, dropping behind us, was Bingen, famous in legend and in song, while on the left, in the foreground, appeared the clustered, red-tiled gables of Rüdesheim. Upon the summit of a commanding bluff which rises on the right bank of the river, and which was passed by our steamer, now stands the great National Monument, since erected as a war memorial of the completed political unity of the German states.

From Rüdesheim to Wiesbaden, where General Grant desired to make his next halt, the railway follows the Rhine as far as Castel, opposite Mayence. We had but a few minutes to wait for our train, and were soon bowling along, with the bluffs and blossoming fields of the Rheingau on the one hand, and the bright river on the other. While we were discussing the various objects of interest, and the topics which

they suggested, General Badeau discovered by accident among the letters which General Grant had given him one which had not been opened.

"The address is in the handwriting of General Sherman," said Badeau.

"Yes," said Grant, glancing at the superscription, "that is from Sherman. Read it."

Accordingly, General Badeau read the letter, which we all listened to, deeply impressed with the cordiality of its expressions. In heartiest terms the writer felicitated General Grant upon the splendid reception which had been given him, and the merited appreciation awarded him in the Old World. The letter was that of an admiring and devoted friend rather than that of a military colleague.

"General Sherman seems to have a strong personal regard for you, general," remarked one of the party.

"Yes," responded General Grant, "there has always been the best of feeling between Sherman and myself, although attempts have not been wanting to make it appear otherwise."

"I have noticed such attempts," replied the person addressed, "but for my part I have never needed any proof that they were wholly uncalled for and impertinent.

"Possibly you have never heard, general," continued the speaker, "how heartily General Sherman rejoiced over your capture of Lee and his army. I happened to be a member of Sherman's command at the time when the news reached him at Goldsboro' that you had broken the Confederate lines before Petersburg, and I can testify that he was particularly gratified that he had not been obliged to make any movement that would have given a pretext for saying that your success was due in part to him. To those about him he exclaimed, in his energetic way,—

"I knew Grant would do it, for I know the man. And I'm glad that he accomplished it without my help. Nobody

can say now that I have divided with him the credit of this success. He has deserved it all, he has gained it all, and I'm glad that he will have it all.' ”

About noon the party arrived at Wiesbaden, where nobody seemed to expect them except the people at the hotel where General Grant's courier had engaged rooms. After dinner Mr. Seligman desired to tender a drive to the general and Mrs. Grant, but they had disappeared. After a short search we found them sitting together alone in one of the arboreal retreats of the Kurgarten. The general remarked that it was his custom when he visited a city to explore it on foot, and that in this way he had already made himself tolerably familiar, he thought, with the general plan and topography of Wiesbaden. Mr. Seligman's invitation was readily accepted, however, and half an hour later the party set out, in a carriage, for the Russian Chapel.

Wiesbaden is one of the most ancient watering-places on the Continent. It was a Roman military station, bearing witness to which the Heidenberg—a neighboring eminence—still shows the traces of a Roman fortress. The remains of Roman baths and a temple have also been found in the vicinity, and the waters are mentioned by Pliny. Under the name of Wisi-bad the Carlovingian monarchs established at Wiesbaden an imperial residence. The city lies under the southern slope of the Taunus Mountains, the rocky recesses of which conceal the mysteries of its thermal springs. The hilly country for miles around abounds in charming pleasure-grounds, drives, and promenades. The gilded palaces which were formerly used as fashionable gambling-houses are now devoted to the social and musical recreation of visitors who come to take the waters.

The drive to the Russian Chapel ascends the Taunus Mountain by a winding road, amidst stately, well-kept forests of beech and chestnut. The chapel, whose gilded domes can be seen from afar, stands upon one of the most salient mountain

spurs, and overlooks the country as far as Mayence and the Odenwald. It was erected by the Duke of Nassau as a memorial to his deceased first wife, who was a beautiful young Russian princess. Upon her tomb, which adorns the interior, her life-size effigy reclines in pure white marble.

General Grant lingered for some time at this place, and from the promontory on which the chapel stands contemplated with deep interest the far-reaching, historic scenes of the Rhine Valley.

Next morning the general and his party arrived at Frankfort, where they were met by the reception committee, and conducted to the principal places of interest. Among the establishments visited were some of the large wine-cellars, and also Henninger's great brewery, through the immense crypts of which General Grant was conducted. As he was about to leave Henninger's he was requested to write his name in the visitor's register, which was ruled with spaces entitled respectively "name," "residence," and "occupation." Grant promptly put down his name and place of residence, but when he came to the "occupation" column he hesitated. "What shall I write here?" he inquired,—*"loafer?"*

This remark was made in jest, and yet not without a certain sadness of tone and manner. Undoubtedly General Grant felt keenly the irksomeness of having nothing particular to do. After the immense strain which had been put upon him for twelve successive years, it was not easy for him to reconcile himself, in the prime of his manhood and the full maturity of his powers, to being a mere spectator of the affairs of men. Activity had become a second nature to him, and idleness was simply intolerable. With much leisure on his hands, he first sought rest and recreation, and then occupation. However unfortunately his business undertakings resulted, they were, after all, but the outcome of a natural and laudable desire to be usefully employed.

To many people General Grant seemed to be a very taciturn man, having little inclination or capacity for conversation. But no judgment of him could be more erroneous, as many persons who conversed with him during his sojourn at Frankfort can attest. He knew how to keep silent, and he also knew how to make himself extremely entertaining whenever he deemed it prudent to express his ideas freely. A very distinguished leader of the Democratic party whom I had the honor to meet in Frankfort, subsequent to General Grant's visit, informed me that he had travelled with him in Russia, had conversed with him a great deal, and had been astonished, not only at his conversational power, but at the extent and accuracy of his information, particularly in regard to everything pertaining to commerce between the United States and the different countries of Europe. "The general seems to have been an extremely careful student of these matters," said my informant, "and I was the more surprised at this because I had formed an altogether different idea of his character. Since I have met him and talked with him," added this Democratic leader, "I regard him as one of the greatest men of his age,—although I had before thought of him very differently,—and I now heartily wish that he might be President again. I doubt whether we have another man, of either party, capable of governing the country so wisely and so well."

The banquet given to General Grant by the citizens and resident Americans of Frankfort was a superb affair. It was spread in the music-hall of the Palmengarten, where the illustrious guest was seated fronting the tropical enchantment of the grand conservatory already described. The conservatory and hall were brilliantly illuminated, the tables were resplendent with silver and floral decorations, and upon the walls of the banquet-chamber the national emblems of the Great Republic and the Great Empire were suggestively displayed side by side. Ladies were admitted to the galleries, but gentlemen only

were seated at the tables, around which were gathered some hundreds of the most prominent bankers and merchants of Germany, including capitalists who had been the first in Europe to invest in the war-loans offered by our government.

The dinner lasted three hours. Between the courses the orchestra played our national airs, and various toasts were drunk, a venerable burgher of Frankfort proposing the health of General Grant, to which the general responded in a brief, sensible, and somewhat humorous speech, which was exceedingly well received.

Outside the building the scene was scarcely less animated or interesting than within. By the aid of colored lights and other pyrotechnic contrivances the garden was made brilliant and gay as an Arabian Nights dream. The atmosphere was perfumed with the aroma of flowers and filmy with the mist of fountains. Thousands of people, elegantly dressed, were seated on the out-door terraces enjoying the fireworks and music, while in the promenades other thousands were moving objects in a kaleidoscope combination of light and color. For some time after the banquet General Grant sat upon the veranda of the music-hall conversing with friends and enjoying this novel scene. His presence excited no rude curiosity or boisterous enthusiasm, but was none the less honored by more subdued and decorous demonstrations of respect.

The next day General Grant drove to Homburg, fifteen miles, and thence four miles farther to the Saalburg, which is the name given to the site of an ancient Roman fortification on the Taunus Mountains. The circumvallation laid out here is supposed to have been the work of Drusus, and was one of a series of defensive stations covering the frontier of the Roman Empire from the Rhine to the Danube. The exhumations at this fortified camp, first attempted within a recent period, have disclosed the most complete Roman castrametation in Germany. The castellum is a rectangle, four hundred and sixty-

five by seven hundred and four feet, and is surrounded by two deep ditches and by high parapets. Within this enclosure the prætorium, or residence of the commandant, one hundred and thirty-two by one hundred and fifty-three feet, has been distinctly traced by its stone foundations. Stones marked with Roman characters yet remain where they were anciently planted, designating the camps of the different legions. This fort is mentioned by Tacitus, and was one of the principal bulwarks of the Roman conquest in Germany against the wild tribes which hovered along its northern frontier.

The excavations were still in progress at the time of General Grant's visit, and on that very occasion some interesting relics were unearthed. Mrs. Grant was presented with a ring and some pieces of ancient pottery, which were removed in her presence from the places where they had lain embedded in the earth during the last eighteen hundred years.

Near the fort was discovered, some years ago, the cemetery where the ashes of the deceased Romans of the garrison were interred. Some of the graves which had never before been disturbed were opened in General Grant's presence, in order that he might see with his own eyes what they contained, and in what manner their contents were deposited. From each grave a small urn was taken, containing the ashes of one cremated human body, and upon the mouth of the urn was found, in each instance, a Roman obolus, which had been deposited there to pay the ferriage of the soul of the departed over the Stygian river. General Grant was presented with some of these coins as mementos of his visit.

On his return to Homburg the ensuing evening, the general was banqueted by a party of Americans, and a splendid illumination of the Kurgarten was given in his honor. The next day he returned to Frankfort, and the next departed by rail for Heidelberg and Switzerland.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIAM I., KING OF PRUSSIA.

Evolution of the German State.

ON a propitious day in September, 1877, the autumn manœuvres of the German Cavalry Corps took place near Griesheim, a village of Hesse-Darmstadt. At a preconcerted signal about thirty thousand troops deployed under the eyes of the emperor, the crown prince, and Count Von Moltke, and executed with realistic zeal the evolutions of mimic war.

The emperor, then eighty-one years of age, viewed the movements on horseback, and when the simulated conflict neared its crisis, stationed himself, in advance of his attendants, on the brow of a commanding hill. Thus elevated and isolated, his stalwart figure, helmeted, uniformed, and mounted on a noble steed, stood forth, motionless and majestic, like some plastic ideal of an imperial military leader and ruler.

The apparition was prophetic. Such will be the character and prominence of that figure in history.

The career of William I., Emperor of Germany, is unique and unparalleled. Scarcely any other age than this age, or any other country than Germany, could have produced it. Carlyle speaks of Frederick the Great as a result achieved by the Prussian people. "There are nations," he says, "in which a Friedrich is or can be possible, and, again, there are nations in which he is not, and cannot." So of William I. He was a result which the German people achieved, and such as perhaps they alone could achieve. But it was not by voluntary fiat that they produced him. He came by long process of political and social evolution. Germany had been preparing for him



THE DEPARTURE.
RELIEF ON THE NIEDERWALD MONUMENT.



—producing him, we might say—for ten centuries, and, as if in requital of this, he spent more than sixty years of his life in preparing for Germany. Not until he ascended the throne of Prussia, at the age of sixty-four, may he be said to have begun that part of his career which made him illustrious.

Although not a product of the French Revolution, he was its immediate sequence, and the course of his life is closely associated with its consequences and effects in Continental Europe. By the events of which the Revolution was the direct or efficient cause, he was schooled for the events in which he was to be a leading actor. The political and social conditions upon which the revolutionary impulse took hold in Germany were the conditions under which he was born, grew up to manhood, and developed the principal aim of his life. In order to form a just estimate of his character and achievements it is necessary to consider what those conditions were.

At the beginning of the revolutionary period, Germany, no less than France, rested under the blighting incubus of the old *régime*. Although partially uprooted in Prussia during the volcanic career of Frederick the Great, that *régime* spread its paralyzing influence like a corroding fungus over the entire surface of German society. After the death of Frederick it had become prevalent again even in Prussia. In Germany, as in France, it was a *régime* of political imbecility and misrule, rooted and nourished in the lingering decay of the Middle Ages. In Germany it produced ultra particularism ; in France, anarchy. France rid herself of it by revolution, Germany by evolution.

The old *régime* of Germany was the offspring of dynastic delusion. When, on Christmas day of the year 800, Pope Leo III. placed a splendid crown on the head of Charlemagne, and proclaimed him the successor of Constantine, that delusion began. It was the delusion of the so-called Holy Roman Empire. For seven hundred years the resources of Germany

were squandered by her rulers in profitless efforts to maintain that imperial fiction. While they were pursuing its illusive shadows of dominion abroad, they neglected to rule at home, and were vexed by domestic dissension and revolt. The abuses of local government became intolerable, and produced an insurrection of the peasantry equalled in blind atrocity only by the Reign of Terror. Then followed the prolonged and unspeakable scourge of the Thirty Years' War, during which the whole country was devastated, and two-thirds of the German people perished by famine, pestilence, and the sword. Meanwhile the imperial authority became utterly puerile, and Germany was converted into a multitude of petty despotisms, whose rulers were practically absolute. The contentions of these little sovereignties, diligently fomented from abroad, kept the whole country in turmoil. While other nations were crystallizing and consolidating, the German people were being more and more distracted by disuniting forces.

Thus the German states were trained for centuries in a school of discord. Their differences of custom, language, and religion became strongly marked, and their provincial prejudices almost insurmountable. The boundaries of the empire were immensely reduced, and North Germany, at least, would probably have shared the fate of Poland but for the rise of Prussia. The growth of that powerful kingdom is a striking example of the political survival of the fittest. As the Oscans and Sabellians, descending from the Apennines and subduing the weaker tribes of the plains, founded the nucleus of the Roman state, so the Hohenzollern princes, descending from their castle on the Alps, became masters of Brandenburg, and by their superior valor and sagacity established the nucleus of a German renaissance.

But while Prussia gained predominance in the north, Austria became equally powerful in the south, and fresh discord arose from the rivalry of these two leading states for the

palm of national leadership. Thus Germany became, during the latter part of the last century, a hideous nest of contentions, wherein two powerful sovereignties strove with each other for the favor of a multitude of petty ones, and all were played upon as pawns by foreign intrigue. At the same time the "Holy Roman Empire" had become a political jest, and the imperial authority but a shadowy appanage of the Austrian crown.

Such was the condition of things in Germany when, from the bloody travail of the French Revolution, a mighty force was projected which, bursting like a tormented lion from its confines, swept away a multitude of the political impostures and dwarfish despotisms of the period. The impersonation of that force was Napoleon Bonaparte, whose mission it was to teach Europe the difference between practical realities and traditional shams, between hereditary imbecility and robust, self-reliant manhood. If Napoleon humiliated Germany and, in a military sense, well-nigh destroyed her, he also revealed to her the prodigious folly of her domestic dissensions, gave her a new and better system of laws, and greatly mitigated the abuse of her old *régime*. More important still, he began the work of reintegrating the petty fractions into which her political integers had been broken, and thereby, although not by intention, revived the desire and hope of her people for complete national union.

It was on the eve of the events which inspired this hope that the great leader at whose hands it was destined to be realized came into the world. That predestined leader, Prince William, the future Emperor William I., was born at Berlin, March 22, 1797. His grandfather, King Frederick William II., was then the reigning Prussian sovereign. Before the year of his birth had ended, his father, the Crown Prince of Prussia, ascended the throne as Frederick William III. His elder brother afterwards succeeded his father as King Frederick William IV. His

mother, the crown princess, was the beautiful Princess Louisa, of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

At the time of the birth of this young prince all Europe was at war. The mailed hand was the hand that ruled, and the statesman's craft was well-nigh lost amidst the clash of arms. France, under the Directory, stood alone against a vast coalition of European states, with Austria at its head. To this coalition Prussia, under the weak and nerveless leadership of Frederick William II., was giving a reluctant and half-hearted yet most imprudent support. The revolutionary army under Napoleon had completely vanquished the Austrians in Italy, captured Trieste, and carried the war into Austria itself. In the train of these successes, Venice capitulated to the French, Genoa was revolutionized, and a republic of the North Italian states was proclaimed. Austria, brought to the feet of Napoleon, relinquished her possessions in the Netherlands, and ceded the whole left bank of the Rhine to France. Such were the preliminary results, in this century, of Austria's aspirations to German leadership.

The young Prince William became thoroughly infused—what mettlesome prince would not be?—with the military spirit of this stormy period. There is an old adage that a Prussian prince “is born in a gorget and dies in a helmet;” and the future Emperor of Germany received, almost from babyhood, the strict military training which is traditional with his family. Possibly this training had something to do with his physical robustness in after-years, for he was born feeble and delicate, and his growth was tardy. His elder brother was much stronger, and apparently had a much firmer hold on life than himself; but the military passion of William was by far the more ardent. To become a master in the art of war was the first and perhaps the strongest ambition of his life.

Some charming illustrations of this are seen among the an-

cestral paintings belonging to the royal family of Prussia. In one of them King Frederick William III. and his wife, as Queen Louisa loved to call herself, are represented *en famille*, surrounded by their children. The infant Princess Charlotte—future Empress of Russia—is held in the arms of the queen; the boy crown prince, later King Frederick William IV., rests, picture-book in hand, upon his father's knee, while the little Wilhelm, standing proudly erect on the sofa, grasps his toy sabre, and bears aloft the ensign of Prussia.

In another of these pictures the veteran Bennstein, of the Guards, booted, cockaded, and bewigged, is seen instructing Prince William, with his brother and cousin, in the stiff-legged, cadenced step of the Prussian infantry. With Bennstein striding backward before them, the three boys march around a room in the Potsdam palace, where testy old Frederick William's giant grenadiers look down, in full-length portraiture, from the walls.

In a third picture the boy-prince William is presented to us in the full bravery of a hussar's uniform, given him as a Christmas present. The moment when he first donned this uniform, we are told, was one of the proudest of his whole life.

While the young prince was receiving his military training, his moral and scientific education was diligently cared for by the learned and pious Delbrück, of Magdeburg. But another school now began to mould his mind and character more than all,—the school of events. Like most other Prussians, he had imbibed the idea that the army and kingdom created by Frederick the Great were invincible. Both were on the eve of overwhelming disaster. Coalition after coalition of European powers had rushed upon France, and been repelled and discomfited. As the first of these leagues had perished at Arcola, and the second at Marengo and Hohenlinden, so the third had gone down at Ulm and Austerlitz. England, Austria, Russia,

and Sweden combined had failed to withstand the all-conquering Corsican. By her overthrow at Austerlitz, Austria lost the imperial sceptre, and the Holy Roman Empire, after an existence of ten hundred and six years, was finally dissolved. Thus deprived of all control or leadership, the minor German sovereignties were wrought upon by the deft diplomacy of Talleyrand, the Rhine Confederation was formed, and sixteen million Germans gave their allegiance to France.

At this crisis Prussia committed the supreme folly of precipitating armed conclusions with Napoleon. Her armies had for forty years experienced no serious war. Schooled in the tactics and vain of the prestige of the great Frederick, they had gained no practical knowledge of the changes which the wars of the Revolution had wrought in the European military system. In the autumn of 1806, Prussia's active force, one hundred and eighty thousand strong, marched out to meet one hundred and ninety thousand veterans of the campaigns in Italy, Austria, and Egypt, and in less than one month that force was annihilated. From the disastrous fields of Auerstädt and Jena it fled routed and dismayed, only to be hunted down in fragments by the swift squadrons of Murat and the fleet-footed battalions of Ney and Lannes. Obligated to take flight, from Berlin, Queen Louisa was rejoined by her two sons at the castle of Schwedt. Embracing them with streaming eyes, she exclaimed,—

“The Prussian army is destroyed, my children! Your fatherland is ruined, and its glory gone! Live to avenge it!”

Russia came to the rescue, but Eylau and Friedland succeeded Jena, and Prussia, with her weapons wrested out of her hands, was left friendless and hopeless. Her king, alike powerless and destitute, gave his child, the future Empress of Russia, five thalers to buy herself a birthday dress, declaring this was the last money he had.

The two beaten monarchs—Alexander and Frederick William—begged for an armistice, and met Napoleon at Tilsit, on a raft moored at the middle of the Niemen. A series of conferences followed, in which little more account was taken of the King of Prussia than if he had not existed. His noble queen had refrained from going to Tilsit because of the calumnious reports to which Alexander's well-known admiration for her had given rise, and which Napoleon had officially countenanced. But inasmuch as nothing else availed to relax the harsh purposes of the conqueror towards Prussia, it was resolved to see what could be done with him by the queen's intercession. Nobly disdaining her just resentment, she came to plead, as best she might, for her family and people. "The Queen of Prussia," says Thiers, "was then thirty-two years old. Her beauty, formerly brilliant, appeared to be slightly affected by age, but she was still one of the finest women of her time." "Duroc," says the Duchess d'Abrantes, "considered her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen."

An hour after her arrival, Napoleon anticipated her by paying her a visit, but by no persuasion could she move him from his inexorable resolves. His first intention had been to efface Prussia from the map of Europe; but to placate Russia, and obtain her alliance against England, he had already decided not to proceed so far. "Your Majesty," he said to the queen, "knows my intentions. I have communicated them to the Emperor Alexander, because, as mediator between us, he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the king, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia."

The queen turned pale at these words. Her noble spirit had received a poisoned thrust, and bowed beneath its weight of grief and misfortune.

The treaty of Tilsit deprived the King of Prussia of four and a half millions of his subjects, out of nine millions, and

left him but the shadow of his royal authority. Modern history affords no example of national humiliation parallel to this, except only that which, sixty years later, made its bloody trail from Gravelotte and Sedan to Paris.

When, upon Christmas eve, 1809, Frederick William III. returned to Berlin, deep dejection had fallen upon his people. The queen, we are told, wept bitterly, and a few months later she found, in death, repose from her sorrows. "The world," she remarked during her last hours, "may not name me among its famous women, but will at least confess that I have greatly suffered. It will also, I trust, acknowledge that I have given it children who have deserved and nobly achieved better things than I have experienced."

To-day the world confesses all this, and more. It profoundly venerates the memory of Prussia's most famous queen, and sees realized, beyond her fondest hope, her last wish and prophecy.

Queen Louisa died at the darkest hour in German history, but the deep darkness was that which just precedes the dawn. The star of Napoleon's destiny had already passed its meridian. The time was already near when, at Moscow and Torres Vedras, the flood-tide of his fortunes would reach its farthest limit, and come rolling back again in disaster, vast and irretrievable. Early in the year 1813 the Sixth Coalition against him was formed, and all Prussia sprang to arms. Not the princes only, but the people were now allied to overthrow him, for to the great middle class, who had hitherto deemed him the son of the Revolution, sent out to redeem them from the thralldom of mediæval absolutism, he had become the champion of nothing but his own greed of power and conquest. By his own fault the war became, to most Germans, a necessary struggle for independence, and shouting their old battle-cry, "With God for King and Fatherland," they rallied once more to their ancient standards. What they

lacked in military organization and leadership they made up in enthusiasm; the battles of Lützen and Bautzen were followed by those of Dresden, Leipsic, and Hanau; the allied forces marched on Paris, and the throne of Napoleon was overturned.

Victorious at last, the Prussian army made its grand *entrée* to the French capital, March 31, 1814. King Frederick William and the Emperor Alexander led the column, and behind them, in captain's uniform, rode a youth of seventeen, the second son of the dead Queen Louisa. During the battle of Leipsic, while his elder brother was allowed to accompany the army, he had been left at home, fretting inconsolably. To comfort him he was advanced from the rank of ensign to that of first lieutenant. "But why should they promote me," he cried with true Hohenzollern spirit, "when I have done nothing but sit in the chimney-corner at home?" He was therefore ordered into service, and, under fire for the first time in his life, crossed the Rhine at Mannheim with his father the king. While the Russian troops were fighting in the vineyards at Bar-sur-Aube, one of the regiments dashed ahead, leading the rest, with great loss. "Go back and find out what regiment that is," said the king. But Prince William did not go back. He rode forward into the rain of bullets, obtained the regiment's name, counted its dead and wounded, and came back and reported to his father. The Russian soldiers cheered the boy prince's gallant exploit, his father promoted him to a captaincy, and the czar gave him the iron cross of St. George.

Returning to Berlin with these honors upon him, the prince, in the presence of the whole court, took his confirmation vows, in which, written out with his own hand, he makes these pledges:

"My princely position shall always remind me of the higher duties it imposes. I shall never forget that a prince is also a

man, and that the laws which apply to other men apply also to him. I shall be grateful to God for all the good He may grant me, and submissive in all the afflictions He may lay upon me, convinced that whatever He does is best. I shall cherish kind feeling towards all men, even the humblest, for they are my brothers. To the Christian faith which I this day avow I shall remain always true, endeavoring to honor it with increasing devotion in my heart. I shall do no injustice or cruelty to any one, or, failing in this, shall do my best to repair the injury. I esteem it much better to be loved than to be feared."

After Napoleon's final overthrow at Waterloo, Prince William entered Paris for the second time with the allied army. After that his life for more than forty years was wholly devoted to military training and service, with very little opportunity for achieving distinction. On the other hand, the civil life of the German people during this period was of very great interest.

The oppressive and despoiling rule of the princes in Germany had made the conquests of Napoleon at first welcome to a large proportion of the conquered. Under hereditary rule government had been administered for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. Taxation was outrageously exorbitant and unequal, trade was crippled by arbitrary burdens and restrictions, the courts were corrupt, and freedom of speech was denied. The multitude of petty despotisms which had grown up under their foster-mother, the Holy Roman Empire, were all the more despotic and oppressive by reason of their pettiness, and the absence of any superior restraint. The people yearned immeasurably for freer government, and for national consolidation. The secession of the Rhine Confederation was an expression of this yearning, for it was a revolt, not against Germany, but against the old *régime*. To counteract that revolt, and, more than all, to unite the

people against Napoleon, their rulers promised them the reforms they wanted. But with the downfall of Napoleon these promises were straightway forgotten, and the monarchs of Prussia, Austria, and Russia united themselves in a so-called Holy Alliance for the maintenance of existing dynasties.

That alliance, born of fear, was a league against the principles which gave vitality and strength to the French Revolution, and the history of the German people for the next fifty years is the history of a prolonged though intermittent agitation for national unity and constitutional government. This agitation accomplished much, but its results came far short of the popular desire. The concessions which it wrested from the absolutist *régime* were grudging and unsatisfactory, and the union of the German states was a shadow and a mockery. Immediately upon the overthrow of Napoleon the thirty-nine surviving German sovereignties had organized themselves into a confederation with a permanent diet composed of representatives of the princes. This so-called parliament was a nest of mischievous rivalries little less contemptible than those of the pre-Napoleonic period. Without substantial power to govern, it became the servile instrument of political oppression, and lost no opportunity to lend its influence to the schemes of absolute power. The only real bond of union among German states was the Prussian league called the Zollverein abolishing the commercial restrictions of the old *régime*. This league, with Prussia at its head, was cemented by mutual interest, and may be regarded as the beginning of the present empire.

The Zollverein was established during the reign of King Frederick William III., who died in 1840, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Frederick William IV. With this change of government the title of Prince William was changed to that of Prince of Prussia. His life, devoted to his favorite military studies and to the army, kept him aloof from the

political agitations of the period. The time was approaching, however, when his beaten course of military routine would cross that of the popular movement. That movement had received a strong impulse from the dethronement of Charles X. in France, in 1830. Appeased for the time being by some concessions, it was reawakened by the reactionary policy of Frederick William IV. That monarch was, by conviction, an absolutist pure and simple. Liberal-minded as crown prince, he became despotic and arbitrary as king. Constitutionalism seemed to him but a limitation of his usefulness, and in the French Revolution he saw nothing but anarchy and religious scepticism. But he was not a man of strong character, and could easily have been brought to a different way of thinking but for the powerful army which stood loyally at his back. That army, with the Prince of Prussia at its head, seemed to the common understanding to be the one great obstacle to the consummation of the popular will. A storm of revolutionary rage was, therefore, directed against the prince, who, at the advice of his brother, the king, sought refuge for a time in England.

The Liberal party now began to agitate measures designed to impair the stability and efficiency of the military organization, and these measures the prince naturally opposed. To his view the army was the very basis of Prussian power and influence, while to the popular notion it was a mere instrument in the hands of the oppressor. To make matters worse, the downfall of the Orléans dynasty in France precipitated insurrections in all the German states. Prince William was charged with the suppression of these outbreaks, and soon captured and dispersed all the armed forces arrayed against the authority of the crown. He incurred very great odium in doing this, but Americans should nevertheless be grateful to him, for the collapse of the German Revolution of 1848 gave to this country a large number of useful citizens.

The main-spring of that revolution was the popular aspiration after national union. Accordingly, with the acquiescence, though not the consent, of the sovereigns, a national congress of representatives of the people was convoked, and on the 18th of May, 1848, the first German Parliament, elected by universal suffrage, convened in the old Church of St. Paul, in Frankfort-on-the-Main. That parliament was a body of well-meaning poets, philologists, visionaries and doctrinaires. After prodigious discussion it evolved a constitution, and offered the imperial crown of Germany, in hereditary right, to King Frederick William IV. But the proposed gift was one which neither giver nor receiver had the power to make good, and the king refused it. Its acceptance would have involved Prussia, unprepared, in a war with Austria.

The Frankfort Parliament and Constitution came to naught, but the revolution gave constitutionalism to many of the German states, including Prussia, and greatly stimulated the national unity movement. Further efforts on the part of Prussia to carry forward this movement to practical results were baffled by the intrigues of Austria. Nevertheless, a second German Parliament was summoned by Frederick William IV., and in March, 1850, assembled at Erfurt. It prepared a constitution, adjourned, and never reconvened. Austria and her following kept aloof from it, and resuscitated the old German Diet, in which Prussia, though invited, refused to take part. The Elector of Hesse having been deposed by his people, appealed to the Diet, and Austria sent an army to reinstate him. Prussia, as chief of the Federal Union, of which Hesse had become a part, also sent her forces to the field. The two armies stood confronting each other when a peace was negotiated at Olmütz, a town of Moravia, by which Prussia abandoned her federation schemes and consented to the restoration of the Diet under the presidency of Austria. Thus Prussia surrendered the championship of

German unity rather than fight. Her people felt immensely humiliated, but Austria was backed by Russia, and the Prussian army was in no condition to cope with those two powers, either combined or separate.

Thus the national consolidation movement was balked, the old Diet resumed its place as the repository of central power, and Austria regained her political predominance. The semblance of unity was restored, but only the semblance. The German Confederation was a mere league of princes,—“a bundle of conflicting states tied with red tape.” The Diet, composed of representatives of the sovereigns,—not the people,—was a body of prodigious dignity and very little authority. It had no power to legislate, and none to govern. Its deliberations were, for the most part, a mere blind to the intrigues and counter-intrigues between the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs and their satellites. Assuming an air of vastly superior consequence, the Austrian representative presided at the sittings in dressing-room attire, and, when giving audience, leisurely indulged in his cigar while his colleagues danced attendance. When, on a certain occasion, Prussia, in the person of Herr von Bismarck, took a cigar and asked Austria for a light, a rupture was produced in the august tranquillity of the Diet, which, for a time, looked truly abysmal. But directly Bavaria, Hesse, and even the little Mecklenburgs ventured to smoke in the presence of Austria.

The Zollverein having enabled Prussia to hold commercial supremacy in Germany, Austria was naturally ambitious to gain control of it, but her machinations were thwarted. Her efforts to embroil Prussia in the Crimean war were equally abortive. In both instances her failure was chiefly due to Baron Bismarck, who had become a confidential adviser to King Frederick William, and strongly counselled him against taking part in Austrian disputes. “It is my conviction,” declared the future imperial chancellor, “that at no distant

time we shall have to fight with Austria for our very existence."

The Prince of Prussia shared this conviction profoundly, and deemed a powerful army indispensable to the safety and welfare of the kingdom. But the army was not powerful. It was weak in numbers, and still crippled by obsolete methods and traditions. The prince had spent his life with it, and realized its imperfections perhaps more keenly than any one else. He therefore labored with untiring zeal for its reorganization, and while so laboring was called to the head of the government. In 1858, Frederick William IV. lost his reason, and the Prince of Prussia became regent. That a firm hand had taken the direction of affairs was soon seen. Austria became involved in a war with France and Sardinia, which resulted in her expulsion from Italy. The Prussian army was mobilized to assist her, but she would accept its aid only under her own supreme direction, and this the prince regent refused to concede. The day of Prussia's subserviency to Austria had gone by.

On the 2d of January, 1861, the childless King Frederick William IV. died, and the prince regent ascended the throne of Prussia as William I. The new king was crowned at Königsberg during the following October, and placed the crown upon his head with his own hands. He had been brought up in abhorrence of revolution, and divine right was one of the traditions of the royal house of Prussia. He therefore wished to signify by the act of self-crowning that his sovereignty was derived from heaven, as he sincerely believed it was, and not from the people. Nothing could have been more offensive than this to the Liberal Reform party in Prussia, but it had at least the merit that everybody knew precisely what it meant. Well-intentioned but weak, at heart an absolutist yet willing to cater to liberal ideas, Frederick William IV. had strewn his path with broken promises and wrecked

hopes. One day he was for constitutional and representative government; the next, alarmed at the concessions he had made, he would appeal to the strong arm of his loyal soldier-brother to crush the very hopes he had awakened. Really honest, he had played the part of a hypocrite, and while intending to be straightforward, he had involved himself worse and worse in a hopeless mesh of inconsistencies, until his troubles drove him mad.

There were to be no such disappointments under the new reign. King William I. would perform just what he promised, and would promise no more than he intended to perform. He was known to be a man of his word, and his people might as well understand at the outset just what to expect. This might be disrelished in the beginning, but it would be better in the end. The late king had made himself detested by his vacillation; the new king preferred to be detested, if at all, for being unswerving in what he believed to be right. He was determined that, whatever might come, there should be no Reign of Terror in Berlin, and humanity has not condemned him for that. He was profoundly convinced that no debating club could lead Prussia safely through her impending perils, and the sequel has justified that conviction. He was for national unity just as ardently as the Liberals were, but his way of achieving it was not their way. He was, before all, for the integrity and independence of the Prussian kingdom, and he believed the first thing in order was the full achievement of these objects.

In this achievement the army, he knew, would be the chief reliance. The Liberal party regarded the military establishment as the principal bulwark of absolutism, the king regarded it as the chief muniment of national safety. The one strove to enfeeble it, the other demanded that it be reorganized and increased. Already, as regent, the king had brought forward his scheme of military reform, and he now pressed it with

redoubled zeal. The Prussian Parliament stormed and protested, a bitter conflict was precipitated, and the king's unpopularity rose to its highest pitch. But nothing could divert the stern old monarch from his inflexible purpose. His Parliament being too obstinate to grant what he wanted, and his ministry too timid to demand it, he dissolved the one and dismissed the other. At this juncture the king summoned Otto von Bismarck to form a new ministry. Bismarck had represented Prussia in the Frankfort Diet and at the court of St. Petersburg. He was at this time her ambassador to Paris, and by his various diplomatic services had gained the king's fullest confidence. They had first met, to become acquainted, in 1861. "Bismarck's whole soul glowed with the passionate resolve to expel Austria from Germany. . . . To raise Prussia to the political status which he thought his country ought to hold was his religion. He entered the path of action with the fervor of a Mahomet enforcing a novel faith." *

The king seems to have known by instinct what a powerful auxiliary he had obtained. A Russian countess having complimented him upon his improved appearance, he replied, pointing to his new minister president, "*Voilà mon médecin.*" But while the crown was thus strongly reinforced, the Parliament relaxed none of its opposition. Its doctrinaires insisted that, in order to consolidate the German nation with Prussia at its head, it was only necessary for the Prussian kingdom to adopt their theories of liberal government. To this Bismarck made answer, "Not by speechifying and majorities can the great questions of the time be decided,—that was the mistake of 1848-9,—but by blood and iron." The king, equally determined, said, "Though all should be against me, I would rather put myself at the head of the army and perish with it, than yield in this contest."

* Sir Alexander Malet.

In the midst of this controversy the soldier king perfected that splendid military machine by which he afterwards accomplished such vast results for Prussia and for Germany. Aided by his faithful lieutenant, General Von Roon, he relaxed not for a moment the prosecution of his plans for reorganizing the army. The infantry force was doubled, ten new cavalry regiments were organized, and the whole was disciplined and equipped upon an entirely new system. But not one cent would Parliament vote for the support of this force, and for four years Bismarck ruled without a budget.

The time was not long in coming which should vindicate the persistency of the king and his prime-minister. The Schleswig-Holstein quarrel precipitated the long-impending conflict between Prussia and Austria. On the northern confines of Hanover, forming the peninsula between the German Ocean and the Baltic, lay the two little duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. Within these territories dwelt the ancient Angles,—the original English. Schleswig, which lay nearest to Denmark, was mainly German, Holstein entirely so. For five centuries the suzerainty of these provinces had been involved in a criss-cross of hereditary claims, revolutionary contentions, and diplomatic disputes. Prince Metternich described the Schleswig-Holstein question as “the bone on which the Germans were whetting their teeth;” Lord Palmerston said it was “a match that would set Europe on fire;” Bismarck’s view of it was that of “a play representing the intrigues of diplomacy.” All three were right.

In the course of dynastic evolution the duchy of Holstein came into political union with Germany while attached, like Schleswig, in a personal way to the crown of Denmark. The King of Denmark was duke in Schleswig-Holstein, and, as Duke of Holstein-Lauenburg, was represented in the Germanic Diet. As a device for producing international contention this arrangement was ideally perfect. The duchies lay between

two powers both ambitious to possess them, and both having a colorable claim to their possession. In 1852 a conference of the great powers was held at London to fix the Danish succession in default of male heirs to Frederick VII. This conference, to which the Germanic Diet was not a party, declared that Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, should be the next king of Denmark, without affecting stipulations previously made that Schleswig should not be incorporated into the Danish monarchy. In defiance of this arrangement, King Frederick proceeded to take advantage, as he supposed, of the parliamentary conflict in Prussia, by decreeing, in effect, the annexation of Schleswig to Denmark. This act was immediately confirmed by Prince Christian, upon ascending the throne a few months later, upon the death of Frederick. The Germanic Diet now declared the London treaty broken by Denmark, and Prussia and Austria, for once united, precipitated their forces into Holstein. The Germanic Diet was then solicited to sanction the invasion of Schleswig also, but refused. In defiance of this refusal the Austro-Prussian army pushed into Schleswig, swept the Danes from one fortified point after another, and even occupied Jutland.

All this time the Prussian Parliament had persisted in its refusal to grant supplies to the reorganized army, but now that victory had been achieved even without the supplies, all Prussia enthusiastically hailed King William as the liberator of Schleswig. The king had not accompanied his forces to the field, but the Prussian leaders, Prince Frederick Carl and General Von Raven, had borne away the chief military honors.

The King of Denmark, now quite ready to come to terms with the victorious powers, renounced by treaty, at Vienna in 1864, all claims to Schleswig-Holstein, and also to Lauenburg. This ended the Schleswig-Holstein question so far as Denmark was concerned, but between Prussia and Austria it had just

begun. With some writers it is a favorite theory that, for a deep-laid purpose, Austria had been beguiled by Bismarck into the invasion of Schleswig. That invasion was made in defiance of the Germanic Diet, over which Austria presided, and in which Bismarck desired to destroy her influence. The final result of the matter was the extinction of the Diet itself, the annexation of the duchies to Prussia, and the formation of the North German Confederation. Whether or not, as is assumed, King William and his great minister aimed at these results from the beginning, their resolution and skill led to them by the shortest possible route.

The duchies had no sooner been acquired than it became a burning question between the rival powers what should be done with them. After prolonged controversy Prussia proposed to annex them, but Austria would consent to this only upon terms which were scornfully rejected. The Diet undertook to adjust matters between the disputants, but was disregarded. The quarrel had stretched the limitations of forbearance when, in 1865, an arrangement was patched up at Gastein which gave to Austria the exclusive occupation of Holstein, to Prussia that of Schleswig, and annexed Lauenburg to Prussia. King William was deeply gratified by this apparent termination of an ugly quarrel, and, as a sign of his appreciation, bestowed upon Bismarck the title of Count.

But the Gastein Convention settled nothing. While the Prussian Parliament continued to quarrel violently with the king and his prime-minister about their requirements for the army and the fleet, and the popular rage against the minister grew so intense that an assassin undertook to murder him in the streets of Berlin, the relations between Prussia and Austria became more strained than ever. An anti-Prussian meeting held at Altona, in January, 1866, by permission of the Austrian governor, precipitated a crisis. Prussia remonstrated angrily, and virtually resolved to expel her rival from

Holstein. Austria having gained the support of the minor German states, Prussia formed an alliance with Italy, and obtained promises of neutrality from Napoleon III. England, France, and Russia attempted to mediate, and King William was still averse to war, but nothing could now divert from its course the resistless current of events. Insisting upon unacceptable conditions of mediation, Austria appealed to the Germanic Diet. Prussia declared this an abandonment of the Gastein Convention, and General Manteuffel led her helmeted warriors into Holstein. The Austrians fled precipitately from the duchy, while their government denounced its invasion as a violation of the Federal Constitution. The Diet sustaining Austria, Prussia declared this action a usurpation, and withdrew from the Confederation. Hanover, Saxony, and Hesse-Cassel having declared for Austria in the Diet, their territories were immediately occupied by Prussian troops.

All this time Austria, under various pretexts, had been stealthily pushing masses of troops northward in Bohemia and Moravia. But now, at last, the labor of a lifetime was about to bear its fruits. In a moment, as by pressure of a finger, Chief of Staff Von Moltke, sitting in his office at Berlin, put into motion the splendid military machinery which, through decades of censorious opposition, the far-seeing, Prussia-loving genius of King William had provided. The Austrian army, led by General Benedek, had assembled about Königgrätz, in Eastern Bohemia. It intended to sweep northward through the states of Saxony and Hanover—in alliance with Austria—and cut the Prussian monarchy in twain. It never reached Prussian soil.

On the 22d of June, 1866, the main army of Prussia, in three divisions, moved towards the Bohemian frontier. The First, or Centre, Division, about one hundred thousand strong, advanced from Saxony under Prince Friedrich Carl, the king's nephew. The Second, or Left, Division, numbering

about one hundred and sixteen thousand men, started from Silesia. It was led by the Crown Prince Friedrich, since Emperor of Germany. The Third Division, about forty thousand strong, held the right under General Herwarth von Bittenfeld. Crossing the Giant Mountains, these three armies were to meet at Gitschin, in Bohemia. The Austrians made stubborn resistance at the mountain passes, but in vain. Triumphant at every encounter, the Prussian columns pushed steadily forward, and on the 29th the First and Third Divisions arrived at Gitschin. On their left was the crown prince at Königinhof, a day's march distant. These preliminary victories set all Prussia ablaze with enthusiasm, and her venerable ruler found himself, for the first time in his life, the idol of his people. At the age of sixty-nine he had won the applause which he had long coveted, but never before could acquire except by violence to his convictions of duty.

On the 30th of June the king left Berlin for the seat of war, accompanied by Counts Roon, Moltke, and Bismarck. He reached the front July 2, and found that the outlying Austrian columns had all been driven back, with heavy loss, towards Königgrätz. The king determined to give his army a day of rest to prepare for the supreme struggle, but near midnight he was aroused from his camp-bed with the message that the main Austrian army lay immediately in front of Prince Friedrich Carl. This news, doubted at first, was confirmed by a reconnoissance, and away darted Count Finkenstein alone in the night with a message to the crown prince to sweep down with all speed upon the Austrian right. To the centre and right divisions the command was despatched to assault at dawn General Benedek's centre and left.

After a rainy night came a rainy morning, but at seven o'clock the thunder of artillery broke forth, and the battle opened. The king, accompanied by his great strategist Von Moltke, was early in the saddle, and was received with great

enthusiasm by his troops. All day long he was exposed to danger. "The attention of the king was wholly fixed on the progress of the battle," said Bismarck, "and he paid not the slightest heed to the shells that were whizzing thickly around him. To my repeated request that His Majesty might not so carelessly expose himself to so murderous a fire, he only answered, 'The commander-in-chief must be where he ought to be.'"

Hour after hour the battle raged, the fiercest of it around the wood of Sadowa. At noon, after numerous assaults, the Prussians paused to recuperate, and at head-quarters all eyes were turned in anxious search for the expected columns of the crown prince. At four o'clock in the morning the prince had received the king's orders from the gallant Finkenstein, but he had twenty miles to march over a boggy country, and there was yet no sign of his appearing. The Prussians thundered with their cannon to keep Benedek amused while their infantry waited. At length, far to the left, long lines were seen stretched across the fields, resembling in the distance the furrows of the plough. They were the lines of the crown prince's army. Suddenly a terrific crash fell upon the Austrian right, and in an instant the armies of Prince Friedrich Carl and Von Bittenfeld rushed again to the attack. Assailed on front, flank, and rear, General Benedek's army wavered, broke, and left the field in precipitate flight. The century-old conflict was over; the mastership in Germany was transferred from Austria to Prussia.

Sometimes it is said that the Prussian school-master triumphed at Sadowa, and sometimes the needle-gun. These did much to make the victory possible, but before all was half a century of patient, sagacious preparation, and above all were the strategy of Von Moltke, the diplomacy of Bismarck, and the leadership of William I.

The war was virtually over in ten days from its beginning.

Among struggles of such magnitude history shows scarcely one other so brief and decisive. "I have lost all," exclaimed Benedek, "except, alas! my life."

Moving southward without further resistance, the victorious Prussian army arrived within sight of the spire of St. Stephen's. A truce was called, and preliminary negotiations for peace, begun July 26, resulted in a definite treaty which was signed at Prague on the 23d of August. This treaty put an end to the old Confederation, excluded Austria from Germany, and effectuated a new crystallization of German states around the leadership of Prussia. Austria, although she had been victorious over the Italian army, was obliged to surrender Venice to Italy. Prussia annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfort-on-the-Main. The South German states were left to their own course, but even before the Treaty of Prague had been signed they secretly entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with Prussia. Thus, within the space of seven weeks, the map of Germany was entirely reconstructed, and the new era dawned for which the German people had been vainly hoping for centuries.

CHAPTER V.

WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Formation of the New German Empire.

THE North German Confederation, organized directly after the battle of Sadowa, comprised the twenty-two states north of the river Main. These states, at first united by treaty, afterwards adopted a constitution declaring the Confederation to be a perpetual league. This constitution went into effect



THE RETURN.
RELIEF ON THE NIEDERWALD MONUMENT.

July 1, 1867. It vested the legislative power in the Reichstag, chosen by the people, and the Bundesrath, representing the allied governments,—the two forming the North German Parliament. The chief executive power was vested in the King of Prussia as President, who appointed Count Bismarck as Federal Chancellor. Most of the states adopted the Prussian military system, in whole or in part.

The extension of the Zollverein treaty so as to include the South German states was the next important step towards complete national union. This was effected in the autumn of 1867, and in April, 1868, a Customs Parliament representing the whole nation met at Berlin. But while a commercial union of all the states was thus accomplished, those of the south still remained outside the Confederation. Baden sought admission on her own account, but it was deemed best to decline her overtures until all the southern states should come in together. To bring this about became the next leading object of Prussian statesmanship. But among the population of the south there was still much bitter feeling against Prussia, and all efforts to bring about closer political relations between the south and the north failed. Complete national union seemed to lie far in the future, when the action of a foreign power, which had sought to prevent it, precipitated its consummation.

The smoke had scarcely cleared from the field of Sadowa before Napoleon III. began to intermeddle in the affairs of Germany. Under pretext of mediation, his envoy, Benedetti, appeared at Prussian head-quarters, and undertook to dictate terms of peace. Failing in this, he demanded the restoration of the Rhine frontier of 1814 as compensation to France for the territorial aggrandizement of Prussia. This demand, though fortified by menace of war, was brusquely repelled. The French emperor was greatly chagrined, but for the time being smothered his wrath. Discretion impelled him to look

around for some better pretext for a quarrel, and he soon found one, as he thought.

The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, which was German in population, and had formed a part of the old Confederation, was a personal fief to the King of Holland, as Schleswig had been to the King of Denmark. Although garrisoned from the Prussian army, the duchy refused to enter the North German Confederation, and Napoleon, aiming especially to humiliate Prussia, endeavored to obtain possession of it by secret negotiations with the King of Holland. The king, tempted by proffers of a money indemnity, coupled with proposed protection by France against the displeasure of Germany, was inclined to yield, but hesitated. At this juncture, Bismarck, replying to an interpellation, declared that the cession of Luxemburg would be considered a *casus belli*, and published the secret military conventions entered into before the Treaty of Prague between Prussia and the South German states. The Emperor of the French was dumfounded to find that Germany had, without his knowledge, practically become a military unit, and the King of Holland, still worse dismayed, broke off all negotiations with him.

With his army still crippled by the miscarriage of his Mexican expedition, Napoleon III. was in no condition to grapple with united Germany. He, therefore, resorted to the expedient of demanding withdrawal of the Prussian garrison from Luxemburg, and the reference of this question to a conference of the powers. Bismarck at first rejected this, but the king, willing to make any honorable concession for the sake of peace, consented, on condition that the Grand Duchy should be neutralized and its fortress razed. Prussia quitted Luxemburg, France was forbidden to enter it, and the German states made another long stride towards national union.

A stipulation in the Treaty of Prague that the people of

North Schleswig should be allowed to choose by a *plébiscite* between Germany and Denmark was made a pretext by Napoleon for still further interference with German reconstruction. Assuming to be charged with the fulfilment of that stipulation, he received a severe rebuff from Bismarck, who refused to recognize the right of France to demand the execution of a treaty to which she had not been a party.

By this time the ambitious and jealous temper of the French emperor had reached a degree of irritation which needed but an opportunity to precipitate a crisis. The opportunity soon came. On the 4th of July, 1870, announcement was made that the crown of Spain had been offered to Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, and on the same day the French government demanded, through its legation in Berlin, to know whether the announcement was true. The Prussian Foreign Office immediately disclaimed all knowledge of the affair. Historical evidence supports the belief that this reply was perfectly frank and honest. Prince Leopold stood in nearer blood relationship to the French dynasty than he did to the royal family of Prussia, and the negotiations with him on the part of Spain had been conducted directly by Marshal Prim. The Prussian government had kept aloof from them. But all this would not satisfy the French demand. The King of Prussia must require Prince Leopold to revoke his acceptance of the Spanish crown. Either this or war.

To present this ultimatum the French ambassador, Benedetti, was despatched with all speed to Ems, whither the king had gone to meet his nephew, the czar. "I know what you have come for," said the venerable monarch as soon as the envoy presented himself, "but we shall not quarrel about the Hohenzollern candidature." To this benevolent greeting Benedetti responded with the demand and threat dictated by his government. Prince Leopold must be required to renounce the crown of Spain, otherwise there would be war.

Surprised but not daunted, the king declined to constrain his kinsman one way or the other. He had allowed him perfect freedom in his acceptance, and he would not compel him to recall it. Spurred by telegrams from Napoleon's foreign minister, the Duc de Gramont, Benedetti presented his demand a second and third time, but without avail. Meanwhile Prince Leopold himself telegraphed his renunciation to Madrid. The French government was advised of this by the Spanish ambassador at Paris, but was still not satisfied. "Go to the King of Prussia, and demand his public approval of Prince Leopold's retirement, and his guaranty that the prince shall never again be a candidate for the crown of Spain."

Such was the next command to Benedetti, received at midnight on the 12th of July. Early next morning he sought the king at his lodgings, but finding he had gone out for a walk, started in pursuit. Seeing Benedetti hurrying after him the king stopped, and, as he approached, handed him a newspaper containing the news of Prince Leopold's withdrawal. Benedetti said he had received the same information from Paris.

"Then all is settled," remarked His Majesty.

Benedetti replied that his government was not satisfied, but demanded the king's public approval and pledge. "I neither can nor will make a pledge of that kind," replied the sturdy old monarch, and in a kindly tone he wished Monsieur Benedetti good-morning.

The spot where this interview took place on the public promenade at Ems is now marked by a tablet. It bears the inscription: "July 13, 1870, 9 o'clock and 10 minutes in the forenoon." "Precisely on this spot, and at this moment," says a candid French writer, "the new German empire was born. This modest stone, which the gay promenaders tread upon as they pass by, is one of the most superb memorials in Europe."

King William at once set out for Berlin. The bullying arrogance with which he had been pursued by Napoleon, and his patient and dignified firmness in repelling it, had aroused the national spirit of the whole German people, and at every station on his homeward journey he was overwhelmed with demonstrations of their loyalty and regard. "It is just as it was in 1813," he said. Berlin was in a frenzy of patriotic fervor, and gave a magnificent welcome to its brave old sovereign. As he neared the city he was apprised of the virtual declaration of war by France, and before he slept that night he had given orders to mobilize the army of the North German Confederation.

And now again was seen with what marvellous genius and foresight, through all the tumults of the past, that splendid military system had been prepared and perfected. At a touch all its mighty forces moved to their appointed work in perfect harmony. From the instantaneous beginning to the triumphant end there was scarcely a jar in the gigantic mechanism, scarcely a single mistake or miscarriage. Such perfection of scientific warfare—such complete military adaptation of means to ends—the world had never before witnessed.

Nor had the genius of preparation confined itself to the sphere of military art. Diplomacy and statesmanship had performed a work equally skilful and beneficent. While France had been adroitly isolated in the councils of Europe, and precluded from forming any powerful alliance, equal dexterity had been shown in directing events so as to unite all the German states against her. The moment Napoleon declared war, Germany was one. When he proposed to the Southern states—once the allies of France—the choice between observing neutrality or suffering invasion, the scornful reply was, "We are not born idiots." There was no longer any south or any north in the fatherland, but one country and one cause. Even state lines were for once forgotten, and

political estrangements centuries old were effaced. In all history there has been no popular uprising so sublime as that of the German people in 1870, except only that of the American people in 1861. From the Baltic to the Alps rose in fervid chorus the grand national anthem :

Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein !
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein !
Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,
Fest steht, und treu, die Wacht am Rhein !

Thus inspired, with single purpose, and with one heart beating with the gathered impulses of a thousand years, the helmeted hosts rushed to meet the invader by the borders of the majestic river, whose classic current, stately and mystical as the stream of time, reflects in its depths the legendary life and grandeur of ages on ages past.

When the formal declaration of war by France was announced in the Reichstag, the whole House and the spectators in the galleries rose and united in shouts of "Long live the king !" The grim old strategist, Von Moltke, is said to have looked ten years younger when war became certain. Bismarck, too, buckled on his sword, and "brightened," we are told, "at the prospect of a life full of hardships and dangers." But in the midst of all the excitement the venerable king, admonishing the whole nation to do likewise, neglected not to spend a day in humble invocation to the God of battles. Bent in filial and pious reverence beside the mausoleum where repose the ashes of his patriot mother, and where deathless Art has carved her beauteous effigy, he fitly sought the promise of divine help for the struggle wherein, full soon, he would gloriously avenge her sufferings.

Within a fortnight after the declaration of war, the combined armies of Germany, numbering one million men, had been mobilized, and had reached their appointed stations on

the French frontier. All stood ready for the signal to strike, when, on the 31st of July, the king quitted Berlin for the seat of war. "I know the French from experience," he said to General Von Falkenstein at Hanover, "and I am prepared for a long struggle." Prepared? Yes! It had been his life-work to prepare to meet just such a crisis as this to the people and the land he loved. Foreseeing, patient, and strong, he was ready.

At Mayence the king announced that he had personally assumed command of the united armies, and now we see him, as we saw him at Griesheim, the warrior-king on horseback, helmeted, stalwart, and majestic. There is something touching as well as inspiring in the sight of this venerable monarch at the age of seventy-three leading his armies afield and throwing down the gage of battle to the enemies of the fatherland.

Intending to invade Germany and strike the first blow, Napoleon assembled one hundred and fifty thousand men at Metz, one hundred thousand at Strasburg, and a reserve of fifty thousand at Chalons. The Metz and Strasburg armies, united, were to cross the Rhine, sever North from South Germany, and by prestige of rapid movement and success win the alliance of Austria and the South German states.

The German force comprised three armies: the first, under General Von Steinmetz, holding the right; the second, under Prince Friedrich Carl, known as "The Red Prince," the centre; and the third, under the crown prince,—afterwards emperor,—the left. These armies numbered together four hundred and forty-seven thousand men. Behind them were reserves amounting to five hundred and seventy-four thousand more. On the 1st of August the first army, which was farthest advanced, held the line of the Saar, with the second army coming in on its left. The third army having crossed the Rhine at Mannheim, deployed with its outposts well to the

front. It was confronted by Douay's division of McMahon's corps at Weissenburg.

Anticipated in their schemes of invasion, the French commanders greatly misconceived the positions, plans, and strength of their antagonists. Hoping to gain information, Napoleon, accompanied by the little prince imperial, personally directed an assault upon the Prussian outpost at Saarbrücken. The Prussians, after a three hours' battle on the heights of Speicheren, withdrew to their second line, and Napoleon telegraphed emotionally to the Empress Eugenie:

"Louis has received his baptism of fire. . . . The Prussians made brief resistance. Louis and I were in front, where the bullets fell about us. Louis keeps a ball he picked up. The soldiers wept at his tranquillity."

That was on the 2d of August. Just a month later Napoleon was a captive, the empress and prince imperial were fugitives, and France, without a government or an army, lay prostrate at the feet of King William. "Verily," wrote Carlyle, "in all history there is no instance of an insolent, unjust neighbor that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing down as France now got from Germany."

While the French were still rejoicing over their victory at Speicheren, the three German armies received the signal to advance. With beautiful precision they moved, all led by veteran chieftains, and all guided by one master-hand. The crown prince led off with a force of one hundred and thirty thousand men and a splendid park of artillery. On the 4th of August he surprised and routed Douay's division at Weissenburg, and on the 6th overthrew and nearly destroyed McMahon's army at Wörth. While this was being done, grim old Von Steinmetz, "the Lion of Skalitz," assaulted and retook the heights of Speicheren, and nearly annihilated the French corps of Frossard.

"God be praised! A great victory has been won by our

Fritz," King William telegraphed to Queen Augusta. Directly he sent a second despatch telling of Wörth. "Another victory by Fritz! God be praised for his mercy!" it ran; and all Berlin rushed into the streets and sang with one accord Luther's noble hymn: *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*.

With the shreds of his command McMahon withdrew precipitately towards Chalons, while the remnants of Frossard's corps fell back on Metz, where Bazaine had collected an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men.

And now began to be developed that consummate strategy almost matchless in the history of war,—the strategy of Von Moltke.

From Metz westward to Verdun and Chalons there runs an old Roman road, and by this and the parallel highways Bazaine was directed by Napoleon to fall back on Chalons and there unite with McMahon. To prevent this retreat, and proposed junction of forces, was the problem to which Von Moltke, by the direction of the king, now addressed himself. Bazaine began his retreat on the morning of the 14th, but while his leading divisions were crossing the Moselle, those holding the rear were violently assailed by Von Steinmetz, and forced back, after a seven hours' battle, under the walls of the Metz fortress. Meanwhile the army of the Red Prince, sweeping around to the southward, was hastening to throw itself directly across Bazaine's line of retreat by the Verdun road. On the 16th this was accomplished under the personal direction of Von Moltke. Desperate fighting ensued at Vionville and Mars-la-Tour, but when the sun went down the Germans still held their positions, and Bazaine's whole army was brought to a halt. All the following night and day Von Moltke hurried up the troops which had not reached him on the 16th, so that by the morning of the 18th he had collected a force of over two hundred thousand men and six hundred pieces of artillery. The king now took command,

the battle of Gravelotte was fought, and the army of Bazaine was thrown back, with tremendous loss, on Metz. The king was under fire all day, and at evening, while seated upon the carcass of a horse slain in the battle, wrote a despatch to the queen, announcing his victory.

While the Red Prince, with his army, remained for the investment of Metz, the first and third armies, together with a fourth, which had been organized, directed their march on Chalons. Their columns had passed Bar-le-Duc when, on the 29th of August, the cavalry ascertained that McMahan, with an army which he had improvised at Chalons, was sweeping around to the north-east with the evident purpose of relieving Bazaine. Instantly the German armies changed direction to the right, and moved swiftly to thwart this new adventure. Intercepted, and bewildered by confused instructions, McMahan undertook to turn back towards Paris, but too late. The third and fourth armies, under "Our Fritz" and the Crown Prince of Saxony, closed in upon him, routed his right wing at Beaumont, and drove him back upon the fortress of Sedan, on the Belgian frontier. McMahan had with him one hundred thousand men, and with these he was resolved to show how a marshal of France could fight, and could perish, if need be, rather than yield.

But his heroism was the heroism of despair. At nightfall of the 31st of August he was confronted by two hundred and forty thousand Germans, with over six hundred pieces of artillery posted and ready to open fire. Directed by King William from the heights of Frenois, the assault upon the French positions began at daybreak on the morning of September 1. In the lovely valley of the Meuse, sweeping in a vast semicircle round the turreted citadel which Vauban built, and the quaint old town where Turenne was born, through that bright autumn day the conflict raged. After a desperate struggle the Crown Prince of Prussia, holding the German left, carried the key-

point of the French position, while on the right the fourth army likewise stormed and carried the outer lines of McMahon's intrenchments. Gallantly the brave old Duke of Magenta endeavored to retake his lost positions, but in vain. He fell desperately wounded, the circle of flame grew steadily narrower, and by 4 o'clock P.M. the French army was crowded about the old citadel, a disordered, helpless mass. Then the German artillery began to play upon the fortress, when suddenly a white flag was flung out from the battlements, the mighty clangor of battle slowly quieted down, and an officer riding out from Sedan brought to King William this message from the Emperor Napoleon:

"Not having been able to die among my troops, there remains to me nothing but to deliver to Your Majesty my sword."

By the capitulation, signed a few hours later, eighty-three thousand men surrendered as prisoners of war, and six hundred cannon, twelve thousand horses, and enormous quantities of military stores passed into the possession of the victorious Germans.

The war should have ended then and there. France should have sued for peace, and taken the best terms she could get, which would surely have been better than she afterwards obtained. But the cup of her misfortune was not yet full. Bruised, bleeding, and distracted, she became the victim first of Demagogy, and then of its twin-sister Anarchy. For Napoleon III., ambitious of conquest, was substituted Gambetta, ambitious of personal aggrandizement, and reckless as the fallen emperor of consequences to his instruments and dupes. The triumphant armies of Germany were again defied, and the war went on. Within a fortnight the fairest city of the world—the queenly patroness of art, music, and all that embellishes human existence—was enclasped in a crushing, consuming embrace of flame and iron. Army after army was levied for her relief, only to be chased down and destroyed.

Strasburg, Metz, and Belfort successively fell, and Paris was just reeling to her fall when an event took place which was far more important to Germany than all the victories of the campaign. That event was the proclamation of the German Empire.

The long-wished-for consummation of German national union had at last come of itself,—come, not by direct contrivance, but in the majestic march of events. The states of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse no longer needed coaxing to enter the German Confederation; of their own accord they demanded it. They were admitted, and by unanimous acclaim of the whole nation the imperial crown and title were bestowed upon the King of Prussia.

On the 18th of January, 1871,—precisely one hundred and seventy years after the crowning of the first Prussian king,—the proffered dignity and trust were formally accepted. While the united German armies were thundering at the gates of Paris, the ceremony which, after the dissensions of so many centuries, made Germany indeed and in truth one nation, took place at Versailles, in the famed palace of Louis the Grand. History never presented a more dramatic scene, a more marvellous episode. To the most gorgeous saloon in the palace—the *Galerie des Glaces*—the flags of the German armies were brought, and ranged in the order of their positions before Paris. In that saloon Louis XIV. had walked in his pride, and from its walls his portrait now looked down upon the coalescence of a nation whose people, divided, he had scourged with fire and sword.

In that splendid chamber King William stood surrounded by representatives of all the German states and armies, and by the standards which those armies had borne through smoke and flame at Wörth and Weissenburg, at Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, at Beaumont and Sedan. With his head bowed and his arms crossed he reverently listened while, in that place

so unused to devotional sounds, a hymn was sung, and prayers were offered. On the wall above was emblazoned the legend, *Le Roi gouverne par lui même*; but the kings of Prussia, said the chaplain of the occasion, had achieved their greatness in the sign, "The kings of the earth reign under me, saith the Lord." The devotional ceremonies concluded, the king, mounting the dais, announced the re-establishment of the empire, and directed Chancellor Bismarck to read his proclamation accepting, by unanimous request of the German states, the imperial dignity.

As the chancellor concluded, the Grand Duke of Baden stepped forth and cried, "*Es lebe seine Majestät, der deutsche Kaiser Wilhelm hoch!*" Then the great hall rang with cheer after cheer, the band broke in with the thrilling melody, *Heil Dir im Siegerkranz*, and the Crown Prince Fritz, bending, first of all, in homage, was caught up in the arms of his imperial father.

Thus the new German Empire was born, and a new epoch in European civilization—yea, in human progress—was begun.

The achievement of the national union of the German states culminated and crowned the life-work of William I. The perfection of that union—and it is still far from perfect—must be the work of his successors, and of time. Its strongest bond must ever be the benefits which it confers, and these have already been immense. When William I. ascended the throne of Prussia, the German name was scarcely spoken with respect; now it is profoundly honored throughout the world. Then the German states, divided among themselves, were the puppets of foreign intrigue; now they constitute a nation which is the mistress of the European continent.

Whether German unity could have been accomplished by methods radically different from those which William I. employed may well be doubted. Had Prussia been converted into a republic in 1848, she could neither have acquired nor held leadership in the work of consolidating the German nation.

Austria alone might have crushed her, and other powers would have readily united with Austria, if necessary, in stamping her out. Her first business was to achieve her continental independence, and for this purpose a strong military monarchy was best suited.

It redounds infinitely to the honor of William I. that, as creator and head of such a monarchy, he wielded his great powers only for the benefit of his people. Firmly as he held to the prerogatives of the crown, he was no oppressor, and indeed could not be. With law-breaking and anarchy he had no patience, and he dealt with them with a strong hand, but tyrannical rule was something wholly foreign to his nature. Firm and resolute, he had also the gentleness of true manhood, and there was scarcely a German child that did not love the little corn-flower because it was the kaiser's favorite. To his latest day his eyes would fill with tears when he witnessed or heard of human suffering, and when his honest face could no longer be seen at his accustomed window, it seemed as if darkness had fallen upon all the windows of the land. The humblest of his people trusted and honored him as a father, and, when he died, mourned him as a friend. They knew full well that, whatever he did, he meant it for their good, and that whatever faults he might have, or mistakes he might make, he was, above all things, honest and true.

It is said that he was an absolutist, and so he was. But let us not mistake the quality of his absolutism. It was not of the Roman sort. The Roman emperor's will was law, but with the Emperor William duty was law. To his convictions of duty, and his pledges, he was absolutely loyal, and in this sense he was an absolutist. Conscientious and firm, his was the rare privilege and the rare ability to show that absolute power is no curse when wielded for the common good, and that the beneficence of human government depends less upon its form than upon the manner of its administration.

It has been the purpose of this sketch to present William I. in the framework of history rather than in that of portraiture. Yet his personality constitutes one of the most interesting figures of modern times. Much might be said of his noble and unaffected majesty of appearance and manner, his fervent and steadfast piety, his unswerving integrity, his immovable firmness, his physical and moral courage, his untiring industry and his extreme simplicity of life. All these attractions and virtues he had, and more. He loved popularity as much as any man, but he knew how to get along without it, and would never seek it at the expense of self-respect or duty. With marvellous sagacity in selecting his advisers and helpers he united the necessary strength of will to retain them through all vicissitudes. No clamor, no compulsion could constrain him to dismiss a faithful and able public servant. When somebody advised him on a certain occasion that he had better get rid of Bismarck, he replied that it wouldn't be fair; Bismarck had not tried to get rid of him. It is true that he owed much of his personal success to such helpers, but it is equally true, as a French writer admiringly declares, that "it is the Williams who make the Bismarcks." We might add that no ruler was ever readier to recognize or more generous to reward the deservings of his co-workers than was William I.

The world was slow to acknowledge his greatness, and there are still those who estimate his intellect at a mediocre grade. But what his mind lacked in brilliancy it made up in solidity and strength. His was the homely genius of common sense. It is a truth, as old as the Book of Job, that "great men are not always wise." Perhaps it may even be said that they are seldom wise. But William I. was great because of his wisdom. Among the most violent and persistent of his antagonists during his long contention with the Prussian Parliament were some of the profoundest scholars and philoso-

phers of the period, but the sequel does not commend their judgment as superior to his. "If I wanted to ruin one of my provinces," said Frederick the Great, "I would make over its government to the philosophers." Frederick's great successor, William I., was of the same mind.

That he was a great soldier will hardly be disputed. He gave abundant proof that he had the ability both to organize and to lead mighty armies. But he exhibited no less aptitude to administer civil government than to command in the field. All things considered, no European country was so well governed as Germany was while he occupied the imperial throne. Her industries were diversified and enlarged, the condition of her industrial population was ameliorated, her railway, postal, and coinage systems were immensely improved, new avenues were opened to her continental and trans-oceanic trade, and her merchant marine was developed until it became second in extent and prosperity only to that of England.

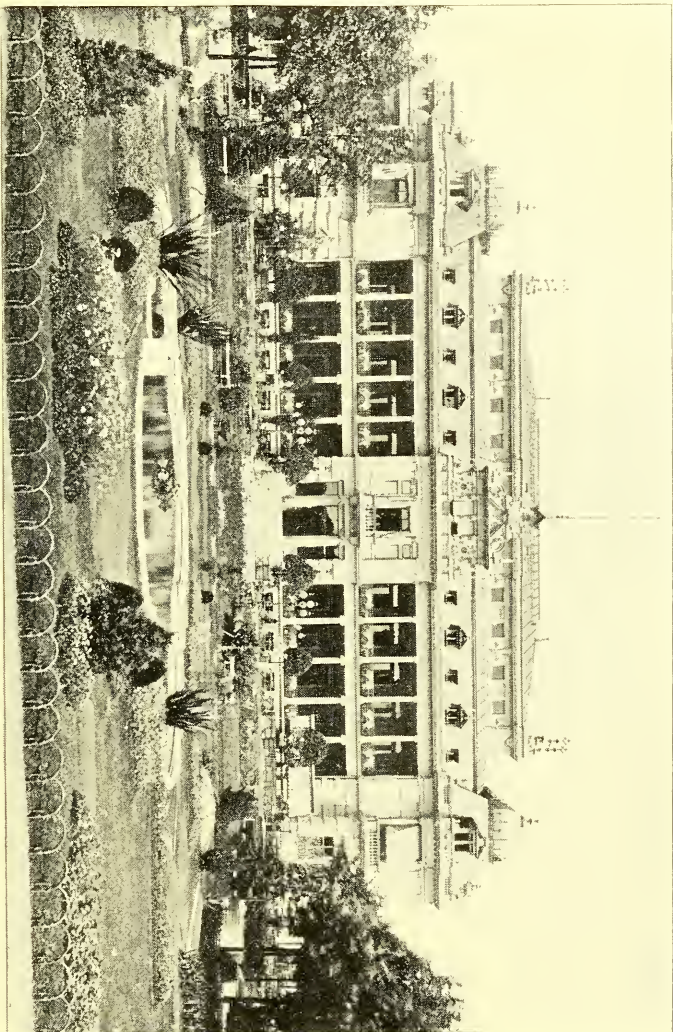
"Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon," wrote Mr. Buckle, "are perhaps the only first-rate modern warriors of whom it can fairly be said that they were equally competent to govern a kingdom and command an army."

We may now add to these one other: William I., founder and first ruler of the new German Empire.

CHAPTER VI.

GERMAN SOCIAL AND FAMILY LIFE.

THE origin of the Germanic race lies far back in the twilight of history. No authentic records of the earlier inhabitants of Germany exist. Before the time of Julius Cæsar the Romans knew very little of the people who dwelt east of the



THE PALMENGARTEN.
MUSIC AND REFRESHMENT HALL.

Rhine and north of the Danube. The European continent north of the Alps was for the most part one vast, mysterious forest. But the invasion of Gaul by the Roman armies developed the fact that the country beyond the Rhine was inhabited by a numerous people, given to agriculture,—a race, say the Roman writers, “free from any foreign intermixture, as proved by their physiognomy; with fierce blue eyes, deep-yellow hair, a robust frame, and gigantic height; inured to cold and hunger, but not to thirst and heat; warlike, honest, faithful, friendly and unsuspicious toward friends, but toward enemies cunning and dissembling; scorning every restraint, considering independence as the most precious of all things, and therefore ready to give up life rather than liberty. . . . Valor was the grace of man, chastity the virtue of woman.”

Such were the aboriginal Germans. They had no towns or cities, but dwelt mostly in small communities, holding property in common. They were divided into over fifty tribes, of which the Alemanni, Suevi, Burgundians, Goths, Vandals, and others figure conspicuously in ancient history.

After Cæsar’s victory over Ariovistus and his conquest of Gaul, the Roman armies overran much of the country and established a line of fortified outposts from the Rhine to the Danube. The present city of Mayence on the Rhine was the head-quarters of the army of Drusus, and to this day relics of the Drusus colony and garrison continue to be found there whenever a fresh excavation is made, insomuch that the city possesses a remarkably interesting museum of such antiquities, reflecting alike the customs, superstitions, and vices of the ancient Romans. The old city of Trèves, in the valley of the Moselle, possesses an immense Roman amphitheatre, and a great three-storied Roman gate-way (*Porta Nigra*), rivalling in its stately dimensions any of the triumphal arches which survive imperial Rome.

Within a few years past the remains of a Roman soldier in

full armor were exhumed near Frankfort-on-the-Main, and in that, as in other parts of the Rhine Valley, Roman antiquities are still from time to time coming to light. Evidently the Romans came to Germany intending to stay there, and yet they were never more than temporary occupants of the country, for no sooner did they undertake to assert by force of arms the rights of conquest than they were overwhelmingly defeated.

The political and social life of modern Germany bears the stamp of these ancient experiences and characteristics of the German people. The tribes into which the inhabitants of the country were originally divided perpetuated their distinctions through a long course of feudalities and petty despotisms until they crystallized into the existing German states. The tribal divisions are still traceable in differences of dialect, temperament, physiognomy, and social and political customs. The German social estate is therefore a curious conglomerate, a multiform, many-hued, ever-changing mosaic, puzzling and misleading to the superficial student, and comprehensible only through close observation and prolonged and patient study. The sectional and local diversities of the people are endless, and nearly every important town or district has social customs and a form of language peculiar to itself. The province, district, and even city or town from which strangers come can be guessed with precision from their dialect, dress, and manners.

Hence it is that travellers and transient writers give such various and conflicting accounts of the German people. Flitting by rail from town to town, and sojourning mostly in hotels, ordinary tourists see nothing at all of the real social life of the Germans, and yet sometimes presume to tell us all about it. Out of their fragmentary knowledge and superficial impressions newspapers are supplied with flippant correspondence, and whole volumes of misinformation are written.

Generally, too, writers of this class know very little, if any-

thing, of the German language, without a fair knowledge of which it is very difficult to obtain anything like a correct understanding of the intellectual and social life of the people. Most educated Germans, it is true, speak English more or less fluently, and French is much spoken in social and diplomatic intercourse. But no language brings the stranger into such intimate relations with the people, and so reveals to him their modes of thought, action, and feeling, as their native tongue.

To most adult Americans the German is a difficult language to learn, and not especially attractive. Macaulay is said to have mastered it in three months, which probably means that he acquired in that length of time a fair book-knowledge of its grammatical principles. Charles V. called it "the language of horses," but in his day its euphonious and literary possibilities were but dimly realized. Wieland had not then written his "Oberon," nearly every stanza of which is music itself; and Lessing, Schiller, and Goethe had not given to the world their immortal verse.

The drolleries of the language, its oddities of grammatical construction, its curious compounding and dividing asunder of words, its arbitrary distinctions of gender,—all these, together with the difficulties which American travellers and sojourners in Germany experience in assimilating the vernacular of the country, have been duly set forth by one of our famous American humorists, who has made out of them a very amusing chapter of his "Tramp Abroad." The Germans heartily enjoy this mirth at their expense, and are otherwise well repaid for it in the amusement which is furnished them by the linguistic exploits of German-learning Englishmen and Americans. At the same time, our Teutonic friends are extremely patient with us, and seldom appear to notice our mistakes. Out of the *débris* of our wrecked sentences and confused misplacements and misconceptions of words and

idioms they will quietly gather our meaning, and when our vocabulary and its capacity for grammatical mischief are exhausted, they will soothingly remark in good, plain English, "Why, how well you speak German! What excellent progress you have made!"

This considerate treatment of tyros in their language is not only something which we ought to be grateful for and reciprocate; it is also an illustration of what has been called the *politesse de cœur* of the Germans. Their friendly interest in everybody about them, even to strangers and aliens, is a noteworthy trait, amounting, almost, to a national characteristic. A stranger may travel all day with Englishmen, even in the same carriage or *coupé*, and never receive, in word or act, the slightest recognition of his existence. Quite otherwise in Germany. Both on joining and leaving us our German fellow-travellers will not fail to salute us with their cheery *guten Tag*, and, if not repelled, they will not be apt to omit still further evidences of their friendly attention. At an English dinner party, a guest may find himself in a state of solemn isolation amidst strangers, to whom he has not been introduced, whom he dare not approach, and by whom he is industriously ignored. The German usage is in pleasant contrast with this. No sooner does the unacquainted guest cross the threshold than the host or hostess takes pains to introduce him to the principal people present, who, in turn, exert themselves to make him feel thoroughly at home in their company.

This "politeness of the heart" finds expression on the most ordinary occasions, and from people in all conditions of life. The servant who presents a glass of beer or a plate of food will accompany it with his good-natured *Gesundheit*, or *guten Appetit*, or *lass' es gut Schmecken*; and even the maid who prepares one's bath will not omit her *wohl bekomme's* when all is ready. If you go out to a party or a concert, the *Diener* who helps you on with your overcoat or into your carriage

will be sure to wish you *viel Vergnügen*, and when you go away on a journey, full many a *glückliche Reise* will follow you. The stranger who sits down at a public table salutes those near him, and when he rises to go away does the same, adding his *gesegnete Mahlzeit* to those with whom he has held conversation. If a gentleman helps a lady to wine at table, he takes care to pour a little first into his own glass, so that if any particles of cork or dust should adhere to the mouth of the bottle he will get them, and not she.

Men seldom wear their hats in their places of business, and customers coming into a business office remove theirs. On leaving such a place it is usual to salute the proprietors and their assistants, particularly when either or both happen to be ladies, as a large majority of the sales-people are. If a customer asks for his *Rechnung*, it is sure to be endorsed *auf Wunsch*, and when it comes back receipted after payment it will as surely be superscribed *Eine schöne Empfehlung*, or *Herr ——— lässt schön danken*.

How much these little phrases and attentions, which cost nothing, soften the jolts and smooth down the asperities of human experience need not be stated. They embellish life, make it seem worth living, and help us immensely to feel that we are, after all, of some account in the world.

Handshaking is not so common in Germany as with us, and is seldom indiscriminately practised. The universal mode of salutation on the part of men is that of lifting the hat. Ladies receive the first recognition instead of giving it, and strangers must make first calls instead of being first called upon. The uses of the card in calling and exchanging compliments are considered with much nicety, and are so regulated as to express plainly and yet with delicacy the unwritten laws of social intercourse. Both desire and disinclination for nearer acquaintance are carefully indicated by cards; compliments are conveyed by them and congratulations

exchanged. When death occurs, card messengers remind the bereaved of the sympathetic remembrances of their acquaintances. Visits of condolence are not made unless by near relatives and friends, nor are the bereaved obliged to make public exposure of their grief. The remains of the deceased are often followed to the tomb by empty carriages only, not even the afflicted family accompanying them should the weather be inclement.

The customs and ceremonies attending betrothal and marriage differ widely from ours. Prior to the *Verlobung*, or betrothal, the intercourse of young unmarried people can, as a rule, only take place in the presence or by the express consent of their parents, and German ladies have often expressed to me their astonishment that in America, as they had heard, young ladies not betrothed were permitted to receive and accompany young gentlemen without parental attendance. Betrothal, indeed, is often the first stage of real acquaintance, the intercourse of the contracting parties before that being of a comparatively formal character. The *Verlobung* is generally considered a more important act than the *Trauung*, or marriage, and the breaking off of an engagement causes more scandal than a divorce. After engagement, the parties engaged are *Braut* and *Brautigam*, but cease to be such after marriage. Once engaged, they may accompany each other when and where they like, and on social occasions are treated much the same as husband and wife.

By imperial law, a man becomes qualified to contract marriage when twenty, and a girl when sixteen years of age, but a man may not marry without the consent of his father, or other guardian, until he is twenty-five, nor a girl until she is twenty-four. Whether a marriage contracted without the consent of guardians is valid or not is a matter regulated by the legislation of the different states.

It is a sort of unwritten law—a sequence of actual statutes

now abolished—that a man should not marry until he has some visible and reliable means of supporting a family. Parents are careful to have their children mated with those of equal social station, and it is worthy of remark that rank and position are more highly considered in a matrimonial way than wealth, although that is a matter by no means despised. Some years ago a distinguished Heidelberg professor wrote a book which aimed to prove that the daughters of wealthy men of business are destined, in the order of nature, to marry lawyers and civil service officials, and that the daughters born of such marriages are destined to marry business men, with a view to acquiring wealth wherewith to endow their daughters, in turn, for marriage into the civil service. Thus the business, or middle, class would provide wealth, and the official class social distinction, and the balance would be preserved.

The arrangement of the *dot*, or marriage portion, prior to betrothal, is something that must not be neglected, and its amount for each of the contracting parties is settled in advance by their parents.

The marriage ceremony is usually performed twice,—once after the civil and once after the religious form,—but only the civil contract is valid in law. By imperial statute of February 6, 1875, “marriage is to be concluded in the presence of two witnesses, by the betrothed persons severally declaring their agreement, when asked by the proper officer whether they announce their intention of uniting in marriage with each other, and by his thereupon proclaiming that they are both legally married.” The same law forbids any clergyman, or other minister of religion, to execute these functions, or to act as a substitute for the civil officer. The civil ceremony therefore takes precedence in the order of time, as in that of legal importance. First, however, there must be a publication of the banns at least two weeks before the contract is signed, and this precaution, together with the parental restraints, has a

wholesome effect in preventing hasty and ill-considered marriages.

Many of the traditional usages attending the marriage ceremony, particularly among the peasantry, are very curious, but the etiquette of weddings is not eccentric. German etiquette, in general, is a system of social customs which has grown up with the people, and which is adapted to promote as well as protect social intercourse. It may be added that, in the best German society, people are not received very much on trust. They must prove their quality before obtaining favor. Vulgar wealth is not admitted to the circle of the intellectual and refined, and civil or military position carries with it infinitely more social privilege than money, simply because the process by which alone such position can be reached in Germany is itself a guarantee of merit. Artists, actors, musicians, and scientific and literary people of distinction, or of passably good professional standing, are constantly invited to the tables of noblemen and millionaires.

It has been said that behavior at the table is the best test of manners, and that a fine dinner is the crowning exponent of civilized life. However this may be, a dinner-party in the refined circles of Germany is certainly one of the most characteristic and charming illustrations of the social life of the people. Formal invitations to dinner are generally given upon an engraved card, with date and hour in writing, and must be accepted or declined without delay. They may be sent through the post, or, as is more customary, delivered by special messenger. The hour fixed is intended to be exact, and guests are expected to be punctual to the minute. I shall not forget the first invitation of this kind which I received, for I happened to be about ten minutes late, and my worthy host greeted me with a good-natured reprimand by saying that he had begun to grow anxious lest something had happened to me.

At the precise hour appointed the company proceeds to the table, the host escorting the most distinguished lady guest. The seating is managed diplomatically so as to bring congenial people together, and much attention is given to table decoration, for which purpose, in every season, flowers are liberally used. The dinner is served *à la Russe*, but the finest meats are sometimes brought in and shown to the guests before being carved.

When the dinner is concluded the ladies are escorted to the *salon*, and the gentlemen withdraw to the smoking-room. Thus an opportunity is given to the former to discuss the latest fashions, and to the latter to exchange opinions concerning affairs on the *bourse*. In the smoking-room *café noir* is served, and also cognac and other cordials. After the gentlemen have finished their cigars and coffee, they return to the *salon*, and spend the remainder of the evening with the ladies.

The recipient of dinner courtesies is expected to acknowledge them within a reasonable time by a return call, which may be made by card, but there is no strict debit and credit system of reciprocation of social favors. People are often invited again and again without any return of the compliment being asked or thought of.

The Germans are a music-loving people, and this fact has much to do with their social customs and enjoyments. Musical composition almost amounts to a national industry, and of musical clubs and societies there is no end. Nearly every large city has at least one orchestra of sixty or seventy performers, which in any country where musicians of such training and skill are less common would be famous. Many plain business men—merchants, bankers, and others—are really excellent vocalists, pianists, or violinists.

The people are passionately fond of the opera and the drama, both of which are supported, in part, by public subsidies. The usual hour for beginning theatrical performances

is 6 o'clock P.M., and they seldom continue later than nine, or half-past. Ladies, as well as gentlemen, leave their wraps and head-wear in the *Garderobe* before entering the auditorium,—an arrangement which enables the masculine part of the audience to see the stage, whatever fashion may prevail in ladies' bonnets.

German theatrical audiences are models of decorum. This is due, in part, to strict regulations and police surveillance, but in larger degree it is the result of popular habit and training.

During a fine concert or opera no one may be admitted until an interval occurs, and while the music is in progress all other sound is absolutely hushed. There is not a cough, not a movement, not a discordant noise. The applause, when deserved, is hearty and prolonged, but is always timely and decorous.

Nor is the pleasure derived from music by any means exclusive with those who can pay for fine operas and concerts. It is the fireside recreation of the people, and humble is the home where it is not enjoyed. For the public recreation excellent concerts are provided at the parks and gardens, and are accessible to all. In the public gardens of Frankfort one afternoon concert per week is given especially for ladies and children, and on such occasions the elegant music-halls are always crowded. The ladies bring their crochet-work, and gossip over their coffee, and the little folks enjoy the games provided for them, or stroll amidst the fountains and flowers.

The Germans delight in open-air life. Every house of any pretensions has its garden, if only a few square feet of sodded space, where the family may sit and enjoy the fresh air and the sunlight and shade. They abhor anything like a draught indoors, and keep their houses shut tight, but think nothing of sitting for hours in the family garden, and taking their meals there whenever the weather will at all permit. Gardens, parks and promenades for general recreation are provided in every

considerable town, while, by low fares and frequent trains, the railways afford on Sundays and holidays the most ample facilities possible for excursions to the country.

The fashionable hour for promenading is from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. At one everybody sits down to dinner. The banks close at that hour, and remain closed until 4 P.M. The *bourse* is open for business from twelve o'clock noon until 1 P.M., and a second time later in the afternoon.

Dinner and supper are the principal meals. A German breakfast consists of *Zwiebacken* or *Brödschens* and coffee, with perhaps boiled eggs. Supper is taken at seven or eight o'clock, or postponed until after the theatre. Laborers have four or five *Essens* a day, and most business men lunch between meals.

Wine and beer drinking is universal, but no more temperate people exists than the Germans. During a sojourn of several years among them, I do not remember to have seen half a dozen persons intoxicated. During a festal occasion lasting three or four days, which brought thirty thousand strangers to Frankfort, not over seven or eight persons, it was stated, were arrested for disorderly conduct.

Drunkenness is more disgraceful than it is in this country. Men do not go into a "saloon" and stand up before a "bar" and drink themselves drunk. What Americans call "treating" is unknown. Each one pays for what he gets, as an honest man should, and expects his friends and companions to do the same. People who take refreshments at a restaurant or beer-garden sit down by the tables and eat and drink leisurely. The popular beverages, as a rule, are mild, pure, and wholesome, and a dinner, however humble, is not a dinner in Germany without beer or wine. Yet the people are not given to nervousness or inebriety, and have comparatively little stomach-ache, so far as I have been able to notice.

At the same time it should be stated that the traffic in all

kinds of alcoholic beverages is strictly regulated by law. The license system, or its equivalent, is the prevailing one, though different laws as to the traffic prevail in the different states and provinces. A broad distinction is drawn between the establishments which traffic only in beer and wine, and those which also sell spirituous liquors. New establishments of either kind can only be opened by police permission, and then only upon a showing of reasonable public demand for the business. Disorderly and immoral places may be suppressed by police fiat, and it should be noted that the tenure of office by the police authorities does not depend, directly or indirectly, upon what Americans would call the "saloon vote." Indeed, we may almost say that the saloon does not exist in Germany,—at least, not in our sense of the word.

German housekeeping methods differ materially from the American. In the first place, the houses are differently constructed and furnished from ours. An American visiting Germany once remarked to me that it seemed very odd to him to see dwellings "with the front door in the rear." The French system of *étages*, or flats, is common in cities, and the choice part of the house is not the *rez-de-chaussée*, or first floor, but that we call the second. This is in Germany the *erster Stock*, or first story, and between it and the lower floor, or *parterre*, there sometimes intervenes a narrow story called the *entresol*. Each floor is complete in itself for all the purposes of housekeeping, with a permanent kitchen range built to stay. Cellar space and garden privileges are apportioned to the different families occupying the *étages*, and their servants colonize in the attic. In point of convenience and comfort, New York and Philadelphia have greatly improved upon the German flat system.

In the more expensive dwellings parquetry floors are laid, and these are waxed and burnished until smooth as glass. In more unpretentious homes the floors are painted and varnished.

Carpets covering the entire floor are seldom seen; artistic squares, or *Vorlage*, being used instead. Living-rooms are heated by *Kachelöfen*, or porcelain stoves, and wood is the prevailing fuel. The coal is inferior to ours, and is drenched with water before being laid upon the fire.

Madame, whatever her social station, carries the keys and personally supervises the servants. Ladies of the highest birth and education understand all the details of housekeeping, and are not above taking a practical interest in what is going on in the kitchen. They are trained to this in the cooking-, sewing-, and boarding-schools,—a kind of education which vastly contributes both to the comfort and the economy of German home-life.

Children are trained to obey. Insubordination in the family or the school is treated much the same as insubordination in the army. The little German maid no sooner learns to talk than she begins to knit, sew, and embroider, and make herself otherwise useful in the house. If her parents have any means at all, a thoroughly ornamental as well as practical education is within her reach. In short, she grows up to be an accomplished and contented mistress of a house,—a real helpmeet,—knowing how to cook, sew, sing, dance, embroider, take care of children, and write and speak in two or three languages.

Her little brother, as soon as he is six years old, starts for school, and education is a serious matter with him from that time on until he finishes the gymnasium. He has little time for play except on stated holidays, and woe betide him if he does not give diligent attention to the tasks set for him outside of school-hours. Besides the "three R's," he must learn Latin, Greek, French, English, German, higher mathematics, natural science, geography, and history. The course of the gymnasium is equivalent to that of an American college, and when he is through with that he may go to the University. Then, if he passes the *Examen*, he must serve one year in the

army, and, if he does not pass it, three years. After that he goes into the public service or a profession, or learns and finally inherits the business of his father.

The ideal German home is a model of order, cleanliness, comfort, and loving domestic harmony. The women, as a rule, are quite contented with home and its duties, and leave the cares of state and the rugged work of reform to the men. Yet the sphere of woman is by no means exclusively domestic. The pursuits of literature, the fine arts, and business are all freely opened to her.

The Germans believe in recreation for the family and by the family. Parents and children sit together in the public gardens listening to the concerts, visit together the theatre and the opera, and unite in family excursions and tours. What one enjoys they all enjoy, so far as their means go, except that, by the custom of the country, the head of the family is allowed to spend a certain part of his time with his *Verein*, or club. I once asked a German married lady whether or not she liked to have her husband visit nearly every evening, as he did, a club to which I belonged, and she assured me that she preferred to have him do so, "for," said she, "this brightens him up, and makes him a better companion for me than he would be were I to insist upon his spending all his leisure at home. Then, too," she added, reflectively, "I might get a little tired of him if he were about the house too much."

One of the most attractive features of German home-life is its faithful observance of family anniversaries. Few things contribute more to make the home circle delightful than this. The little child—and the full-grown one as well—counts the days, the hours almost, until its *Geburtstag* comes round. And when the day arrives it is sure to be observed in a way to make the honored one feel that it is a good thing to be born into the world, a good thing to have a home and loving parents, friends, brothers, and sisters. The house is dressed

en fête, cards of congratulation with flowers and other gifts come in from all round the circle of acquaintance, tapers are lighted denoting the number of years the happy one has finished, and a family dinner and reunion crown the festivities.

I once had the happiness to be invited to spend a few days with a friend at his summer villa on the Rhine, and when we went down the first time to dinner we found the table garnished with flowers, and the chairs upon which my good friend and his wife were to sit wreathed with roses and lilies. It was their wedding anniversary, and the children had done this to signify their loving remembrance of the day. How beautiful it was, and how happy we all were, albeit the place of him who was chief in that delightful circle was soon afterwards forever vacant!

But the noblest of all family anniversaries is the German Christmas. It is not a single holiday, as with us, but a cluster of two or three together, and the quaint old legends and traditional observances—domestic, social, and religious—connected with it are many and beautiful. What visions of happy faces and what echoes of sweet cathedral chimes haunt my recollection as I think of them! In many parts of Germany, Christmas is called “The Children’s Festival,” and such it is; but it is a festival at which all are children, whether old or young.

Should German habits and customs be adopted by Americans? To some extent they should be. After ten centuries of experience, the Germans have arrived at certain fixed conclusions as to what is best for them in the conditions under which they live, and so far as the conditions of our life are the same, those conclusions are equally wise for us.

It is the misfortune of our people that they have not yet learned how to enjoy life in the present as it is their privilege to do. The Germans are adepts at this. They act upon the Horatian admonition, *carpe diem*. They have a proverb, *Bequemlichkeit geht dem Deutschen über Alles*,—with the German,

comfort goes before everything,—and this is a key to their domestic and social life. They believe, with Renan, that “sunshine is a fine thing, life an excellent gift, and the land of the living a very pleasant place to sojourn in,” and they do not see why they should not enjoy these things as much as they innocently can.

Too much of our social life is mere pretension; it glitters, but it is not gold. The real contact of noble and congenial minds is not there. The social life of Germany, on the other hand, is realistic, and repels shams. It seeks out and holds fast the genuine good, true, and beautiful. It shows us, moreover, as in a mirror, that real happiness is not at a distance, but near at hand, waiting for and inviting us to reach out and grasp it.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW THE GERMANS EDUCATE.

It has been said of the Germans that they are the most learned people in the world. If this is not an exaggerated compliment, the fact is mainly due to the operations of a system of education which, for the circumstances and purposes to which it is applied, is the best in existence.

This system should be judged, not exclusively by its aptitude to the social and political conditions under which we live on this continent, but with special reference to the circumstances under which it has been created, and for which it is intended. As shoes made on American lasts have been found unsuited to German feet, so a scheme of education which has been fashioned according to the German mind and character would need some modifications to adapt it to American con-

ditions. Yet the fundamental principles of education are the same, whether in one country or another.

The criticism has been made on American schools that boys and girls on leaving them "rarely know how to continue their education by themselves. They have not learned to study, and if they read at all, they confine themselves to the daily newspaper and the weekly novel." To such results the German system does not tend. Its primary aim is to develop the faculty of independent thinking and reasoning. It does not cram. It assumes, as has been properly said, that "a man's success in life depends immeasurably more upon his capacities for useful action than upon his acquirements in knowledge." It prefers to strengthen the memory rather than to cumber it with facts. It develops the power of fixing the attention. The abecedarian and the university student are alike, in the true sense of the word educate, induced or *drawn out* to think for themselves.

The means by which these results are accomplished have been perfected by centuries of experience and study. Teaching is, in Germany, not a makeshift, but a profession. It is studied as a science, under the supervision of the government, represented by learned and capable men. The teacher must be a thorough scholar, but not a mere routinist. The forms and methods given him are not to be followed mechanically; he must have the ability to so apply them as to accomplish their intended purpose. He is expected to be no less diligent in private study—for which he has ample leisure—than in his school-room duties.

The teacher is almost invariably a person of high social station, and deservedly so. The position he holds is one which cannot be reached except by scholarly and personal merit. His profession is therefore respected not more because of its importance than because of the qualifications of those who follow it. Teaching is also well paid. Teachers who show them-

selves qualified and diligent are not only sure of permanent employment, regardless of personal or political favoritism, but have good salaries, as compared with other professions, and in case of disability from age or sickness are pensioned.

The institutions in which teachers are specially trained for their profession are called seminaries. Their course of study varies in duration from one to three years.

The proportion of female to male teachers is small. In 1861 it was but five per cent. ; in 1879 it was nine and one-half per cent. Down to 1873 female teachers had no fixed position in Prussia, their employment being resorted to only when male teachers could not be had. This discrimination was due not entirely to sex, but chiefly to difference in training. Until 1877 there were but seven seminaries in Prussia for the education of female teachers, and two of these were schools for governesses. Of late the Ministry of Public Instruction has made considerable effort both to improve the quality and to enlarge the opportunities of female teachers.

All the schools, private as well as public, are under the direct inspection and supervision of the government. The chief of each managing board, from the highest to the lowest, is appointed by the crown, and vested with power to veto any act of the body over which he presides. No teacher can be appointed, even in the private schools, whose qualifications, moral and professional, have not successfully passed the government test. The schools are free except that a small tuition fee is charged, but remitted when the parents are unable to pay it. The individual parishes are expected to maintain their own schools, but when necessary receive assistance from the state. The sexes are taught together in the primary course, but in all the higher classes separately. Attendance is compulsory for all children from six to fourteen years of age. The usual school-hours are from 8 to 12 A.M. and 2 to 4 P.M., but the lessons must be studied chiefly at home.

The duration of the primary training is three years, after which choice may be made between the three different classes of higher schools known respectively as the *gymnasia*, the *Realschulen*, and the *Gewerbeschulen*. The gymnasium is, as its name implies, a training-school chiefly,—a *palaestra* for the intellectual faculties. The classics being deemed of the first importance for mental training, they hold a leading place in its curriculum, which comprises eight different grades, denominated—from lowest to highest—as *sexta*, *quinta*, *quarta*, *tertia*, lower *secunda*, upper *secunda*, lower *prima*, and upper *prima*. The time required to complete this course is from eight to nine years. The four lower grades are adapted to general training, the four upper to preparation for the University. The number of recitations required per week varies in different years from twenty-five to thirty-two, not including gymnastics or instruction in music. Boys may be admitted to the gymnasium at nine or ten years of age, provided they understand the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and can write with reasonable correctness in German and Latin characters.

The majority of the pupils in the lower grades of the gymnasium come from the middle, or business and producing, class of society. Not aspiring to a political, scientific, or literary career, such pupils seldom advance beyond the grade of lower *secunda*; which is to say, they quit school in their sixteenth or seventeenth year, after having remained just long enough to reduce their period of military service from three years to one.

The studies in the upper grades of the gymnasium are limited chiefly to the classics, physics, and higher mathematics. The pupils in these grades are therefore mainly such as wish to prepare themselves for a literary, professional, or higher business career, or who expect to enter the civil or military service. Most of those who wish to be educated for mercantile or industrial pursuits attend the *Realschulen*.

The penalties for breaches of discipline in the gymnasium are reproof, confinement in the class-room or the school *carcer*, and expulsion.

The *Realschulen* having been established to satisfy the demand for a more utilitarian course of study than that of the gymnasium, are chiefly distinguished from the latter in being less classical. Originally the classics were entirely excluded from the *Realschulen*, but with such palpable disadvantage to their efficiency as compared with the gymnasium that the study of Latin was required, by popular demand, in their higher grades. The course of study in the *Realschule* is divided into six grades, comprising German, English, French, Latin, geography, history, natural science, mathematics, mechanics, vocal music, and gymnastics. This course requires from thirty to thirty-two hours of school attendance per week. Pupils are admitted at the age of seven, and complete the course in about seven years. The further extension of classical study in the *Realschulen* has many advocates, as has also the proposition to merge these schools with the first five grades of the gymnasium.

Both in the *Realschulen* and the gymnasium all special training for any particular profession or business is strictly forbidden. Any attempt to warp the child's tastes in this respect, in defiance or disregard of its natural bent, is deemed a grievous wrong. The course of instruction is therefore applied exclusively to the development of the faculties in a general way, without any attempt to dictate their application. Education is made subservient to the preparation of the neophyte for whatever sphere of usefulness he may in maturer years choose to enter; upon the choice of the sphere Nature is permitted to exercise her influence unrestrained.

There are, however, numerous schools for special purposes, such, for example, as the *Handelschulen*, or trade schools, in which the various branches of commercial education are taught. These schools are not only held in high estimation at home,

but have a reputation outside of Germany which brings them considerable foreign patronage.

Another class of special schools are the *Gewerbeschulen*, of which there are two grades,—upper and lower,—the upper being identical with the *Realschulen* except that the study of Latin is omitted. In these schools boys are prepared for a career in business, or in the mechanic arts, and also for admission to the polytechnic schools, to which the *Real-* and *Gewerbeschulen* stand in the same relation as do the gymnasia to the universities. The duration of the course in the lower *Gewerbe* or industrial school is four years, in the upper two. Its curriculum embraces modern languages, sacred and profane history, chemistry, mathematics, architecture, mechanics, drawing, vocal music, and practical employment in workshops. Competitive examinations are forbidden in these schools, on the ground that they engender feverish and spasmodic effort. In truth, such examinations are not known to any of the German schools in the sense in which they are commonly understood. The purpose of the examination is not to provoke intellectual combat between the pupils, but to test their power to think and reason.

The *Gewerbeschulen* are patronized by the patrician, middle, and lower classes alike, and are accessible to all boys having the ambition to study and be useful.

The theory and practice of agriculture are taught in thirty different institutions in Prussia. Thirteen of these are special schools, in which a practical training in particular branches of agriculture and horticulture is given. Twelve are primary schools the pupils in which work as wage-earners on model farms. Itinerant teachers—*Wanderlehrer*—are employed by the government to travel from village to village and give instruction in these schools. An agricultural college at Darmstadt receives young farmers from November 1 to March 31. The Würtemberg government has established an institution similar to this at Hohenheim, besides maintaining a depart-

ment of agriculture in connection with the University at Tübingen. Other valuable agencies for the spread of agricultural knowledge are found in numerous voluntary associations of farmers, who meet at stated times to profit by lectures and experiments pertaining to their industry.

The schools for girls—*Töchterschulen*—are many and admirable. Their system of instruction is not merely ornamental; it is practical as well. Instruction in needlework and housekeeping is made as essential as that in French or music.

Complaints of excessive tasking in the schools have led to much animated discussion. A great deal of juvenile headache and some insanity have been attributed to this cause, but with what justice it would be difficult to say. Another subject which has awakened much earnest inquiry is the prevalence of myopia among school-children. In Bavaria, more than twelve per cent. of the children are short-sighted. There may be cases in which this affection is due to excessive study, as is sometimes supposed, but a more obvious cause of it would seem to be the peculiar construction of the German alphabet, both the written and printed characters of which are certainly very trying to the eyes. A Russian lady who had correspondence in the German language with Longfellow once told me that the poet begged her to use Latin characters, saying, "The German *schrift* tears my eyes out like a hawk."

The universities are not only controlled and mainly supported by the government, but form part of its machinery. They are the gate-ways through which alone not only the learned professions, but the higher civil service can be reached. They "exist for imperial purposes," says Bismarck. Their officers and professors are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, who exercises control of all their administrative affairs. Excepting the universities at Heidelberg, Greifswald, and Leipsic, which are partly supported by independent endowment, these institutions all derive their maintenance from

state appropriations. The government further manifests its interest and pride in these great disseminators of learning by generous contributions for their improvement. Of this the University at Strasbourg furnishes a striking illustration. Within the past ten years the buildings and equipment of that splendid institution have been renovated and enlarged at an expense of about three million dollars, most of which was paid from public funds.

The universities have each four ordinary faculties,—those of law, medicine, theology, and philosophy. To these there is sometimes added a faculty for political economy, and sometimes one for natural science. Admission to the University course can be obtained only through the test of examination after the studies of the gymnasium or the preparatory school have been completed, but an exception to this is made in favor of foreigners, who are admitted without examination. The duration of the course is from four to five years, its purpose being to prepare the student for professional or public life.

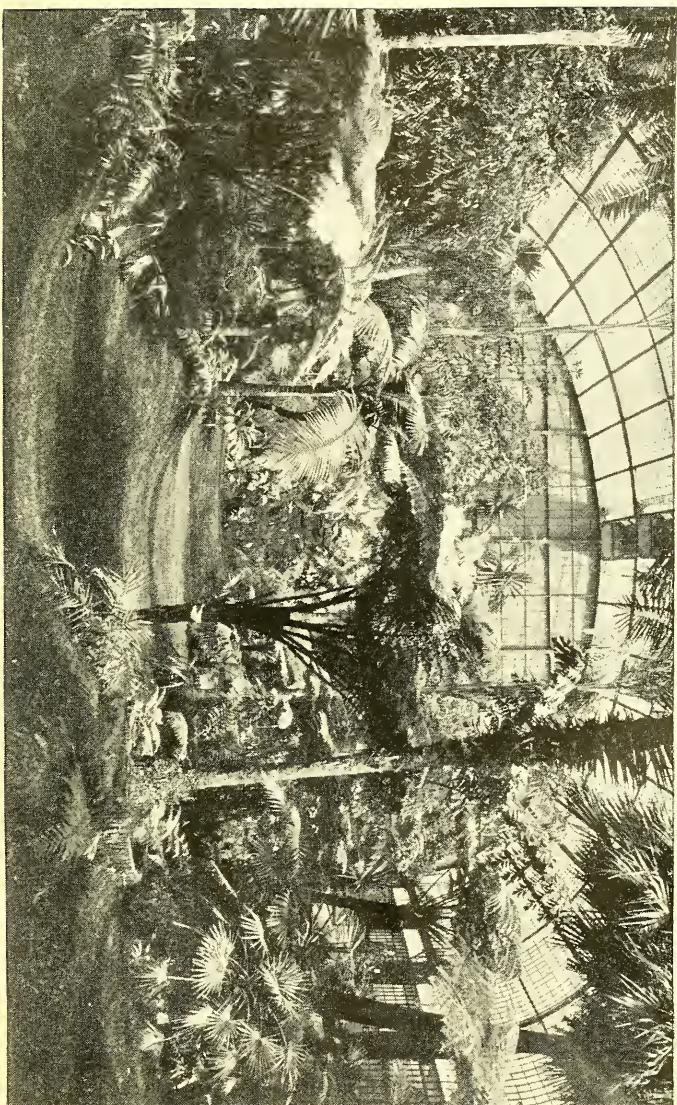
When the *abiturient*, or graduate of the gymnasium, comes to the University, his mental training is supposed to be substantially completed. His next step is to acquire the knowledge necessary to the practical use of his faculties. Released from the dominion of taskmasters, he is now cast upon his own intellectual resources, and must think and investigate for himself. His studies, hitherto enforced, are henceforth voluntary, but, if he expects to win a diploma, he must apply himself diligently for at least two or three years. The first year is usually his free-and-easy period. In crossing the University threshold, the young *abiturient* has reached the most independent epoch of his life, and the happiest. He enjoys a brief season of relaxation from the severe tasks which have gone before, antecedent to the still sterner duties and anxieties which are sure to come after. Admired and indulged, he revels for a time in the wild ecstasy of his romantic, unchained thoughts.

Few would begrudge him this happy interval, and, least of all, those who can say, as many do, *Ich war ja auch einmal Student!*

I would reproach myself were I to dismiss this subject without mention of another germane to it, which many valued courtesies have fixed in my grateful recollection,—the Anglo-American Club of Heidelberg. Composed of English and American students attending the University, and worthily representing the manhood of the two greatest nations of the world, that club is accustomed to celebrate with appropriate festivities the principal national anniversaries appropriate to its name and membership. The predominating spirit on such occasions is that of cordial good will, personal and international. The English members participate no less heartily than the Americans in celebrating Washington's Birthday and the Fourth of July, nor are the Americans at all grudging in returning these compliments on the birthday of the British sovereign.

At one of these banquets which I had the honor to attend, the club entertained, as its principal guest, the late Professor Bluntschli, of the Heidelberg University, whose fame as a writer on international law is world-wide. Responding to a toast, this illustrious scholar and publicist pronounced a most fervid and graceful eulogy upon our great republic and its founders. One of the facts in our political history which had most deeply impressed him, he said, was the singular simplicity of life and character of our revolutionary statesmen. They wore no uniforms, paraded no titles, and made no ostentatious pretensions. They had the dress and manner of plain, unambitious citizens, said Bluntschli, and yet, in their quiet way, as if unconscious of the greatness of their achievements, they worked out with marvellous success the greatest problems and grandest results in human history.

And the English members of the club applauded these sentiments no less heartily than the Americans!



THE PALMENGARTEN.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME GLIMPSES OF HOLLAND.

SINCE Athens and Sparta contended for the supremacy of the world, no state of such territorial insignificance has performed such a phenomenal part in human affairs as Holland. In point of influence upon the progress of civilization—in achievements in commerce, agriculture, science, art, and literature—few states have won a prouder name than this little patch of redeemed swamp and sand-barren wrested from the dominion of the sea. The planting of such a commonwealth, in defiance of such prodigious natural difficulties as were to be overcome, is itself one of the most unique and beneficent triumphs of the will, energy, and genius of man. The exploits of the old Greek heroes may have been more poetic than this, but they were less useful, and in results far less enduring.

The term "Dutchman" is sometimes applied in an opprobrious sense, as significant of stupidity, but no people are more prudent and self-respecting, or have among them fewer mendicants, or a larger proportion of well-informed, enterprising men and refined and beautiful women, than the Dutch of to-day. Their uniformly tidy and well-ordered homes contrast most suggestively with the squalor and profligacy seen in many other communities on the European continent, while their robust appearance is eloquent of health and contentment, and their faces, as a rule, bear the stamp, not of stolidity, but of intelligence, stability, and personal independence.

The general surface of Holland lies much below sea-level, and is also lower than the levels of its intersecting rivers. Inundation from the watercourses, as well as the encroachment

of the sea, is prevented only by an elaborate system of enormous dikes, built at an aggregate cost of one billion five hundred million dollars. The largest of these dikes are about thirty feet in height, seventy feet broad at the base, and wide enough on top for a public thoroughfare. To give them firmness the underlying earth is stamped or compressed, and their escarpments, when completed, are covered with turf and thickly planted with willows. As soon as they are sufficiently grown the willows are plaited together and plastered with mud. Some of the dikes are protected against the violence of the waves by revetments of masonry or palisades of stakes. To keep these vast embankments in repair requires an annual expenditure of about three million dollars, and the constant vigilance and activity of a large corps of workmen. A perpetual struggle with the ocean is the price of existence in Holland, as any one may realize who stands at the foot of one of the coastwise dikes at high tide and listens to the breaking of the waves on the other side, fifteen or twenty feet above him.

The surface of the country is criss-crossed by canals, of countless number, which serve the threefold purpose of drains, highways for traffic, and enclosures for fields, gardens; and houses. The ordinary arterial canals are about sixty feet wide and six deep, but the great North Holland canal, connecting Amsterdam with the Helder, is one hundred and twenty feet wide and twenty deep. Another immense work of this kind is that known as the North Sea canal, which extends from Amsterdam to the North Sea direct, and is practicable for the largest sea-going vessels. Its width is nearly two hundred feet, and its depth over twenty-two feet. This immense ditch, begun in 1865, and not fully completed until 1877, cost, together with its huge sea-gates and piers, the sum of seventeen millions of dollars. It was rendered necessary by the increasing shallowness of the Zuyder Zee, seriously threatening the commerce of Amsterdam.

Next in magnitude to the work of barring out the sea has been that of draining the great ponds and marshes of which the territories of Holland were, for the most part, originally composed. The first step taken in this process is the excavation of a deep ditch around the land to be drained, so as to prevent the influx of water from the outside. The marsh or lake from which the water is to be removed may lie at a considerably lower level than this ditch, in which case a series of trenches is dug, one below another, sloping inward, and into these successively, from the lowest to the highest, the marsh water is pumped by windmills or by steam. The lands thus reclaimed are of great fertility and value, and can be readily irrigated from the circumjacent ditches. In winter they usually lie under water, by which treatment their power of production is supposed to be preserved and promoted.

From 1840 to 1853 the Haarlemmer Meer, a fresh-water lake eighteen miles long, nine miles wide, and fourteen feet deep, was emptied in the manner just described, at a cost of five million two hundred thousand dollars. The water was lifted by three enormous steam-engines, each capable, with the pumps attached, of raising sixty-six tons of water at a single stroke. The lands once at the bottom of the lake are now worth three hundred and fifty dollars per acre, and support a population of ten thousand souls. The polder land of the great Beemster marsh, reclaimed in 1608-12, is now valued at five hundred dollars per acre. A scheme is discussed for draining the entire Zuyder Zee,—once an inland lake,—and, if executed, will add to the land surface of Holland a new province, six hundred and eighty-seven square miles in extent, and create another great reservoir of agricultural wealth.

The public enemy, water, is kept in subjection by the aid of its twin element, wind. The motive power by which the drainage is performed is chiefly furnished by windmills, which

strew the country in battalions and armies, imparting to the scenery its most striking feature. Sometimes they are ranked upon the dikes, and sometimes they stand on the ramparts of towns, which they seem to be defending by the energetic sway of their gigantic vanes. Many of these mills are of monstrous size, having single sails over sixty feet in length. Their numbers are also enormous. Along the banks of the Zaan, between Zaandam and Krommenie, a distance of four miles, there are about four hundred. Besides driving the pumps which lift the marsh water into the canals, the windmills furnish power for milling, and for a great variety of agricultural and manufacturing purposes. Along the Zaan many of them are employed in grinding a volcanic substance called "trass," found at Andernach-on-the-Rhine, which is used in the manufacture of cement.

Along the coast, sand-hills are thrown up by the action of the wind and waves to the height of from thirty to one hundred and sixty feet. Nearest the sea these hills are arid and transitory, but farther inland they are annually sown with reed grass and other hardy plants, by the growth and decay of which the sandy surface is eventually covered with vegetable mould, and changed from a condition of barrenness to one of extreme fertility. Between the central downs, which are highest and broadest, and those still farther remote from the sea-coast, lie some of the finest potato lands and pastures. The sand-hills, being honeycombed with rabbit-warrens, and a favorite haunt for some kinds of feathered game, furnish an attractive field to the sportsman.

The dwellings of the Dutch peasantry and villagers are usually built with large double windows in the first story, and high, peaked gables fronting the street. The majority of them have walls of red brick and white cement, and are roofed with bright red tiles. Many are painted green and, with their red tilings, polished windows, and environing trees, make a very

attractive appearance. A farm-house on the lowlands is visible for miles, with its huge, red-tiled, pyramidal roof rising from the meadows and descending nearly to the ground. The country dwellings of the wealthy are often gaudily stuccoed and painted, and are usually lettered above the portal with some sententious phrase expressive of peace, contentment, or hospitality. Every dwelling of any pretensions is fronted with an ample garden, wherein flowers are cultivated of every hue and kind, and where the favorite tulip, hyacinth, and crocus flourish in riotous splendor.

It is not strange that so many of the Dutch artists have loved to paint the interiors of these homes, for they are the very ideals of substantial and orderly domestic comfort. The rage of Dutch housewives for cleanliness amounts almost to a mania, and their dwellings are thoroughly scrubbed and polished, both internally and externally, once a week. Filth and vermin are held in unspeakable aversion. The town of Broek, situated in the so-called "Waterland," one of the lowest districts in Holland, has been made the subject of ridicule on account of its restrictions upon equestrians and smokers, its mosaically-paved streets and courts, its gaudily-painted houses with brilliant roofs of variegated tiles, its requirement that pedestrians shall leave their shoes at the door, and, above all, its immaculate cow-stables, in which the tails of the cows are hooked aloft. The best parlor of a Broek dwelling is thrown open only for weddings and funerals. Entrance to the house is gained through the cow-stable, which is kept superlatively clean, and serves as a reception-room. Broek has been called the cleanest town in the world, but it is no more tidy than Zaandam and other North Holland villages.

A birth in a Dutch family is announced by the display of a silken placard, and births and betrothals are both celebrated by setting out refreshments to congratulating friends and neighbors. One of the indispensables of female comfort is the

stoofje, a clumsy sort of foot-warmer, which is as pervasive as the sex. Chimes of tinkling bells, hung in the towers of nearly all churches and public buildings, announce the passing hours and quarters with gentle and pleasing melody.

Both in town and country many buildings of every kind are tilted out of their perpendicular by reason of the instability of their foundations, laid in the deep, soft alluvium. In consequence of this, long lines of tall, ungainly buildings have assumed attitudes strikingly suggestive of the uncertain equipoise and mock solemnity of a lot of tipsy revellers.

The peculiar costumes of the Dutch women, of which so much has been written; have mostly disappeared from the larger towns and cities, but in the rural districts are still in vogue, especially in North Holland and Friesland. The oddest part of this costume is the head-dress, the style of which distinguishes the women of different provinces, and is often costly as well as fantastic. In its most usual form its chief part is a broad band of gold, or gilded metal, crossing the forehead in horseshoe form, so as to hold back the hair, and bearing large rosettes of the same metal at the sides. Above this band a veil or cap of rich lace is worn, with appendages of the same metal dropping to the neck. The ears are adorned with showy pendants of gold and gems. The most grotesque form of this head-gear is that adopted by the Texel Island women, consisting of a gold plate, with fripperies of black lace, horns of black ribbon at the outer extremities of the eyebrows, and, upon the back of the head, "a brown edifice exactly like a small bronze coal-scuttle turned upside down." Still another fancy is that of a skull-cap of gold or silver, covering the upper and back part of the head, a gold band across the temples, and glittering spiral ornaments suspended from long pins projecting from the sides of the head.

The Frisian women, whose complexion is singularly fair, and whose features are very lively and handsome, wear a close-

fitting metal cap divided in the middle, and garnished at the sides with small disks elaborately chased. The skull-cap is very often made of gold, and never of anything less precious than silver. It has the effect of enhancing the beauty of the complexion, and with its lofty and elaborate crown of lace imparts dignity to the wearer. Leeuwarden, the ancient capital of the Frisians, is famous for its gold and silver work, and is said to contain no less than twenty-five establishments which either manufacture or trade in these peculiar coverings for the head.

It is sometimes said that a Dutch peasant girl carries her entire dowry upon her head and ears, the fact in many cases being that the costly toggery referred to has come to its possessor as an heirloom from her mother, to whom, in turn, it had been handed down from successive generations. Exhibitions of such ornaments are frequently made by jewellers, showing the difference between ancient workmanship and modern, which latter seldom profits by the comparison.

The cultivation of flowers is a popular passion, and at the same time a profitable industry. The country about Haarlem furnishes the finest gardens in Europe with roots and bulbs, and is brilliant, in the flowering season, with the myriad hues of blooming plants, grown by the acre. As long ago as the first half of the seventeenth century, floriculture became almost a craze in some of the Dutch provinces, and large fortunes were made by speculation in bulbs. Holland possesses some of the finest botanical gardens and horticultural schools in Europe, and claims to have done more to promote horticulture than any other country in the world.

There is scarcely any leading department of industry, commerce, art, or science in which the modern Batavians have not achieved a marked success, and contributed materially to the welfare of mankind,—scarcely any great historical movement in behalf of general progress and the spread of civilization in

which they have not borne a prominent part. Their navigators were among the earliest and boldest, and have been among the most successful in enlarging the sphere of commercial enterprise and geographical knowledge. Under the protection of their naval power, which, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was the most formidable on the seas, their commerce became the most widely extended in the world, and, in spite of all rivalries, yet continues to be world-wide. In the success and profit of colonial enterprise they have distanced every other country except Great Britain, their present colonial dependencies embracing territories inhabited by twenty-five millions of people. By no means least among these enterprises was the part they performed in the settlement of the American colonies. Their feats of arms on land and sea have sustained the reputation for valor of the original Batavians, the inflexible allies of Rome, who furnished the body-guard of the Roman emperors, and were declared by Tacitus to be the bravest of all the Germans. The extent of their contributions to scientific progress is indicated by Niebuhr's remark that no locality in Europe is so memorable in the history of science as the Hall of the Senatus in the University of Leyden. In many branches of productive industry they have not only acquired great wealth, but have almost distanced competition. To literature and statesmanship they have contributed a whole galaxy of illustrious names, and, strangest of all, in nothing have these steady-going, toiling, trading dwellers among the dunes distinguished themselves more than in art.

While these things have been accomplished in the past, things worthy of them are being done in the present. In education and thoroughness of information the Dutch are quite abreast with the foremost of their contemporaries, and their societies for the promotion of art, science, music, literature, and philanthropy, and for the discussion of all manner of useful subjects, have no end. These societies have invaluable auxil-

aries in great public libraries, and museums of art, science, and history, enriched with the accumulations of centuries drawn from all parts of the world. A society for promotion of the public welfare, having its head-quarters in Amsterdam, and extending its operations throughout the kingdom, aims to establish schools, libraries, lecture bureaus, and reading-rooms, and to encourage various works of charity and mercy. This society now has three hundred and thirty departments, and numbers seventeen thousand members.

Historically, commercially, socially, and in almost every other respect, Holland is epitomized in its chief metropolis. Amsterdam is in various respects a phenomenal city. Said to be, for its population, the wealthiest in the world, there are certainly few other cities more interesting. Yet, but for the great dikes which hold back the waters of the sea, the ground upon which this richly-stored working hive of three hundred thousand people stands would be submerged to the depth of several feet. The whole city has been built upon wooden piles driven as deeply as possible into the yielding mould, yet even this costly expedient has not prevented hundreds of buildings from being thrown out of their proper level. The piles have been attacked by wood worms, and have often yielded to the superincumbent weight. A large grain warehouse, built some years ago, immediately upon being filled, literally sank down into the mud.

The city is built in the form of a half-moon, with its rectilinear side fronting on the muddy estuary of the Zuyder Zee known as the Ij. It is crossed by six principal canals, which a multitude of smaller ones connect transversely, like the threads of a spider's web. The principal thoroughfares are water-ways, as in Venice, but the city is in no other respect Venetian. Venice, like Amsterdam, was once the commercial mistress of the world; but Amsterdam has retained her commercial prosperity, while that of Venice has departed. In

architecture, and in the quality of their art, the two cities are as wide apart as the poles.

For six centuries the herring fisheries of Holland have been known as "Dutch gold mines," and among the Dutch themselves it has long been a proverb that "the foundations of Amsterdam are laid on herring bones." So much did this trade formerly contribute to the general prosperity that the arrival of fresh boat-loads of herrings became a matter of popular rejoicing, and was celebrated by the display of flags and flowers.

The sombre appearance given to the streets by the monotonous black lines of tall, peaked buildings is much relieved by long rows of trees which grow luxuriantly on the banks of the canals. The multitudes of little islands, into which the land surface of the city is partitioned by its water-ways, are connected with one another by drawbridges. Being the central point in the national system of fortification, Amsterdam is covered on the land side by a ditch eighty feet wide, and a brick parapet with thirty bastions. In case of military necessity, the entire suburban territory lying outside of these lines may be laid under water.

The best general view of Amsterdam and its environs is obtained from the tower of the old City Hall, now known as the Royal Palace. From this elevation the eye takes in at a glance the entire web of streets, canals, and lines of peaked houses with their forked chimneys. Fronting all is the Ij, with its great docks and forests of masts extending to the broad bay of the Znyder Zee, the plane of whose waters is higher by several feet than that of the streets below. Outside the fortifications the city is encircled by a garden patchwork of green, gold, red, and scarlet, beyond which lies an indefinite extent of verdant meadow and polderland, crossed by the silvery threads of numberless canals, and diversified with farm-houses and villages, countless windmills, and grazing herds of dappled cattle. Eastward are descried the spires of Utrecht; westward, beyond

the great Haarlemmer polder, rises the huge tower of St. Bavon, in Haarlem; northward are seen the glittering red roofs of Alkmaar and Zaandam; and beyond these, skirting the horizon, stretches the line of dome-shaped dunes thrown up by the winds and waves of the North Sea.

The art of Holland centres chiefly at Amsterdam, but, like her commerce, its range and influence are world-wide. There is no important picture gallery in Europe of which it is not an essential and conspicuous part. Rembrandt's marvels of chiaroscuro; Ruisdael's deep forest scenes and riotous Norwegian cascades; Adrian van der Velde's Claude-like landscapes, with their astonishing perspectives; the serene and poetic pastoral scenes of Hobbema, Both, Wynants, Berchem, Cuyp, Van Goyen, and Everdingen; the wonderful cattle-pieces of Paul Potter; the exquisite battle- and hunting-scenes of Wouverman; the bold animal painting of Rubens's apt scholar, Snyders; the superb marines of Backhuysen, Koekkoek, and Van der Velde the younger; the unsurpassed poultry and still life of Hondecoeter and Weenix; the exquisite flower-pieces of the "first of female painters," Rachael Ruysch; and the realistic *genre* of Jan Steen, Brauwer, Metsu, Mieris, Dou, Breughel, Van Ostade, and Frans Hals,—all these are known as well, and honored as highly, in London, Paris, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Madrid, and Rome as they are in Amsterdam or the Hague. Even hyperborean St. Petersburg has whole rooms full of Rembrandts, Wouvermans, and Cuyps, and Paul Potter is greater there than in England, or, if possible, even than in Holland. The Dresden gallery has a large collection of the finest Van der Werffs, and a score of Rembrandts, including the magnificent *Ganymede*. Before relinquishing the Low Countries, the Spaniards took good care to enrich their capital with the treasures of Dutch art, of which the galleries of Florence and Rome have also managed to obtain a liberal share.

In its physical aspects no country would seem to offer less incitement to thoughts or creations of the poetic and ideal than the flat, sandy marshes of the Rhine delta. Yet, how many of the common things of that commonplace region—that ignominious death-bed of a noble river—have the wizards of Dutch art transformed by their alchemies of color into things of perpetual living beauty! Seeing not, yet believing, with what potential fancy they have evoked from their dull polders the ideal truth of nature, and painted it fair as an Arcadian dream! An artist, said Delaroche, must compel nature to pass through his intellect and his heart, and this the Dutch artists have done. “A dead tree, by Ruisdael, may touch the heart; a cow, by Paul Potter, may speak eloquently; a kitchen, by Kalf, may contain a poem.” Cuyp, the Dutch Claude, painted interiors so captivating that his native country could not retain them; Van der Neer reproduced nature with simple truth, and yet with such ideal beauty that he was called “the poet of the night;” while Rembrandt, the “greatest painter of the north,” changed reality into a “supernatural vision.”

The rise of art in the Netherlands began with the achievement of their national independence. The same revolution which created a political Holland, says Quinet, created also Dutch art. But while the art of Holland derived its opportunity from her changed political life, its individuality sprang from an entirely different source. That source was the master mind of Rembrandt van Ryn. Born in the beginning of the seventeenth century,—the century in which his country accomplished nearly all that has made her illustrious in art,—this marvellous genius, like Claude Lorraine, was of lowly origin, self-taught, and within the self-created sphere of his activity without a rival. Tradition affirms that he was born and had his first studio in his father’s mill; that his name derives its suffix, Van Ryn, from this fact; and that, from the effect of

the single beam of light which streamed into the gloomy interior of the mill through its ventilator at the top, he obtained his first hints in the use of light and shadow.

Amsterdam and the Hague are the best places to study Rembrandt. In Amsterdam, where he spent most of his life, we find his crowning masterpiece, the *Night Watch*, in which the magic possibilities of light and its contrasts are revealed as no other canvas ever revealed them. The subject of this picture is extremely simple,—almost commonplace,—but with such dramatic power of color and chiaroscuro is its action displayed as to produce one of the sublimest creations in art. A band of civilian musketeers is seen issuing from its guild-house, led—as we learn from a list of names at the bottom of the picture—by the Seignior of Purmerland, Captain Frans Banning Cock. The moving musketeers are examining their weapons preparatory to action, their drummer is beating a call, and their ensign unfolds a standard displaying the escutcheon of the city. Two blond-haired maidens, the foremost richly dressed and carrying in her hand a pistol, run after the leaders, but the figures are all self-possessed, and we observe no overwrought action or straining for effect. The foremost members of the party have reached the exit of the building, and so strong is the light which falls upon them through the ceiling windows that the shadow of the captain's hand is thrown darkly upon the jerkin of his lieutenant. Behind this effulgence is a twilight interior, wherein the remaining figures are sharply individualized, even in the shadow. These are simple details, but as portrayed by Rembrandt they have more beauty and strength of expression than the wildest battle-scene which Salvator Rosa ever drew.

In an adjoining room hangs another famous Rembrandt known as *The Syndics*, which contains little else than the portraits of five directors of the clothmakers' guild and a servant. The directors, dressed in black, wear high broad-brimmed hats

and broad linen collars, and are seated at a red-covered table, except one, who stands in a listening attitude. The figures all look towards the spectator, and so intense and vivid is their realism that the effect is almost startling. There is but little color in the picture, and no very strong light, but its chiaroscuro is managed with such consummate art that those sedate, undemonstrative figures produce a stronger impression than the most violent action.

Van der Helst's *Banquet of the Civic Guard* hangs in the same room with the *Night Watch*, with which it has been said to compare like the *Meyer Madonna* with the *Madonna di San Sisto*. The strength, dignity, and calmness of Dutch character are admirably portrayed in this masterpiece of Van der Helst's, but its effect might have been improved if the artist had contracted his focus, and limited his action to fewer figures. Rembrandt, it is plainly noticeable, is careful not to disperse his light over so large a surface or among so many objects.

A striking example of the effect of concentration is seen in Hondecoeter's picture in this collection known as *The Floating Feather*. Beside a pond, which is surrounded by rich vegetation, are grouped various fowls, including several kinds of geese and ducks, a crane, a pelican, and a flamingo,—all superb in drawing and color. But the central object of the picture—the one which instantly fixes the attention—is a curled feather which swims on the smooth surface of the water, so buoyant, so salient, so natural, that we expect to see it move before some passing breeze. The fabled grapes of Zeuxis could hardly have been more perfect.

Amsterdam possesses three public galleries of painting, the Hague two, and Rotterdam one. The Rotterdam gallery contains few works of conspicuous merit, and may be passed by without regret, but the Hague vies with Amsterdam in the extent and merit of its accumulation of Dutch masterpieces. The bright particular gem of the Hague collection is Rem-

brandt's *School of Anatomy*, which a French critic has characterized as one of the few creations of men which are faultless and perfectly beautiful. We might further say of it that it is one of the few pictures in which we seem to see men think,—which betrays the very process of their thoughts. It is thus described in Burger's "Musées de la Hollande":

"This picture represents the celebrated anatomist, Nicolaus Tulp, a friend and patron of Rembrandt, in a vaulted saloon, engaged in explaining the anatomy of the arm of a corpse. He wears a black cloak with a lace collar, and a broad-brimmed soft hat. With his half-raised left hand he makes a gesture of explanation, while with his right he is dissecting a sinew of the arm of his subject. The corpse lies on a table before him. To the right of Tulp is a group of five figures, and two other men are sitting at the table in front. These listeners are not students, but members of the guild of surgeons of Amsterdam [the picture was painted for that guild], as shown by a paper held by one of them. They are attending to the lecture with very various expressions. They are all bareheaded, dressed in black, and with turned-over collars, except one, who still wears the old-fashioned upright ruff. There are, perhaps, other persons present in the hall, as Tulp appears to be looking beyond the picture, as if about to address an audience not visible to the spectator; and it is here worthy of remark that Rembrandt's compositions are never imprisoned in their frames, but convey an idea of a wide space beyond them. It is somewhat singular that the spectator seems hardly to notice the corpse lying before him at full length, the feet of which he can almost touch, although it is strongly lighted in contrast to the surrounding black garments, and most faithfully represents the peculiar hue of a dead body, leaving no doubt that it was painted from nature as well as the living heads. The admirable art of the composition consists in its power of riveting the attention to the living in the presence of death."

Two other Rembrandts in this collection—the *Presentation in the Temple* and *Susanna Entering the Bath*—have also acquired celebrity, although they are quite eclipsed in the presence of the *Anatomy*. These pictures are small in comparison with their celebrated companion piece, but the breadth of Rembrandt's canvas is never great, and, as compared with that of Rubens, is very moderate. The so-called *Pearls of Rembrandt*, at Munich, are quite small, and the Rembrandts in the Florence, Vienna, Dresden, and Louvre galleries are none of them of more than ordinary dimensions. The *Night Watch*, which is largest of all, is of much less size than many of Rubens's pictures.

The madonnas, saints, and martyrs which crowd the Italian museums of painting, are conspicuous in those of Holland by their absence. *Per contra*, a crowd of Dutch painters have rushed to another—in some respects an opposite—extreme in their passion for *genre* art. Jan Steen, the ablest of these, is liberally represented in the Amsterdam and Hague collections; as are also Frans Hals, Metsu, Mieris, Dou, Brauwer, Van Ostade, and many others of that class. But while much genius has been exhibited in this kind of art, it fails to satisfy the higher love of the beautiful, and we turn from it with a sense of relief to the Rembrandts, Van der Werffs, and Wouvermans, and to such landscape gems as those of Ruisdael, Wynants, and Adrian Van der Velde.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM SNOW TO SUN.

“WERE you ever in Italy?”

“Never.”

“Then I would advise you to go there now, for at this season you can visit Rome without danger of the fever, of which I would by no means take any risks.”

Such was the advice given me by a friend one wintry day in Vienna. Snow had been falling all the night before, and lay six inches deep on the ground. I had intended going northward from Vienna to Prague and Berlin, but the state of the weather and my friend’s counsel persuaded me to reverse my plan and turn southward. Accordingly I embarked next morning upon the early express train bound over the Semmering to Trieste. The skies were clear, and the spotless ermine with which the earth had been freshly robed sparkled in the sun’s rays. Emerging from the suburbs of the Austrian metropolis, we entered an undulating plain sprinkled with villages, and in half an hour reached Baden, famous for the beauty of its environs, its castle-crowned heights, and its thermal springs, of ancient as well as modern repute. Half an hour more brought us to the old town of Neustadt, which is the birth- and burial-place of the great Maximilian, and possesses still the ancient ducal castle of the Babenbergs,—the earlier rulers of Austria. On the right, beyond Neustadt, the solitary cone of the Schneeberg, white, smooth, and radiant, comes into view from summit to base, while on the left the deepening outlines of the Leitha Mountains admonish us of our approach to the Styrian Alps. Henceforth the plains rapidly give place to lofty pine-clad hills, and at the end of two hours from Vienna, we reach Gloggnitz, at the foot of the Semmering.

The ancient trail to which this name has been given suggested as a practicable route the present course of the railway over the Noric chain of Alps, forming the boundary between Lower Austria and Styria. Beginning its ascent at Gloggnitz, the line is carried in a serpentine course along the face of the range, and up its precipitous slopes, affording a series of magnificent views, as one promontory after another is turned, and height after height is reached. Gloggnitz, far below, shrinks to the proportions of a pygmy village, and the green current of the Schwarza, meandering in the deep and distant valley, seems but a curling ribbon. The three peaks of the Sonnenwendstein, rising on the left, and the huge buttress of the Raxalp in the right background, disappear as we swing by a long circuit around the north slope of the mountain, cross the valley of the Reichenau by a lofty viaduct of nine arches, and perceive on a distant rocky pinnacle the ruined Lichtenstein castle, once the key of Styria. The scenery now begins to assume the aspect of isolation and loneliness peculiar to the Upper Alps, and we pass through long galleries, built to protect the railway from avalanches precipitated from the overhanging cliffs rising thousands of feet above it. The loftiest station is Semmering, two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet above sea-level, where a monument in honor of Carl von Ghega, the builder of the railway, has been erected.

Directly after quitting Semmering the line pierces the topmost section of the range by a mile-long tunnel,—at the centre of which the highest point is reached,—then descends rapidly along the northern declivity of the Fröschnitz gorge to the clumsily-named but attractively-situated village of Mürz-zuschlag, beside which foams the torrent of the Mürz. In carrying the line over the range from Gloggnitz to this point, twenty-five miles, enormous difficulties have had to be overcome, requiring the construction of fifteen tunnels and as many lofty bridges, besides immense snow-galleries and via-

ducts. The engineering triumphs of the Semmering, though surpassed in extent and grandeur by those of the Arlberg and St. Gothard, have the distinction of having been first in the subjugation of great mountain barriers, and of having pointed the way to similar achievements more difficult and costly, though not more important.

We have now entered Styria,—the Steiermark of the Germans—the Pannonia-Noricum of the Romans,—a rock-bound, heavily-forested country, belted by fertile valleys, and inhabited by a population part German and part Slav. From the Semmering the railway descends the pine-clad defile of the Mürz, passing numerous iron forges, and rounding cragged heights crowned with ruined castles. At Bruck, an attractive mountain town, which possesses an old castle with Romanesque arcades, the line turns into the narrow valley of the Mur, enclosed between steep timber-covered slopes, upon the rocky buttresses of which stand numerous castles, some in ruins and some inhabited. Lead and copper are mined in this valley, which contracts, in some portions, into a deep gorge within which the river and railway crowd each other, the latter sometimes taking refuge in galleries cut in the walls of natural rock. Emerging from these confines we come into a broad open valley, which continues until we reach Grätz, the Styrian capital.

This most enjoyable old city of ninety thousand people clusters around the Schlossberg, an isolated height bearing still the remnants of a fortification erected four centuries ago to repel the Turks, and commanding a far-reaching, captivating view over the broad, mountain-girdled basin of the Mur. Grätz has many attractions, and is the favorite residence of retired officers of the Austrian army. Healthy, inexpensive, charming in its situation and environs, it possesses many new and elegant streets and a very fine park and boulevard occupying the grounds cleared of its mediæval fortifi-

cations. Architecturally it makes boast of its cathedral, a splendid Gothic structure built in 1456, and of its new university building, which is one of the finest in Austria. The Johanneum, a technical college founded by the Archduke John for the promotion of science, art, and agriculture, has extensive buildings and gardens. The University, founded in 1586, comprises among its institutions an archaeological museum and an extensive library. The city possesses a museum of art and one of natural history, a rare collection of coins and antiquities, a botanical garden, and a library of about eighty thousand volumes, all accessible to the public. Of pleasant drives in the environs of Grätz, and interesting excursions to the neighboring Alps, there is no end.

The next important town as we go south is Marburg, washed by the river Drave, and environed by vine-clad hills. Beyond Marburg the railway crosses a broad undulating plain and penetrates the mountainous country of the Winds, a Slavic race so called to distinguish them from the North German Slavs known as Wends. This district abounds in mineral springs, some of which are surrounded by superb mountain scenery, and have a reputation which reaches back to antiquity. The territories now inhabited by the Winds, having been among the few east of the Adriatic which were thoroughly Romanized, still bear many traces of the Roman dominion. The old town of Cilli, which is the next important railway station beyond Marburg, was founded by the Emperor Claudius; tradition locates a Roman temple on a conical mountain near the Baths of Rohitsch, east of Cilli; while at Teplitza, some miles farther south, inscriptions have been found which prove that the thermal springs there were visited in ancient Roman times, as they are now, by pleasure-seekers and invalids.

After quitting Cilli the railway meanders along the rocky ravine of the San, on either side of which rise precipitous

limestone cliffs containing vast deposits of coal seventy to eighty feet in thickness. After passing Sagor and Sava, the first stations in Carniola, we emerge from these shadowy confines into a broad valley, from which the lofty range of the Julian Alps can be seen towards the north-west. An hour later the train arrives at Laibach, the capital of Carniola, anciently a Roman province, but now an Austrian duchy, with a Slavic population, and a world-wide fame for lofty, snow-capped mountains, subterranean rivers, wonderful caverns, and mines of quicksilver which, next to those of Almaden, in Spain, are the richest in Europe. Chief among these quicksilver mines is that of Idria, twenty-one miles from the railway, where the ore is brought up from a depth of two thousand six hundred feet. The annual yield of the Idria mines is about three hundred tons of pure metal.

Five miles south-east of the railway from Rakek, a station beyond Laibach, lies the Lacus Lugens of Strabo, a body of water six miles long and two broad, which is surrounded by mountains of great height, and drained by funnel-shaped apertures in the rocks. This lake abounds in fish, and is visited by water-fowl in great numbers. Its waters, after finding vent in the fissures of the underlying strata, reappear in the Laibach Valley below, forming two brooks known as the Bistriza and Boruniza.

Another curious phenomenon of this kind is seen in the celebrated stalactite caverns at Adelsberg, which is the next important station, and lies about midway between Laibach and Trieste. Through one of these caverns flows the river Poik, which, after disappearing in this subterranean passage, emerges from the mountains some miles distant as a river of another name, under which *alias* it makes but a brief daylight career before it again disappears and is finally lost.

The Adelsberg caverns are under the supervision of a committee, which issues tickets to visitors. Entrance is made at

an altitude of two thousand three hundred feet above tide-water, and sixty feet above the point where the waters of the Poik find admission. The first of the large grottos has a height of seventy-one feet, and has been named the "Cathedral" from the likeness of its incrustated walls and roof, and its ranges of crystal columns, to Gothic forms. Far down in its nether recesses the torrent of the Poik is heard plunging and hissing amidst mysterious chasms, as if wrestling with subterranean dragons. Another grotto, bearing the name of Kaiser Ferdinand, comprises a series of halls, one of which, over one hundred feet in height and nearly four hundred feet long, is popularly called the ball-room. In this immense chamber, brilliantly illuminated for the purpose, a grand annual dance is held, on Whitmonday, by festive young peasants, of many costumes and languages, from all the country round.

The next gallery, largest of all, is six hundred and sixty-nine feet in length, and has a height of one hundred and eleven feet. The remotest point to which the explorations have yet penetrated is one mile and a quarter from the entrance.

The stalactites and stalagmites in these caverns are among the finest yet discovered, and have assumed a multitude of fantastic forms, resembling pillars, trees, fountains, water-falls, draperies, beasts, birds, and human beings. Although it requires at least a decade for the water-drip which causes these formations to produce a palpable deposit, some of the columnar forms have attained a diameter of twelve feet. A very rare little animal, of pale red color, resembling a salamander, is found in the waters of these caverns.

The railroad follows the valley of the Poik from Adelsberg to St. Peter, where it enters a treeless, rock-strewn plain, seamed and spotted with clefts and holes, blotched with patches of beggarly brushwood, and swept by violent winds. The river Timavo—the Timavus of the Romans—courses underground for twenty-three miles through this dismal

district, and, having avoided its dreary scenes, emerges from the rocks and falls into the Adriatic. The railway, meandering among the ravines and pitfalls of this region, finally escapes from it by darting through several tunnels. It then courses briefly amidst the olive-bearing hills of the Littorale, and descends by sweeping curves, overlooking the blue Adriatic, to Trieste.

At Vienna I had been led to hope that upon reaching the Adriatic I would have left winter behind me, but such did not prove to be the case. We approached Trieste amidst a violent snow-storm, and the entire coast had a wintry aspect.

"But when you get over to Venice you will find bright skies and a vernal atmosphere," I was told.

Accordingly, I hastened to get over to Venice. A comfortable steamer leaves Trieste late in the evening and arrives at Venice the following morning. To bid farewell to winter with the going down of the sun and say good-morning to summer at the very next dawn of day was a programme so fascinating as to make all time seem wasted which postponed its fulfilment. Making a single day suffice for Trieste, I slept the following night on the Adriatic, taking good care that I should not miss the famous sunrise views of Venice approached from the sea. Alas for the famous views! I was on deck betimes, and, while shuddering in the cold wind which swept the lagoon, saw, under cheerless wintry skies, the nearing city's roofs and domes,—

Saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand,—

but there was no enchantment in the chilling fact that those structures were all covered with snow! Agreeably to tradition, the city indeed seemed to be afloat,—to have drifted into an Arctic sea.

"This is very extraordinary weather for Venice," an Eng-

lish lady assured me at the Hôtel Victoria. "I am for the fourteenth time making my sojourn here for the winter, but I have never before seen anything like this."

There was comfort in these words,—just about as much as I got from the bundles of burning twigs which made mockery of heat in the little fireplace of my big apartment.

But the worst had not yet come. After some delusive gleams of sunshine, the cloud argosies which floated above "the dogeless city" jettisoned upon it their cargoes of congealed vapor, which descended in massive, thickly-flying flakes, darkening the air. For the time being the cheer and poetry of Venice were gone; the voices of its gondoliers resounded cavernously between dismal walls, and the "fairy city of the heart" became a city of snow-shovellers chiefly. After this state of things had lasted for some days, clearing weather returned, and in a qualified sense Venice became herself again, but the Istrian Alps and the plains between them and the lagoon, as seen from the Campanile tower, looked about as hyperborean as a December scene in Kamtchatka.

"One sun, one Venice, one Piazzo San Marco" is the traditional boast of the Venetians, and they keep it up even when the sun refuses to countenance such flatteries, and so obscures himself with cloud as to make it seem doubtful whether there is even one sun, to say nothing of many suns. Yet the boast deserves respect. There is indeed but one Venice, just as there is but one Shakespeare's "Othello," or one Homer's "Iliad." Phenomenal alike in her situation, history, art, and architecture, and in her political, industrial, and commercial achievements, is this sceptreless, yet ever adorable, sea-queen. Nature and Art have conspired to beautify her; Genius pays homage, as a proud privilege, to her unique fascination; illustrious names crowd the category of her eulogists. All who behold her rave, all who write about her rhapsodize,—it seems to be expected of them. There are

blemishes, faults, and dark sides, but no one cares to dwell on them while there is so much that interests and captivates,—so much to enjoy and admire. I did not find in the basilica of St. Mark's, or the Doges' Palace, the ideal which Ruskin's eccentric pen had prefigured in my mind ; my wintry, matter-of-fact views were sadly out of tune with Canaletto's pictures, De Musset's poetry, and Taine's florid descriptions ; yet I was not disappointed. Had the truth and the poetry been much farther apart than they were, I could still—who could not?—have shared the glowing enthusiasm of Taine in contemplating this Venice, which, beginning as “a borough of fishmongers planted on mud, without earth, water, stone, or wood, conquered the coasts of its own gulf, Constantinople, the Archipelago, the Peloponnesus and Cyprus ; which suppressed seven rebellions in Zara and sixteen in Crete ; which defeated the Dalmatians, the Byzantines, the sultans of Cairo, and the kings of Hungary ; which launched on the Bosphorus flotillas of five hundred sail ; which armed squadrons of two hundred galleys, and kept afloat at one time three thousand vessels ; which maintained communication by its fleets of galleys between London, Lisbon, Alexandria, Tunis, Tangiers, and Trebizond ; and which, having created manufactures, an architecture, a school of painting, and an original society, transformed itself into a magnificent jewel of art, whilst its vessels and soldiers in Crete and in the Morea defended Europe against the last barbarian invasions.”

Judging by what remains to us we may readily conceive that such was Venice, at the climax of her material prosperity, “with her street pavement of liquid chrysoprase, with her palaces of porphyry and marble, her frescoed façades, her quays and squares aglow with the brilliant costumes of the Levant, her lagoons afloat with the galleys of all nations, her churches floored with mosaics, her silvery domes and ceilings glittering with sculptures bathed in molten gold.”

These splendors have faded, but they have an incomparable fascination, even in their decay. They have, besides, a beauty not their own, which is imperishable, and by which they are etherealized and glorified beyond the possibilities of all human art. Venice is an adoptive child of Nature, endowed with a matchless loveliness of skies and waters, which never diminishes and never grows old. "Around the architecture," writes Taine, "the water, expanded into a lake, entwines its magical frame with its green and blue tones and its flickering sea-green crystal. . . . Reflections from the water flicker in the arched concave of the bridge, like figured silk drapery, rose, white, and green. . . . One contemplates the sea at his feet, rolling up in long, thin waves on the ruddy sand; exquisite, melting, silken tints, veined roses and pale violets, like the draperies of Veronese, golden orange, yellows, vinous and intense, like Titian's *simarres*, tender greens drowned in dark blue, sea-green shades striped with silver, or flashing with sparks, undulate, conflict, and lose themselves under the innumerable flaming darts descending from above at every discharge of the sun's rays."

Not less provocative of poetic rhapsody are the phenomena of the skies. Let an Italian describe them. Narrating his experiences as a looker-on in Venice, that brilliant literary bandit, Pietro Aretino, wrote to Titian:

"From these animated scenes [on the Grand Canal] I turned my eyes to heaven, which, from the moment that God made it, has never been adorned with such painted loveliness of lights and shadows. The whole region of the air was what they who envy you because they are unable to be you would fain express. To begin with, the buildings of Venice, though of solid stone, seemed made of some ethereal substance. Then the sky was full of variety, here clear and ardent, there dulled and overclouded. What marvellous clouds there were! Masses of them in the centre of the picture hung above the house-roofs,

while the immediate part was formed of a gray tint inclining to dark. I marvelled at the various colors they displayed. The nearer masses burned with flames of sunlight; the more remote blushed with a blaze of crimson less afire. How splendidly did Nature's pencil treat and dispose that airy landscape, keeping the sky apart from the palaces, just as Titian does! On one side the sky showed a greenish blue, on another a bluish green, invented verily by the caprice of Nature, who is mistress of the greatest masters. With her lights and her darks there she was harmonizing, toning, and bringing out into relief, just as she wished."

In terms still more chromatic Shelley describes a Venetian sunset:

Half the sky
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
 Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many folded hills. . . .
 And then, as if the earth and sea had been
 Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
 Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
 Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
 The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
 The very peaks transparent.

Such are the atmospheric splendors, the incomparable braveries of sea and sky, the gorgeous enchantments of light and color diffused through immensity of space, from which Venetian art has drawn its lessons and its inspiration. The Dutch and Flemish painters were instructed in the mysteries of color by the flowers which bloom so luxuriantly in their alluvial polders, and worthily did they profit by their gentle teachers; but it was by flaming sigus burning amidst the prismatic glories of ideal sunset skies that the painters of Venice were led to conquest. They had no flowers except the tinted shells

called "flowers of the sea;" they had no forests or meadows, and no sublimity of landscape save the shadowy outlines of the distant Alps; but for all this lack they had ample compensation in their freedom—like that of the Dutch artists—from the bondage of æsthetic and ecclesiastical tradition, and in the brilliant grandeur of their "most excellent canopy, the air,"—the "brave o'erhanging firmament,"—the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire," which alone gave limits to their fancy.

Fortunate as it was in its habitat, Venetian art was no less fortunate in the epoch of its maturity. Ripening after the Milanese and Florentine schools had passed their meridian, and the great cinquecentists had given their best work to the world, it came at the right time to glorify in color what they had achieved in form, and to clothe with its chromatic blazonry all the material splendors of the renaissance. In the order of artistic sequence, no less than of time, a natural corollary and necessary complement to the art of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael was that of Tintoretto, Veronese, and Titian. To these great Venetians and their school it remained to accomplish results which had not been accomplished before them, and thereby to give completeness and a crowning glory to Italian art. Masters in color as much as the Florentines or Romans were in drawing, they were by no means colorists only, nor were the attractions peculiar to their work wholly due to local inspiration. They were favored with adventitious opportunities and resources, but in composition and conception of form, no less than in color, their power was creative and thoroughly original.

The soul of Venetian art, the central sun around which its planetary system revolves, is the magnificent genius of Titian. Altogether considered, with respect to its duration, the amplitude and uniform excellence of its work, and the influence, position, and emoluments with which it was rewarded, this

great man's life of ninety-seven years is without a parallel in the history of painting. Like William I. of Germany, his greatest achievements were accomplished after he had passed the age of sixty years, and even after he had passed his eightieth year we find him engaged upon splendid compositions which no other hand has rivalled. His creations have the beauty which is indeed "a joy forever," because while it always endures it never satiates. I grew weary of Veronese, and felt that he might have painted better if he had painted less, but we never tire of Titian. We never quit him without feeling that he has further resources for pleasing which we have not exhausted, indeed cannot exhaust. He inscribed his pictures, not *Tiziano fecit*, but *Tiziano faciebat*, thus modestly confessing that, notwithstanding the excellence he had reached, there was still higher excellence to reach,—that while the achievements of his art were limited, its possibilities were infinite.

Titian has been called the Sophocles of Painting, but he may be compared more aptly to Beethoven than to the Greek poet. The sublime and perfect harmony which pervades his works is suggestive rather of "the concord of sweet sounds"—of soaring flights of melody—than of the inspirations of the tragic muse. His *Assumption of the Virgin*, says a discriminating writer, "may best be described as a symphony,—a symphony of color in which every hue is brought into melodious play; a symphony of movement in which every line communicates celestial sense of rhythm; a symphony of light in which there is no cloud; a symphony of joy in which saints, angels, and God himself sing hallelujah."

Mrs. Jameson remarks that the effect of the *Assumption* is like that of music. Her record of the details of the picture is succinct and accurate:

"The noble figure of the Virgin in a flood of golden light is borne, or rather impelled, upwards with such rapidity that her veil and drapery are disturbed by the motion. Her feet

are uncovered, a circumstance inadmissible in ancient art, and her drapery, instead of being white, is of the usual blue and crimson, her appropriate colors in life. Her attitude, with outstretched arms; her face, not, indeed, a young or lovely face, but something far better, sublime and powerful in the expression of rapture; the divinely beautiful and childish, yet devout, unearthly little angels around her; the grand apostles below; and the splendor of color over all, render this picture an enchantment at once to the imagination and the senses."

To me its enchantment can never be lost, but will remain a continuing apocalypse of sublime and heavenly adoration.

In the *Assumption* Titian reached his climax; it is the crowning production of his art. No other treatment of the subject may be compared with it except Murillo's in the Louvre.

Analogies have been drawn between Titian and Rubens, but their differences are more essential than their resemblances. Mr. Hillard states the case well: "The pictures of Rubens remind one of a flower-garden glittering with dew, in a June morning; those of Titian are like one of our own golden sunsets in autumn, seen through a thick screen of scarlet maples. In Rubens, coloring is more of an external charm; in Titian, more of an essential quality."* We might add that, in contrast with Rubens, Titian is never gross or extravagant; that his form and color are not copied, but idealized from nature; and that his art, truthful without being coarsely realistic, glorifies and exalts the material qualities of our existence.

It may be from insufficient study or defective judgment that I am unable to speak of Tintoretto with the admiration which others have expressed. Impulsive, dramatic, original, he had, it must be confessed, extraordinary power of imagina-

* "Six Months in Italy," by George S. Hillard.

tion, coupled with great energy of production and expression. The Italians called him the Thunderbolt of Painting. His competitors, we are told, were dismayed at the fertility of his invention and the furious rapidity of his execution. But with less impetuosity and more concentration he would probably have achieved results more uniformly creditable to his genius. Great pictures, like great actions, are simple, says Emerson. "The Greek battle-pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect; as we say of Niagara, that it falls without speed." But simplicity and "repose in energy" are not among Tintoretto's virtues. He had a passion for vastness of canvas and for multiplicity of details,—an ambition to paint, as it were, by the acre,—which is notably illustrated by his famous *Paradise* in the Grand Council Chamber of the Ducal Palace. The end wall of the chamber, which this immense fresco mostly covers, measures seventy-eight feet in length and forty-seven feet from floor to ceiling. The number of figures in the picture and the variety of their action are so great as to bewilder rather than please. Rembrandt's *Night Watch* and Raphael's *Transfiguration* are together less than one-fifteenth the size of this prodigious work, yet either of them surpasses it by more than fifteen times in the amount of pleasure it confers and the admiration it inspires.

Veronese also shows a proneness to large canvas, but not beyond the extent which seems appropriate to his decorative splendors. Less apology can be made for his glaring offences against historical truth, however palliated by his richness of color and grace of execution. This artist is Venetian or nothing. Whether he presents to us the family of Darius before Alexander, the marriage at Cana, or a mythological allegory, his architecture and costumes are of the sixteenth century, and his men and women all Venetians.

Veronese can be studied almost as well at Paris, Dresden, or

Vienna as he can at Venice. His productive energy was great, and his works are widely distributed. His *Darius before Alexander* is at London, his *Adoration of the Magi* at Milan, his *Rescue of Moses* at Madrid, his *Judith* at Genoa, his *Queen of Sheba* at Turin, his *Gods of Olympus* at Treviso, his *St. Anthony* at Rome. The best of his portraits are at Florence. His masterpiece, the *Marriage at Cana*, twenty by thirty feet in size, is in the Louvre gallery, which also possesses his *Christ at the House of Simon*, fourteen by twenty-seven feet. His chief allegorical work, *Venice Enthroned as Queen*, adorns one of the great ceilings in the Ducal Palace at Venice, and though much damaged, retains charms enough to electrify the pen of Taine, who thus describes it: "Amid grand architectural forms of balconies and spiral columns sits Venice, the blonde, on a throne radiant with beauty, with that fresh and rosy carnation peculiar to the daughters of humid climates. . . . Her white silk robe embroidered with golden lilies undulates over a mantle of ermine and scarlet; her arm, delicate hand, and bending dimpled fingers rest their satiny purity and soft serpentine contours on the lustrous material. The face is in shadow,—a half-shadow roseate with a cool, palpable atmosphere enlivening still more the carmine of the lips; the lips, are cherries, while all the shadow is intensified by the lights on the hair, the soft gleams of pearls on the neck and in the ears, and the scintillations of the diadem whose jewels seem to be magical eyes. She smiles with an air of royal and beaming benignity, like a flower happy in its expanded and blooming petals."

The passion of Veronese for elegant display is further illustrated in his *Christ at the House of Levi*, in the Venice Academy. This picture is about equal in size to the *Cana*, and of much the same style of treatment. A festival scene is displayed amidst a great open palace court which is crowded

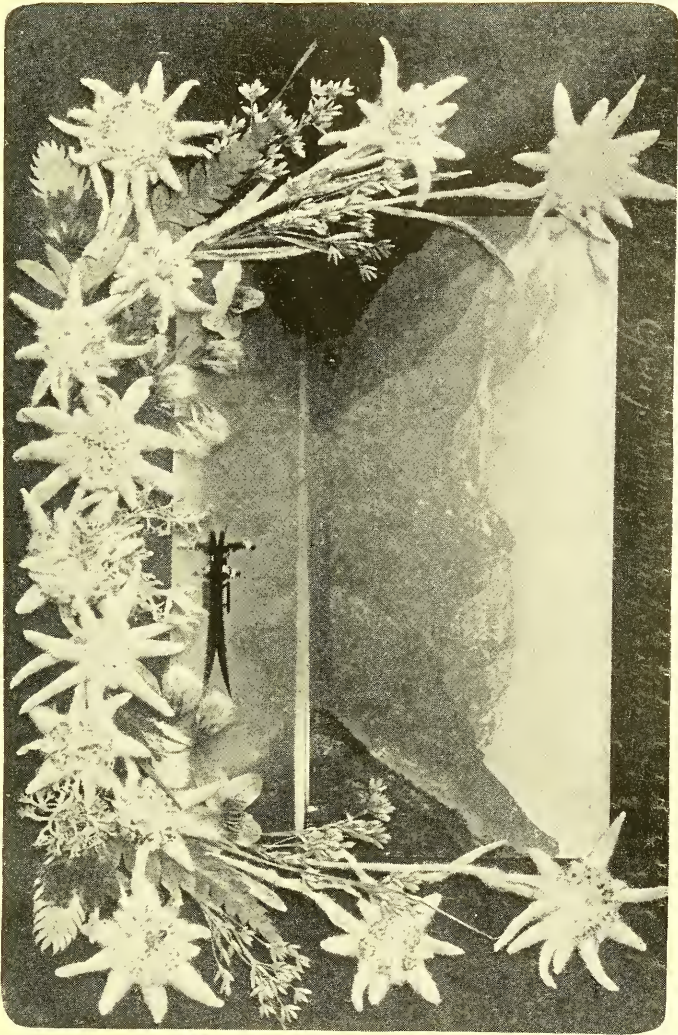
with guests and servants all in splendid attire, and all Venetian. Such is the captivating beauty of the work—its grace of form and its charms of light and color—that we readily forgive its anachronism.

The architecture of Venice, like its art, embodies and perpetuates the splendors of the renaissance. It does more; it exhibits an inventive faculty, such as has been manifested nowhere else, in the creation of new and harmonious styles by the combination of classic, Gothic, and Byzantine forms. The palaces which rise along the curvatures of the Grand Canal have, with symmetry of proportions and congruity of style, each an individuality distinguishing it from the rest. Supreme in this array of original architectural graces is the Ducal Palace,—a unique growth of centuries, so inimitably beautiful in its fantastic garnishment of pointed arches and mottled marquetry of rose and white that its like has never been produced or attempted.

Of the churches of Venice—excepting St. Mark's—I can only speak with a sense of chill which time does not assuage. Something more is required than the glow of Venetian color to countervail their December dreariness, and make the damp and gloom of their midwinter grandeur lovable. Even the splendors of St. Mark's,—its bewitching conglomerate of Romanesque, Gothic, Saracenic, and Byzantine, its dazzling confusion of barbaric sorceries in bronze and stone, its wealth of delicate interior workmanship and precious adornment,—even these gain immensely from the favor of the sun. Let those who would see Venice in the fulness of its charms go there at any other season than winter.

My departure for Rome took place on a sombre December afternoon. The gondola which conveyed me from the hotel to the railway station passed through the Grand Canal,—the Venetian Champs Élysées, whose novel scenes are always lively enough to prevent any melancholy last impressions.

But no sooner had our train rolled over the causeway to the main-land than we came into a less friendly atmosphere than that of the lagoon. Winter in Northern Italy is very much like winter north of the Alps, except that the cold, though less severe, is more keenly felt. Snow fell thick and fast, bending and breaking the mulberry-trees of Venetia and Lombardy with its clinging weight. "Man instinctively flees from winter," says Mr. Hillard, but something more than instinct impelled me to wish that our southward flight might be more rapid than it was. Yet the more I wished, and the greater grew my impatience, the slower the train moved. Ploughing its way through the deep snow, the locomotive wheezed and groaned more and more feebly until some time after nightfall, when it came to a dead halt. A few more spasmodic forms of effort, and it stood motionless and silent. For five hours there were no further signs of going ahead. The cold increased as the night wore on, and the hot-water cylinders by which the coaches were warmed lost their last vestiges of heat. As well as could be made out in the darkness and storm, we had halted in the open country, with no house or village anywhere near. A gang of frowzy men, rough-looking enough for veritable bandits, crowded into the *coupé* which I occupied alone, and took possession of the vacant space. They might have been bent on "stratagems and spoils" for aught I knew,—they looked it; but when the presumptive chief cutpurse of the party politely asked me whether I would be offended if he should light his pipe, my suspicions were allayed. Replying, I pointed to the Italian legend on the door,—“It is forbidden to smoke,”—and the man put away his pipe immediately. *Per contra*, a few days later a well-dressed English tourist entered the non-smoking *coupé* in which I happened to be travelling, stretched himself at full length upon the bench opposite me, and deliberately began smoking, without saying “By your leave.” In that particular instance I did not point



THE KÖNIGSSEE.



to the Italian inhibition, but made effectual use of plain Anglo-Saxon.

About midnight a shrill locomotive scream was heard afar,—help was coming. Later, more and nearer screams, then some petulant jerks, and the train actually moved. My polite bandit companions quitted me at the next station, and smoked, no doubt, for the rest of the night, as villanous tobacco as bandit ever piped. An hour or two later the cry of “Bologna!” was heard, and when daylight broke we were circling among the bald, brown summits of the Apennines. Descending the southern slopes of the mountains, we emerged from cloud into sunshine,—from a region of snow to one of green vegetation,—and by 10 o’clock A.M. were at Florence. A few days later I plucked roses at a wayside station between Rome and Naples.

CHAPTER X.

AMONG THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

I.

Geliebtes Berchtesgaden,
 Sei tausendmal gegrüsst,
 Du Thal von Gottesgnaden,
 Von Gottes Mund geküsst.
 Im Lenz, im Herbstgewande
 Bewahrst du deinen Reiz,
 Du Perle deutscher Lande,
 Du Bayern’s traute Schweiz!

BERCHTESGADEN, September 3.—There is no railway at Berchtesgaden.* The giddy swirl of human currents and eddies but faintly ruffles the placid life of this sequestered

* Since the date here referred to a narrow-gauge line has been opened for travel between Berchtesgaden and Reichenhall. It crosses the range by the Hallthurm Pass, between the Lattengebirge and the Untersberg.

valley. The blare and clamorous rush of the great world's feverish activities are here almost unperceived. The village, with its white cottages shining amidst its setting of green meadows, which slope gently to the torrent of the Alm, is a picture of perfect peace. All around it, or nearly so, great mountains lift their summits to the sky, and seem to defy and shut out the beating ocean of human turmoil.

The nearest town of importance is Salzburg, from whence a carriage-road ascends to this place along the narrow defile of the Alm, whose waters, poured from the glaciers, rush impetuously in their rocky channel. Beside the Alm, on its left bank, rise the triple peaks of the Untersberg, in whose vertical cliffs, far above, a curious opening known as the Dragon's Den may be perceived. Beneath this mountain, according to an old tradition, the soul of Charlemagne reposes, awaiting the call of the reunited German nations.

Passing under the shadows of other cliffs which frown along the torrent, and emerging from the upper defile of the Alm, we behold the village of Berchtesgaden, nestled in its mountain cradle. Beyond it appears the forked crag of the Watzman, with its glacier hung in mid-air, and its fissured crown streaked with perpetual snow. Opposite to the Watzman, on the right bank of the Alm, rise the Schwarzkopf and the Göll, the first covered with vegetation from base to summit, the latter lifting far higher than its neighbor its gray, weather-beaten, snow-patched walls of rock. Beyond these, on either hand, are seen the colossal forms of various peaks, ragged or pointed, whose lines, approaching as they stretch away, close in far perspective. Amidst this sublime scene we hear naught but the rush of descending waters, the tinkling of pasturage bells, and, accordant with these, the sounds of village life.

Berchtesgaden was formerly the seat of a spiritual principality, the territories of which, very small and very mountainous, were said to measure nearly as much up and down as they

did crosswise. Not over one-sixth of the surface was cultivable, all the rest consisting of lake, forest, and barren rock. The village now subsists by means of its neighboring salt-mines and pastures, and its wood-carvings, which have some reputation. With these few resources its fifteen hundred people seem to make themselves comfortable, and, what is better, contented. They hold tenaciously to the customs of their ancestors, little troubling themselves as to what changes may take place in the ways of the world outside their mountain barriers. Last night, while writing late, I heard the village watchman in the street, calling the hours in the quaint old rhymes,—

Ihr lieben Leute! Lasst Euch sagen!
Die Glocke hat nun Zehn geschlagen!
Bewahrt das Feuer und das Licht
Dass Niemanden Schaden geschieht;
etc., etc., etc.

The rock-salt deposits of Berchtesgaden have been known, and more or less worked, for centuries. The entrance to the old shaft bears the date 1628. The deposit is found in the breast of the mountain, about a mile below the village, and is supposed to be continuous with that which is worked at Hallein, on the Salzach. The works at Hallstadt, and at Ischl on the Traun, doubtless pierce the same general formation, but the veins there have a greater intermixture of clay than those of Berchtesgaden, whose mine is the most interesting and accessible of the entire salt-bearing region of Tyrol. I chose a rainy afternoon for visiting this mine, and found its subterranean darkness and mystery no unpleasant exchange for the drizzle and fog which prevailed outside. Before entering the galleries, visitors of both sexes are required to dress themselves in a bifurcate miner's costume, not graceful, but useful, and are each provided with a small lantern. Our party was an accidental group,—mostly Austrians and Bavarians,—in-

cluding some modest-mannered, rosy-faced country maidens, who were very much abashed, at first, by their grotesque toilet, but soon changed their diffidence to rippling merriment.

Following the guide, we entered the mine, single file. The ingoing gallery is about five feet wide by seven high in the clear, admirably walled and vaulted with stone, and perfectly dry throughout. For some hundreds of yards we walked up a rather steep incline, occasionally mounting from one plane to another by stairs, and passing numerous branch galleries radiating right and left. Like a procession of cowed and shrouded monks, we advanced in this way for an apparently long distance, when we arrived at the brink of a precipice, adown which sloped a wooden bench, polished on top as smooth as glass, and ending in abysmal darkness. Placing himself astride of this bench, the guide invited us all to take similar positions, one after another, in his rear. The ladies hesitated a little, but soon all were in line, my own person being so placed as to serve as a buffer to one of Austria's fair daughters. Then, at a signal, away the whole party darted, with the speed of an arrow, down the incline. It seemed as though, once started, we could never stop except by some violent concussion, but at the bottom the bench extended far enough in a horizontal direction to enable the guide, assisted by our own inertia, to bring us to a halt as gently as a falling feather. So pleased and exhilarated were the ladies by this adventure, that they showed no hesitation when they came to the next slide, or to any of the subsequent ones. On the contrary, the more they had of *das Rutschen*, as they called it in German, the better they liked it.

We now found ourselves within an immense chamber, whose walls and roof sparkled with salt crystals. The floor was a lake, for crossing whose dark waters a boat lay ready moored. To make the scene more impressive, numerous lights were kindled, additional to those we carried, and were multiplied

many times by reflected repetition in the water. Our voyage across the lake was not tedious or stormy, but was unique in the extreme. The old Greek fable had become reality, or nearly so; we had entered the Plutonian dominions; we beheld around and above us the sparkling splendors of their monarch's palace; we swam upon Acheron's bitter waters, and it only remained to us to taste those waters—in accordance with the customs of Hades—before yielding our souls to animate other bodies than our own when we should return to the blessed light of day. Not caring to surrender our spirits just yet,—particularly not for other people's benefit,—we carefully abstained from tasting those waters. In other respects the Plutonian programme was carried out to the letter.

Landing upon the farther shore, we pursued our way from one maze of galleries and chambers to another, sometimes ascending an inclined plane, or a stairway, and sometimes plunging into tartarean depths on the wooden slides. The whole interior of the mountain seemed to have been burrowed in the course of centuries, yet without having sensibly impaired its resources in the sought-for mineral. Here and there veins of almost pure salt were seen cropping out, its crystals, white and yellow, glittering before the light with diamond-like brilliancy. The mineral is not extracted in a solid state, but is drawn off in the form of brine, which is obtained by pumping fresh water into the chambers and allowing it to remain from four to six weeks, during which period it becomes thoroughly saturated with salt. Owing to the scarcity of fuel about Berchtesgaden, the brine is forced through pipes over the mountains to Reichenhall, where it is reduced by boiling. In crossing the range, the pipes by which the brine is thus conducted are carried to a height of nearly two thousand feet.

When the last stage of our visit had been reached, the party was conducted to a miniature tramway, and mounted a train of pygmy carriages, so constructed that all were obliged

to sit astride. When every one was ready, the brakes were loosened, and the little train went, as Burns would say,—

Down hill scrievin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

Thus we descended a steep gallery, so narrow as to enclose the train and its freight like a cartridge in a musket-barrel, and were literally shot out of the mine, passing from darkness to daylight with such suddenness as to be almost bewildering. Such was the end of this strange underground experience.

I was now impatient for weather suitable for visiting that gem of Alpine lakes, the Königssee, an hour's walk from Berchtesgaden; but although the rain ceased, the remorseless fog still hung thick and low on the mountains, concealing everything above a certain plane. The barometer indicated favorably, but not until another day had passed, and another night had fallen, did the vapory curtains begin to part and reveal the sublime panorama behind them. At 9 P.M., after this day of fog, the bald summit of the Göll once more disclosed its rounded outline against the sky, and half an hour later the light of the moon broke upon its colossal form in full relief. At daybreak next morning I heard a voice under my window saying, *Jetzt sind die Berge wieder zu sehen*,—a declaration which my own eyes speedily confirmed. The sky had completely cleared during the night, and the light of a most auspicious day for the Königssee had dawned. With two German friends,—a lady and gentleman,—I was not slow to improve it. The lake may easily be reached by carriage from Berchtesgaden, but a much preferable route is had by foot-path, leading through forests aromatic with the exhalations of pine- and fir-trees, musical with the gurgle of crystal waters, and disclosing, through parted foliage, ravishing glimpses of the sunlit mountains. On the left, as we proceed along this path, rises the rocky bastion of the Göll, flanked by the dark, pointed

Schwarzkopf, and on the right are seen, piercing the blue sky, the sharp gray spikes which form the forked mitre of the Watzman. An hour and a half of leisurely walking through the valley which separated these giants brought us to the margin of the lake, whose mountain-girdled disk of translucent emerald lay smooth and brilliant in the caressing light of morning.

Among Alpine waters nothing surpasses this lovely gem. In some respects it is the fairest jewel of them all. Magnificent in its setting, it has, with all the transparency and changefulness of color of Lake Thun, or Lake Brienz, an exquisite softness of tint and grace of outline peculiarly its own. In size it is correspondingly dainty. Its length is but six miles, its breadth but a mile and a half, its depth seven hundred feet. Lake Thun is nearly twice as long and has a depth of over eighteen hundred feet; Lake Lucerne is four and a half times as long, but has a depth of only five hundred and ten feet. The Königssee has but one village upon its banks, there being scarcely room for more among its rocky environments. The mountains which surround it rise perpendicularly from the lake, or nearly so, and attain a height of seven thousand feet. Where vegetation is possible, the mountain sides are dressed with fir-trees, or slope in velvet meadow-green to the mirroring waters. Alpine salmon, occasionally of enormous size, are caught in the lake, and chamois upon the neighboring mountains are sometimes driven into it, and shot from boats. St. Bartholomew, whose name it sometimes takes, is honored with a chapel upon one of its promontories, and with an annual festival, during which the chapel is visited by many pilgrims, and the heights around the lake are illuminated with bonfires. Upon another promontory stands a villa of the late Baron Beust, Premier of Austria-Hungary.

Boats, of which the rowers are usually stalwart peasant girls, are always in waiting for visitors who wish to make the

tour of the lake. Two brawny-armed women, and a man less athletic in appearance, propelled our boat containing four persons. The water was disturbed by no ripple save those made by our intrusion; its emerald was mingled with the cerulean of the sky; and in its depths were reflected, as in a mirror, all the surrounding grandeur of the mountains. There was no cloud in the heavens, but had there been one, its image would have floated as distinctly and radiantly in the waters beneath as its reality in the air above. After one or two islets were passed, the lake became visible in its entire extent, and a glacier torrent was seen leaping from an overhanging crag and descending in silvery spray until it merged itself with the aerial, almost imperceptible, plane of crystal.

At the head of the lake we disembarked and ascended, on foot, through a rocky pasture to the Obersee, a sort of natural reservoir half a mile wide, environed by lofty, treeless precipices of limestone. No human habitation breaks this solitude, and no sound was heard in it save the subdued reverberations of an unseen torrent falling from the Kaunerwand.

On the return voyage our sinewy oarswomen soon brought us to the St. Bartholomew landing, at the foot of the Watzman, where, beneath the shade of some far-spreading castanian trees, we dined on trout, and feasted our souls upon the unspeakable beauty of the lake and the grandeur of its stern but magnificent guardians, the mountains.

SAALFELDEN, September 8.—Tyrol may be travelled through by rail, but not thus can it be seen. One-third of its entire surface consists of glaciers, perpetual snow-fields, and barren rocks; half of all the rest is covered with forests, and but one-third is arable land. Most of these regions lie beyond the reach, as yet, of the locomotive. The supremest grandeur of their solitudes, the rarest beauty of their sequestered meadows, ice-fields, and silvery cascades, and the most bounteous hospitality of their robust, honest-hearted inhabitants are reserved

for the pedestrian. All these, if seen and enjoyed to the full, must be sought for and explored alpen-stock in hand.

Entirely convinced of this, I resolved to plunge into the heart of the mountains and seek out their solitary places. My first plan was, quitting Berchtesgaden, to climb over the Rossfeld to Golling, then visit the Lueg Pass, and proceed up the valley of the Salzach. A German acquaintance, who knew the country, persuaded me out of this. "You will find the tramp over the Rossfeld quite interesting but very fatiguing," said he. "I made it once, but wouldn't try it again. There is no path, and the route is in some places very steep,—so steep,"—holding his arm at an angle of about fifty degrees. "You will pass up that ravine there, between the Schwarzkopf and the Göll," he continued, pointing. "It will take you about seven hours to get over the mountain, and when you come to Golling you will find nothing very interesting."

"But the Lueg Pass?" I suggested.

"It wouldn't repay you for such a tramp. I visited it once, and was provoked with myself for doing so. It is a striking ravine, but much inferior to others you will see in the Tyrol."

The speaker, a Frankfort *rentier*, was slightly corpulent, and was neither an enthusiast nor an expert in mountain climbing. He readily agreed, however, that he and his niece, a young lady from Mayence, would accompany me to the Hirschbühl Pass next day, the journey to Hintersee, at the foot of the pass, to be made by *Einspänner*. Wishing to disencumber myself of my baggage, I was advised to forward it to some advance station on my route *by post*. Accordingly, I had it taken to the post-office and registered for Innsbrück. The cost was but a trifle, and the convenience of forwarding a heavy portmanteau, like a letter or a newspaper, through the mails, was something of a novelty to an American, yet a convenience nevertheless, and a valuable one. The young clerk who counted the charges on my packages made a mistake in his

reckoning which his chief detected, and severely rebuked him for then and there.

The *Einspänner* of Tyrol is a stout little *fiacre* adapted to any road or path practicable for wheels. It will comfortably seat two persons, and, in case of necessity, four. It is an admirable convenience for ready transit over the allowable gaps between pedestrian tours. I was now about to cover an allowable gap; that is to say, I was about to travel for some hours by *Einspänner* to accommodate my companions, when, but for their company, walking would have been much more agreeable. The weather was perfect,—a fact always noteworthy in the Alps. Quitting Berchtesgaden upon a cloudless morning, we took our course along the valley of the Ramsauer Ache, a noisy little torrent tributary to the Alm. This valley, popularly known as the Ramsau, meanders among beautifully-formed mountains, with whose strong gray color its light-green, velvety meadows, and its luxuriant forests, with patches of dark-green pine and fir, present some most pleasing contrasts. We see in this a striking illustration of nature's skill in harmonizing and intensifying color. The verdancy of the valley gains perceptibly in beautifying power from the sober hue of its rock-rimmed setting. Over all, accentuating all, towers the Watzman, grim and grand, with the white glacier hanging from its seamed crag like a mighty banner in the sky.

Many things are seen in the Ramsau illustrative of the social and religious customs peculiar to the Tyrol. These customs vary with the configuration of the country, giving to each community a social individuality distinct from the others. Sequestered from the rest of the world by huge mountain ranges, the people of each valley naturally adopt ways of their own. The circumambient peaks and glaciers, whose massive barriers of ice and rock blend with the sky, bound the horizon of their existence; within this narrow sphere most of them are born and marry, live and die. Their traditions, and

modes of dress, language, and social intercourse, fortified by nature, as well as habit, from foreign taint, are as indigenous as the hardy flora of their mountains, and are passed from generation to generation without material change.

But there is one respect in which all the Tyrolese, Austrian and Bavarian, are alike, and wherein even lofty mountain ranges can draw no strongly-marked distinctions among them; and that is in their ardent, implicit, unquestioning belief in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Their faith in the church and their fidelity to its practices have become parts of their moral—we might almost say physical—constitution, ingrained in their very natures. Probably they would have been just as ardently Protestant had they been first indoctrinated in that belief. There seems to be some influence in a mountainous country which begets intensity of religious feeling. We see it in Swiss communities where Protestantism prevails, just as we perceive it among the mountains of Tyrol where Catholicism is paramount. But the Tyrolese communities are more segregated from the currents of travel and from political and religious agitation than the Swiss, and they are as unsophisticated as they are isolated. The Tyrolese are a simple-hearted, confiding folk, and what they believe they believe with all their might. If the primeval innocence of man could have been preserved anywhere, it would have been preserved in the sequestered, mountain-girdled valleys of Tyrol.

We pass nobody, young or old, on these mountains, who does not speak to us a friendly *Grüss Gott* as we go by. The people seem to take delight in being hospitable to strangers, and the more savage their natural surroundings, the more remote they are from what is currently called civilization, the more open-hearted are they. Nor are their expressions of religious feeling any less effusive; with them, human sympathy and religious duty go together. No dwelling, however humble,

lacks some emblem of the Virgin, and of the Infant and Crucified Saviour. Along the public highways these emblems are so frequent as to become tiresome. Wherever there is a spring, or convenient stopping-place, a little painting of the Madonna and Child is attached to a tree, fence, or rock, with appropriate fixtures before it upon which the devout can kneel. Some pious admonition, spelt by the unlettered muse, generally accompanies these emblems. If an accident happened on the road, or near it, by which somebody lost his life, the fact is always commemorated by some form of devout symbolism, accompanied by a textual account of the casualty, and a request to passers-by to invoke for the deceased *die ewige Ruhe*. These melancholy stories of misfortune and accompanying admonitions to pray for the souls of the dead are strikingly appropriate to the pokerish places where such tablets are usually seen.

Many of these way-side emblems, the penitential offerings, no doubt, of burdened consciences, have been abandoned to the sport of the elements, while others bear touching evidences of reverent care. The images of the Virgin, seldom wholly neglected, are often wreathed by adoring hands with flowers, and inscribed with sentiments expressed in phrases homely, yet appropriate and beautiful. A rude painting representing Mary supporting the dead Christ in her arms, which, nailed to a tree, I chanced upon in a wild solitude of the upper Alps, bore these lines :

Tod liegt Jesus in deinen Armen,
Tod auf dienen Mutter-Schoos :
Welches Herz fühlt nicht mit Dir Erbarmen,
Mutter ! O, wie ist dein Schmerz so gross !

Sometimes the road-side shrine contains a life-size image of the Virgin, or of some saint, but a more common token is the crucifix, which is seen everywhere. The rude realism with which the body of Christ, writhing upon the cross, is repre-

sented in this emblem, is often unpleasing, even shocking. The imagination is taxed in simulating the tragedy of Calvary in all its details, and in its most revolting aspect. The blood, the nails, the hammer with which the nails were driven, the spear-wound and the weapon which produced it, the crown of thorns and the bloody laceration caused by it, the muscular contortions and physical anguish of death,—all are there, and the more horrifying the representation, the more powerfully it appeals, perhaps, to the untutored mind. There is a certain harmony, moreover, between this rude art and the savage grandeur of the mountains. Although in the Tyrol we see the crucifix so often, and in so many places wholly inappropriate to such an emblem, that ordinarily it ceases to be impressive, yet there are occasions when, as betokening the awful agony of the crucifixion, it becomes the very key-note in the wild tumult of nature. No inanimate thing can be more profoundly, weirdly significant than one of these tragic symbols seen hanging above the mist and fury of a resounding torrent, or in the dim silence of a crag-bound ravine, or amidst the cloud-swept solitudes of glacier, rock, and wind-beaten forest. This sign of human hope lifted up amidst the world's moral desolation seems to gather meaning amidst such scenes of elemental anarchy.

Among the curious customs which prevail in the Ramsau is that of nailing upon the house wherein an occupant has died a coffin-shaped board inscribed with an epitaph of the deceased. Sometimes these boards are nailed to trees, or to the cow-stable instead of the dwelling, and when they happen to be numerous give quite a funereal aspect to the premises.

The people of the Ramsau, or the Ramsauers, as they are called for short, unlike the inhabitants of some other valleys, have no especial singularities of dress. Their costume is in the regulation style of Tyrol. Both men and women wear black felt hats, those of the women being most pointed at the

top and broadest in the brim. A man's hat would be grossly out of fashion without a feather or some other pert emblem stuck up behind. The women wear a jaunty jacket, with much bravery of buttons and beads and skirts, sometimes of gay colors, short enough for easy walking. The men wear short trousers, terminating above the knee-joints, which are left bare both winter and summer. The lower limbs are dressed in thick woollen stockings. In the Zillerthal a somewhat different costume is worn, that of the men comprising a brown leathern jacket, a red waistcoat, an embroidered leathern girdle, black leather knee-breeches, and white stockings. The women, when in holiday attire, wear a velvet bodice, blue apron, velvet skirts of not inconvenient length, and, like the men, pointed, broad-brimmed hats with gold tassels.

Various dialects are spoken in Tyrol, some of which are among the worst which ever tested the capacity of the German language for distortion. Correctly-speaking Germans, not accustomed to this patois, find difficulty in comprehending it.

The clean and tidy country inns of the Ramsau are models of their kind. In the garden of the establishment, where tables are daintily spread under the trees, beside murmuring waters, and within visual range of some bewitching panorama of the mountains, refreshments are served by one or more of the rosy-cheeked, jauntily-dressed daughters of Tyrol. We could not forbear, of course, to stop, for a time, at one of these attractive loitering-places, nor could we help noticing with quite as much interest as we were noticed by some guests who had preceded us. Among these was a very stalwart man, accompanied by a lady of medium stature, dressed, like himself, in the ordinary attire of the Tyrolese peasantry. With them were two quarrelsome dogs, which their master soon had occasion to castigate for fighting. When this canine fracas had subsided, the maid who served us whispered to me in German, with the air of one imparting prodigious information, "The

Grand Duke and Duchess of Würtemberg. They are making a hunting tour in the Ramsau."

Our farther course up the valley brought us to the Wimbach Klamm, a tributary gorge so deep and narrow, and so shadowed with brush and trees, that the sun can shine into it only in the afternoon. Some lovely cascades are made by the blue waters of the brook which courses through the Klamm, at the upper extremity of which a magnificent view is obtained of the wild Wimbachthal, enclosed by gigantic mountains.

At the little green lake known as the Hintersee, from whence the majestic Göll, by this time far off, was again seen in full profile, we dismissed our *Einspänner* and proceeded on foot up the valley, following a delightful path among the fir-trees, between whose parted branches could be seen on the one hand the Hochkalter, and on the other the Mühlsturzhorn, with their grotesque rock forms, and their curiously-notched and pointed summits tossed against the sky at the height of seven to eight thousand feet.

An ascent of three hours brought us to the summit of the Hirschbühl Pass, now a point on the boundary between Austria and Bavaria, and once the scene of a fierce combat between the armies of those countries. After an hour's rest at the inn on the pass, I bade adieu to my companions and pushed on alone for Saalfelden. The road descends rapidly on the southern side of the mountain, along the solitary defile of the Weissbach, affording at every turn some new disclosure of far-sweeping mountains, and of the giddy precipices and profound chasms of the gorge. No glaciers were in sight, but upon some of the loftiest summits patches of snow lingered in spots not directly reached by the sun. Amidst the deep tranquillity no sound was heard save that of whispering waters, and no human creature was met upon the unfrequented path. About half-way down the mountain a profounder solitude still was

reached,—that of the Seissenberg Klamm, a very deep and narrow gorge, worn through the strata by the torrent of the Weissbach, and overgrown with a matted mass of bushes and vines, through which the sunlight filters, giving to the interior a peculiar coloring. A mile and a half below the Klamm, Oberweissbach—the first settlement—is reached, from whence the route to Saalfelden lies through the grand defile known as the Hohlwege (hollow way), extending for six miles between lofty buttresses of rock. At the summit of these buttresses, east of the Hohlwege, lies a desolate rocky district known as the Steinerne Meer,—sea of stones.

Just before sundown a turn in the defile disclosed to me, twenty miles ahead, the vast range of the Hohe Tauern, with its mighty glaciers hanging in the sky. As night closed in its huge mass became lost in the darkness, except its snow-fields shimmering here and there in that unwonted brilliancy of the stars which is sometimes observed in Alpine regions. One star especially, which hung in a notch of the rocky wall of the Hohlwege, flamed and coruscated with the splendor of a monster diamond.

Late in the evening I was still groping along the solitary road when the distant rumble of a railway train became perceptible. An hour later I was refreshed from the wholesome weariness of the day's jaunt by the homely but most agreeable hospitalities of the Auerwirth, at Saalfelden.

CHAPTER XI.

AMONG THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

II.

INNSBRÜCK, September 10.—A quaint little old village is Saalfelden. Strange that so newfangled, unquiet a thing as a railway should have ever sought it out in its remote mountain nest. In a pretty valley, surrounded by heights upon which stand ruined castles centuries old, its single spire rises amidst its clustered dwellings. On its northern side the valley is bounded by a lofty sierra of bare limestone, above which lies the great rocky plateau popularly known as the *Steinerne Meer*. Southward are seen the cloudy peaks of the Hohe Tauern, and among them the outlying ice-fields of the vast glacier region known as the Gross Glockner.

Going towards Salzburg, the railway here turns southward to Zell-am-See, beyond which, after skirting the lake, it takes an eastward course down the valley of the Salzach. Among the numerous summer resorts of the Austrian Tyrol, Zell stands high in popular esteem. Though not so fashionable as Gmünden, and not favored by royalty like Ischl or Gastein, it abounds in substantial comforts and attractions for the visitor. Its situation is upon the margin of a lovely lake, about three and one-half miles long, whose cerulean waters are five degrees warmer than the atmosphere, owing to the warm springs which rise within its basin. From a boat in the middle of the lake the grandeur of its surrounding scenery may be enjoyed at one panoramic view. Another view, still wider and sublimer, taking in the whole of the Tauern range, and including both the Gross Glockner and the Gross Venediger glacier regions, may be had by climbing a height near Zell known as

the Schmittener Höhe. The panorama of mountain magnificence surveyed from this point is one of the finest in the Austrian Alps.

Hiring an *Einspänner*, I set out from Zell-am-See for Krimml, at the head of the Salzach Valley. Opposite Zell, that valley lies broad and marshy, bounded on its south side by the snow-crowned giants of the Tauern range. Amidst these giants, almost *vis-à-vis* to Zell, opens the wild and beautiful valley known as the Kaprunerthal, about eighteen miles in length, extending back to the very heart of the great Glockner glacier, of which it is the principal outlet. As we proceeded up the left bank of the Salzach we obtained some fine views of the scenery of this valley, from the village and ruined castle of Kaprun, at its entrance, to the glittering ice-fields of the Höhe Tenn, partially disclosing themselves in the morning mists ten thousand feet above the plain.

The region of the Salzach, from the source of that stream down to St. Johann, where its course changes from east to north, is known as the Pinzgau, of which there are two local sections, the upper and lower. The Pinzgauers are not so highly esteemed for intelligence, cleanliness, and thrift as the Ramsauers, or the Zillerthalers,—a fact comporting with their dialect, which is one of the worst corruptions of the German heard in Tyrol. The chief industries of the valley are wool-growing, the manufacture of coarse cloth, and small farming. While gypsies and other vagabonds are frequently met upon the highways, a large part, apparently most, of the farm-work is done by women, who are seen in the fields mowing, pitching hay, ploughing, and performing other ordinary muscular labor. But this out-door service of women is not peculiar to the Pinzgau; it is seen everywhere in Tyrol. As might be expected where such customs prevail, the women are brawny-limbed and stalwart, like the men, and the lovely roses of the Alps, of whose fascinations we read in fiction, have few living prototypes.

Throughout the entire Pinzgau the valley of the Salzach is bounded by fir-clad mountains, the lower slopes of which are cultivated by the peasantry where cultivation is possible. The bottom lands are extensive, but are in large part marshy or stony, and inferior to the upland. The current of the Salzach, composed of gray glacier water, descends rapidly in its rocky bed, replenished all along its course by torrents falling from the mountains. Everywhere is heard the swash and gurgle of descending waters.

About two hours' travel by *Einspänner*—all distances are measured by hours in this country—brings us to Uttendorf, near which an avalanche of mud slid into the valley in 1868, doing great damage. Opposite lies the Stubachthal, opening to the south, through which is disclosed a splendid view of the great Glockner ice-fields. An hour later we reach Muttersill, which is the principal village of the valley, and the seat of a district court established in an old castle upon an eminence five hundred feet above the river. In the neighborhood of Muttersill are some extensive swamps, and also a group of stony islands formed by the Salzach. The next notable point is Bramberg, near which rises to the height of nearly ten thousand feet the snow-crowned Kratzenberg, commanding an extensive view of the valley, up and down. A little farther is Neukirchen, opposite which yawns the deep, wild gorge of the Untersulzbachthal, out of whose dark fir forests a roaring cascade precipitates itself into the Salzach. Through the two Sulzbach ravines,—Unter and Ober, successively,—and that of the Habach, which just precedes them, some very fine views are disclosed of the immense ice-fields of the Gross Venediger, lying at a height of over twelve thousand feet.

The road up the valley now shrinks to a mere bridle-path, crossed here and there by herdsmen's gates, which we are obliged to open; the mountains close more and more darkly together, the horizon narrows, human habitations are seldom

to be seen, and the echoing torrents roar wildly in their first unchecked tumult, as they pour down from unseen glaciers far above. As we round an abutting precipice, near which, at a crossing of the paths, a solitary weather-beaten crucifix lends its touch of sublime sorrow to the savage grandeur of the scene, the slender, green church-spire of Krimml comes into view, and far up the mountain behind it the upper cascade of the Krimmlerbach discloses itself, white as silver amidst its sable *entourage* of fir-trees. I say the upper cascade, for below the one in view are two more which cannot yet be perceived.

Sitting in my room in the rustic Bachmaier inn, two hours later, I could see through my open window the same sheet of water, softly resplendent in the moonlight, and could hear its thunders echoing grandly among the silent mountains. It is truly a magnificent fall,—this of the Krimmlerbach,—one of the loftiest and most beautiful in the world. No more interesting study can be found in the Alps of the wild tumult of plunging waters. The torrent forming the fall has its source in the Krimmler Tauern glacier, which lies on the confines of the Gross Venediger, far back in the mountains, and is not visible from this valley. At all seasons a huge volume of water, it issues from a rocky gully known as the Krimmlerthal, and vaults into the valley of the Salzach over precipices of an aggregate height of one thousand feet.

From Krimml a path meandering through the forests of the valley leads to the first cataract, from whence pedestrians may ascend to the top of the upper fall by a route made practicable for good climbers by the Alpine Club. After ascending about fifty feet by this route we obtain a complete view of the first fall, though not without a liberal *douche* from its great volumes of spray, through which the sunlight falls in brilliant prismatic colors upon the dark masses of fir-trees below. The descending sheet of water is by no means unbroken; it does not fall smoothly and “without speed” like Niagara, but fumes

and rushes as if possessed with the very demon of haste, and, striking upon projecting rocks, breaks into milk-white masses, veiling the lower torrent in mist. For some hundreds of yards above the lower fall the stream takes the form of a rapid, pouring through a narrow chasm. At the second cascade, which comes immediately above this rapid, the water glides about one hundred and fifty feet down a smooth and very steep inclined plane of rock. Another rapid of several hundred yards in length separates the intermediate cascade from the upper one, which is a continuous fall of six hundred feet. In making this magnificent leap the water descends more smoothly than at the lower fall, but where it strikes its basin the draught and spray are such as permit no near approach.

The three cataracts cannot be seen simultaneously except from the mountains opposite. In the early morning hours I clambered to the top of the upper fall, and loitered for some time under the cool shadows of the precipices beside its splendid torrent. The atmosphere was fresh, pellucid, and aromatic; the light was favorable to clear and far perspective; the forests were vocal with the song of birds; the fleecy, throbbing volumes of spray shone in the sunlight with the brightness of silver; and, in harmony with the scenic grandeur, the thunderous voice of the cataract resounded like a deep-voiced morning orison.

Quitting reluctantly, and with many pauses, a scene so inspiring, I descended to Krimml, and, employing a guide, set out for Zell-am-Ziller. Mounting the steep pastures of the Plattenkogel, which slope down close to the village, we soon reached an altitude from which all the cataracts of the Krimmlerbach could be seen, and the eye ranged down the Salzach Valley as far as Taxenbach. The view was magnificent, and grew steadily more so as we ascended. An hour's work brought us to a solitary hut occupied by a couple of *Senners*, barefoot, ragged, and unspeakably dirty. They tried to be

hospitable, and offered us milk, but their filthy appearance made it impossible for me to partake. To conceal my scruples, I inquired as to the contents of a large kettle smoking in the fireplace, when one of the men, by way of explanation, raised a lever and, removing some coarse cloths, disclosed a large cheese, whose whiteness and apparent purity were in striking contrast with its grimy surroundings. "*Das ist Schweitzerkäse,*" remarked the *Senner* in the broad brogue of Tyrol. He was evidently proud of his exhibit, and added: "*Vielleicht haben Sie solchen im Bachmaier gegessen?*" I replied evasively. The thought that the cheese I had eaten at the Bachmaier and in various other country inns might have been the product of such unclean hands was not a pleasant one. What a contrast, I reflected, between this rude hut, with its unwashed inmates, and a Western Reserve dairy, with its shining milk-pans, its pure spring water, and its trim, bright-eyed milkmaids!

We passed on, and in half an hour came to another hut,—the frontier one on this wild mountain. The sole occupant was a cow-herd,—a fearfully dirty fellow, who squatted motionless in his den, and seemed ashamed to show himself to a stranger. We observed him dimly through the door of his domicile, my guide, who was evidently an old acquaintance, chatting with him familiarly. Milk was again offered me, but declined with thanks.

Our course was now solitary and pathless. Very few wayfarers go over the Plattenkogel by this route, as may be inferred from Baedeker's references to such landmarks as "a dilapidated wooden pyramid," a crucifix, "two conspicuous firs," and "a withered pine stump." I spent much time trying to identify these objects, but without success except as to the pyramid, which was crowned with a wooden image of some saintly person, rudely carved. Without a guide I would have had serious difficulty in finding my way.

From the summit, the valley of the Salzach, as seen in the foreground, with its velvety pastures, its variegated forests, the tiny village of Krimml, with its red spire, and the silvery cascades of the Krimmlerbach, forms a picture which it is worth travelling a long distance to see. Facing southward, and sweeping around the horizon from left to right, we behold, first, the long glacier-chain of the Krimmler Tauern, then, in the foreground, the white cone of the Reichenspitze, then the glaciers of the Wilde Gerlos, and finally, looking northward, the green mountains of the Zillerthal.

Upon quitting the summit we descended towards the Gerlosthal, a long, narrow, serpentine valley affording an outlet to the Wilde Gerlos glacier. The sloping meadows adown which our course lay seemed to be considerably higher than the glacier and its *nevé*, both now in full view on the opposite side of the valley. At the timber-line, which we reached after an hour's sidelong descent, we struck an embryo trail, relying upon which, and upon my maps, I dismissed the guide, and pursued my way unattended down the solitudes of the chasm. In my note-book I find the following scrawl :

“2 P.M.—Opposite the Wilde Gerlos glacier. There is not a human being or habitation in sight. All is savage and solitary, and not a sound can be heard save the swash and roar of the glacier torrent.”

The beauty and majesty of the mountains were a continual feast to the eye and soul, but their silence and loneliness were oppressive. Nor do we find much in any part of this valley to soften its primitive wildness. From the Gerlos glacier down to Zell-am-Ziller is a walk of four hours amidst changeful scenes of Alpine grandeur as superbly wild as the most romantic nature could desire. The exudation of sulphur, or some kindred substance, from the rocks, has caused them to be streaked here and there with curious yellow bands, as if marked with some gnomie symbolism. As the valley descends, the path

creeps up the steepening sides of the mountains, and the profound echoes of the brawling Gerlosbach are faintly heard amidst its dusky ambush of fir-trees at least two thousand feet below. Salvator Rosa would have delighted to paint landscapes so abounding in fantastic savagery of crag and chasm, of giddy precipice, of sky-clambering forest, and of deep-voiced portentous torrent.

The shades of evening were gathering when I looked down from a height at the lower end of this valley into that of the Ziller. An hour's descent from this eminence, by a villanous path, brought me to the hospitable Welschwirth, in Zell, whose plain but substantial comforts, enhanced by the gentle assiduities of a pretty young *Wirthin*, were most agreeable consolation for the day's fatigues.

Of the journey down the Zillerthal not much is to be said. The valley is fertile, and presents some striking views, but with the scenery of the Gerlosthal fresh in my mind, that of the Ziller seemed rather tame. The people are more intelligent and vivacious than the Pinzgauers, and speak rather better German. They are intensely Roman Catholic, the emblems of their faith being conspicuous in every public place, as well as in the privacy of their homes. The day being devoted to some religious *fête*, crowds of people in holiday attire were passed on their way to church, although the day before—Sunday—peasants of both sexes had been diligently harvesting in their meadows about Zell.

The view up and down the valley of the Inn, as we emerge from the Zillerthal, is extensive and inspiring. The Brenner railway here follows the course of the Inn, its station nearest the mouth of the Ziller being Jenbach, a pretty village two hours by rail from Innsbrück. The iron and copper mines of the valley have caused extensive smelting-works and forges to be established at Jenbach. A silver mine was formerly worked at Schwaz, the next important station south, but, like

the gold mine of the Gerlosthal, has been exhausted. Hall, the next considerable town as we go up the valley, derives prosperity from its salt-works, to which the brine is conveyed from extensive mines in the mountains, nine miles distant. Hall has historical fame as having been the scene of some of the most brilliant exploits of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot and martyr.

Innsbrück, the capital and chief city of Tyrol, lies in one of the widest and best portions of the valley, girdled by majestic mountain peaks rising to a height of ten thousand feet. This morning (September 10) the summits and upper sections of these mountains were dressed in a covering of freshly-fallen snow, making them appear as masses of brilliant white clouds against the sky. Upon sallying out, and seeing, as I turned a corner of the street, the vast silvery forms hanging over the city, I was, at first, completely deceived; the cloud illusion was perfect.

Travellers over the Brenner, from Munich to Milan, or *vice versa*, do well to break journey at Innsbrück, although the place is not to be recommended for a prolonged sojourn. It is exposed to violent winds, locally termed *siroccos*, which sweep down the gulches of the mountains and fill the streets with flying dust. According to the official barometrical tables, these winds prevail seventy-one days, upon the average, in the course of the year. The yearly average of rainy days is one hundred and twenty, of quite cloudy days sixty-seven, and of quite clear days only thirty-six.

The curious old Franciscan church known as the Hofkirche, of Innsbrück, built in 1553-63, is an historical as well as religious memorial of surpassing interest. Within its walls Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, renounced Protestantism and embraced the Roman Catholic faith while on her way to visit the Pope at Rome after her abdication. The centre and greater part of the nave of the

church is taken up by the splendid monument to the Emperor Maximilian, executed by the emperor's own direction, in pursuance of whose will the church itself was built. A kneeling figure of the emperor, in bronze, is supported by the massive marble sarcophagus, upon the four sides of which are carved twenty-four exquisite bass-reliefs, mostly by Colin, representing the principal events in Maximilian's life. These reliefs were declared by Thorwaldsen to be the most perfect of their kind. Around the sarcophagus, at an appropriate distance, stand twenty-eight colossal bronze figures in mediæval armor and costume, representing members of the emperor's family, his contemporaries, and other historical characters, among whom are seen, enveloped in prodigious coats of mail, King Clovis of France; Philip I. of Spain; Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths; Godfrey de Bouillon, and, finest of all, King Arthur of England.* One of these mailed giants, intended to represent Theodobert, Duke of Burgundy, has its face entirely concealed by a perforated pointed morion, giving it a most grotesque appearance. Among the statues of females are those of Joanna, Queen of Spain; Bianca, Maximilian's wife; Margaret, their daughter; and Cunigunde, the emperor's sister. A quaint and curious group is this of kings, queens, and heroes, and though not of the highest artistic merit, yet, in its severe and majestic symbolism, profoundly impressive. The work is a memorial only, the remains of the emperor being interred at Wiener-Neustadt, on the Semmering Railway.

On the left side of the church a relief in Tyrolese marble designates the tomb of Andreas Hofer, the peasant hero of Tyrol, under whose brave and skilful leadership his country-

* "The noblest," says Dr. Wilhelm Lübke, "are the statues of Arthur and Theodoric, executed in 1513. Their superb bearing, delicate proportions, and perfect execution (the last applying especially to the Arthur) prove them the work of Peter Vischer's hand."

men so energetically, and for a time successfully, resisted the invasion of the French, Bavarians, and their allies in 1808-10. So able were Hofer's efforts, and in such esteem was he held by his people, that they finally recognized him as their civil and military governor, with his residence at the Schloss Tyrol, near Meran, where for a brief period he administered public affairs with great simplicity and tact. After the peace of Vienna he was betrayed into the hands of Napoleon, by whose order he was shot at Mantua. The remains of Haspinger, a Capuchin monk, and of Speckbacher, a chamois-hunter, two faithful coadjutors of Hofer, lie beside his in this church.

MERAN, September 12.—At Innsbrück the Brenner Railway quits the valley of the Inn and ascends the mountains. Its ascent is continuous for twenty-one miles, and culminates at a point four thousand four hundred and eighty-five feet above sea-level. The Brenner is the lowest of the celebrated Alpine passes, yet disappoints not the lover of mountain grandeur. Affording the most direct line of communication between Germany and Italy, it was known and used as a travelled highway in the time of the Romans. The railway was constructed with less expense than that over the Semmering, chiefly because of the greater ingenuity employed by its builders in overcoming difficulties. There are twenty-three tunnels on the pass, two of which describe a curve. The scenery, as the train ascends the northern slope, grows wilder and grander as each successive point is rounded, developing splendid views of precipice, abyss, glacier and cascade, lofty peak and far-reaching valley.

The most interesting part of the line is that on the southern slope of the mountain descending from the little station of Brenner, at the summit of the pass, to Gossensass at the bottom. The ingenuity with which the railway has been carried up the mountain on that side is not less striking than the

majestic scenery amidst which it meanders. After moving up the valley several miles from Gossensass, the train enters a curved tunnel eight hundred yards long, from which it emerges at a far higher altitude, on the same side of the valley, in the reverse direction from that in which it entered. Shortly afterwards the station Gossensass, quitted forty minutes before, reappears nearly six hundred feet below, and a magnificent display of Alpine grandeur bursts upon the vision.

From Gossensass to Botzen,—going southward,—the line, descending rapidly, follows the course of the Adige, in whose narrow, sunlit valley the vegetation soon assumes a more southern character. Indian corn is extensively cultivated in this region, and the grape flourishes luxuriantly. The extent of arable land is not great until Botzen is reached, when the valley expands into a wide, fertile basin, encircled by porphyry and dolomite mountains. In mediæval times Botzen was the principal commercial depot between Venice and the north; it is said to be still the most prosperous commercial town in Tyrol. Its climate is gentle, its summer skies dreamy and delightful, its neighborhood fertile, abounding in fruits and flowers, its population mixed, with a marked proclivity to the south.

At Botzen I quitted the railway and set out by diligence for Meran, four hours distant. The road ascends the valley of the western branch of the Adige amidst vineyards, groves of chestnut- and mulberry-trees, fields of Indian corn, and extensive pastures. The mountain scenery is not so bold and rugged as that of the Salzach, but the valley is highly productive, and abounds in fascinations for the eye. The retrospect towards Botzen, with the conspicuous white peaks of the Rosengarten rising in the distance, is especially fine. A salient crag, or promontory, here and there along the course of the valley is crowned with a ruined castle, giving a touch of romance to the picture. Wine-growing being the leading

industry of the district, the lower slopes of the mountains are covered with vineyards, among and far above which the chalets of vine-dressers and herdsmen look down upon the more pretentious cottages of the peasant farmers in the valley. In the meadows, harvesters—mostly women—are at work gathering the third cutting of the season.

When our diligence, carrying the regular mail as well as passengers, approached Meran, the shades of evening were gathering upon the mountains. The driver of the diligence carried a postman's bugle slung upon his shoulder, and as we neared the town he blew it vigorously. His was no random blowing either, but a kind of musical pot-pourri,—presumably selections from leading composers. Spurring his team—three horses abreast—into a vigorous trot, he skilfully manipulated the reins with one hand and his bugle with the other. Passing vehicles, of which there were many, caused him no trouble; they deferentially gave him the road. Entering the old town at a reckless gait, we enjoyed a kind of ovation, as, with accompaniment of echoing bugle-notes and clattering hoofs and wheels, we deftly rounded one street corner after another, and finally drew up in front of the post-office amidst a throng of admiring loiterers and expectant hotel servants.

Meran is the ancient capital of Tyrol. On a spur of the neighboring mountains stands the Schloss Tyrol, once the residence of the reigning princes, but now a scarcely habitable ruin. The views from the windows of its dilapidated chapel overlook the falls of the Adige, and extend for a distance of twenty miles up and down the luxuriant valley of Meran, bounded on the one side by a chain of porphyry mountains, in billowy forms, and on the other by precipitous dolomite cliffs. The name Tyrol is derived by the countries bearing it from this historic castle.

From the heights surrounding it no less than twenty other castles of the olden time look down upon Meran. One of

these, known as the Zenoburg, stands on the summit of a perpendicular crag, along the base of which brawls the tumultuous Passer. Nothing remains of the ruin but the chapel and a huge four-cornered tower, said to have been built by Drusus, in the year 16 B.C., as a means of protection to the Roman colony in the valley. Another curious old ruin is that known as the Schloss Planta, the shattered and decaying towers of which are completely overgrown with ivy from base to summit. Some of the other castles, as, for instance, the Schloss Rametz, give names to the excellent and widely-known wines of the neighborhood. The dry, equable climate of this valley, and its sheltered position, are very friendly to the vine, which flourishes in great luxuriance on the sunny slopes of the beautiful mountains round about Meran. The same conditions have made this a favorite resort for pleasure-seekers and invalids. The prosperity which Meran lost when it ceased to be the capital of Tyrol has been fully regained since it became popular as a *Kurort*. The combined attractions of its "grape-cure," its cheerful atmosphere, and its splendid scenery now bring hither from nine to twelve thousand visitors annually. The town is a queer old place, with some fine parks and promenades, and one long, narrow street, with low arcades, which protect pedestrians from sun and rain.

The robust peasants of this and the Passeyer valleys wear a very striking costume, comprising a short, brown jerkin, with scarlet trimmings, worn over a green vest; a handsomely-embroidered belt, and a broad-brimmed pointed hat. The color of the hat-band, if the wearer is unmarried, is red, and if married, green. The men wear the usual short trousers, leaving the knees bare.

ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE, September 14.—At Meran I hired an *Einspänner*, and set out for the Stelvio. Within a mile or two after quitting the town, the Austrian military road passes an old castle, then ascends by a winding course to a

commanding elevation, which affords a very fine retrospect of Meran, with its lowland and mountain environments. The Adige, forming near this point of observation a series of cascades descending among huge masses of detached rock, reappears in the distant valley below, meandering amidst luxuriant fields and groves of walnut and chestnut. The skies, on that fine September morning, had a delicate Italian tint, the atmosphere was clear and refreshing, and the vineyards were empurpled with heavy, ripening clusters.

Continuing westward, the road ascends steadily,—making progress, in fact, up the general slope of the Rhætian Alpine range, the loftiest in Austria. The valley, of variable width, and locally known as the Vintschgau, lies between chains of mountains of great height, whose summits, at this season, are covered with snow. Hundreds of brooks and rills, the waters of which are cold as ice and bright as sunshine, rush down from the heights, feeding the ear continually with their babble. Occasionally the road crosses the dry and rocky bed of a mountain torrent which, though temporarily extinct, has marked its course with impressive evidences of its force and fury. The Austrian government, which built this highway for military purposes, and maintains it as a post-road, keeps it in excellent condition. It is broad, smooth, well-macadamized, and of easy grade. Trees planted on either side serve an excellent purpose, both for ornament and for shade.

There are numerous villages in this valley, but they do not look attractive. The houses are huddled together with desperate economy of space, leaving barely street-room enough for vehicles to pass by. The stable garbage, carefully saved for fertilizing purposes, is usually banked up against the dwellings, or near them, to await decomposition. Cows, swine, and poultry apparently enjoy about the same social privileges as other inhabitants of the village. If pestilence never prevails in such communities, the light, invigorating atmosphere and

the pure water, gushing from the mountains, must be its preventives.

Between Meran and Eys we find ourselves in the current of English summer travel. The route from St. Moritz over the Bernina and Stelvio to Botzen, and thence to Innsbrück, or from the Stelvio to Nauders and thence back, up the Inn Valley, to St. Moritz, is a favorite one with the English. The entire circuit can be made in four or five days, taking in much of the finest scenery in Tyrol. The season being now propitious,—the best of the year for this kind of travel,—a great many English birds of passage are on the wing, looking very aristocratic in their two- and four-horse vehicles,—they disdain the comfortable little *Einspänner*,—piled with prodigious heaps of luggage.

Another class of wanderers we meet are of the opposite extreme. They are gypsies and other vagrants, whose effects are carried in dog-carts drawn mostly by women. Vagrants are vagrants the world over, but it is a very shocking novelty to an American to see the sex he is accustomed to revere harnessed to a heavily-laden vehicle, and tugging like a mule in the traces. In a country where the image of woman deified in the person of the Virgin invites adoring homage at every turn of the road, there is special incongruity in the spectacle of woman actual and mortal, bare-legged, bare-armed, scantily clothed, with a strap around her shoulders and another about her waist, hitched sometimes beside a man and sometimes beside a dog, pulling and sweating along the dusty highway. We Americans do not worship woman's effigy quite so much as they do here, but we honor and respect woman herself a great deal more.

From Meran to Eys the distance by *Einspänner* is about eight hours. Visible from Eys, but about one hour farther on, lies the village of Brad, at the foot of the Stelvio Pass. On a steep mountain slope beyond and far above Brad, a row of cottages perched on the steep mountain slope like swallows

on the roof of a barn, is known as Stilfs, or Stelvio, the village from which the famous pass takes its name. At Eysrs the road turns squarely to the left, and after crossing the Adige and a series of wide marshes, enters at Brad the narrow gorge of the Trafoibach, which here forms several fine cascades as it precipitates itself into the valley. Rising from Brad, the road mounts by bold, graceful windings the left side of the gorge, disclosing at every turn the enormous difficulties which its construction encountered and overcame. The Stelvio wagon-route, reputed to be the loftiest in Europe, doubtless deserves its reputation as the most wonderful in the world. The magnificent scenery which it displays and the skilfulness of its construction alike command our admiration every foot of the way from Brad on the one side to Bormio on the other. The road, built by the Austrian government, chiefly for military reasons, in 1820-25, is wide, smooth, substantial, and, even in its most difficult parts, of easy grade. The bewildering zig-zags and graceful curves by which it mounts from the depths of tremendous abysses, and rounds the giddy verge of mighty precipices, strike the beholder with admiring wonder. From one point I could count no less than twenty-four vast, stair-like flexures in the road, above and below me.

The height of the Stelvio may be appreciated by comparing it with the altitude of some of the other principal Alpine passes. The highest point on the St. Gothard, practicable for wheels, is 6936 feet above sea-level; on the Simplon, 6595 feet; on the Splügen, 6946; on the Bernina, 7658; on the Furca, 7992; on the Stelvio, 9045. The snow never entirely melts away on the summit of this pass, and at the present time (September 20) it lies six to eight feet deep by the roadside. At the top are the vast glaciers and snow-fields of the Ortler group, at the bottom the luxuriant vineyards and mulberry groves of the Val Tellina. At many places, particularly on the southern slope, it has been necessary to protect the road by

covered galleries from avalanches, some of which, started thousands of feet above it, now lie in huge heaps of dirty, melting snow a thousand feet or more below. At other places rocky barriers otherwise impassable are tunnelled, and appalling chasms are spanned by lofty and graceful arches of masonry. Miles on miles of heavy stone revetments have been built to protect the road from descending *débris*, or to prevent the road-bed itself from sliding down the mountain. Yet constant labor and watchfulness are necessary to prevent obstructions. The upper part of the mountain, on the north side, consists of slaty rock of loose texture, from which particles are constantly falling whenever their frosty anchorage is relaxed by the heat of the sun.

After about an hour's ascent from Brad, we pass, on the opposite side of an abyss, the mouth of the Suldenthal, a narrow and profound cleft in the range, from which the Suldenbach, the efflux of the Sulden glacier, dashes forth. This valley, very wild and seldom visited, extends back into the heart of the Ortler district, containing the highest mountains in Austria, and rivalling the grandest scenery of the Swiss Alps. Half an hour beyond the Suldenthal we reach Trafoi, a mountain hamlet, from whence upward the scenery is of the sublimest description. Taking a backward look some hundreds of yards above Trafoi, I beheld, far—yet seemingly not far—across the Adige Valley, the vast snowy pyramid of the Weisskugel, one of the highest of the Oetzthal Alps, rising amidst the most extensive glacier-field in Tyrol. A few paces farther on, as I resumed the ascent, Monte Livrio, over ten thousand feet high, disclosed itself, more dazzling white than the milk-white clouds which lingered about its shapely cone. Directly an additional turn of the road brought into view a whole panorama of splendid mountains, from the great Ortler plateau on the left to Monte Cristallo on the right, all enveloped in eternal snow. In the foreground rose to the

height of over eleven thousand feet the black wall of the Madatsch, a huge mass of bare and almost perpendicular rock which protrudes from the Ortler ice-field, bearing an immense glacier upon either flank. Looking down upon these glaciers from the windings of the road, we hear far in the gorge below the deep, fiercely-solemn roar of the waters which come out of them.

The sun was just setting from a cloudless sky as this magnificent scene burst upon my vision. For some minutes the silvery peaks in the foreground were flushed with delicate rose-color, which disappearing with the sun's rays, they changed to lily whiteness. Far to the northward the bare gray summits of the Oetzthal Mountains were immersed in delicately-tinted floods of fading light, which changed all their savagery to gentleness and likened them to the hills of Paradise. So serene were they, and so lovely, that the imagination instinctively invested them with the attributes of a heavenly revelation,—a realm of purity peopled with happy spirits.

Night was closing in when I reached Franzenshöhe, a solitary post-station about an hour and a half from the summit. The beautifully-rounded peak of the Ortler, the highest mountain of the Eastern Alps, here first came into view, displaying its spotless white form, smooth as polished alabaster, conspicuous even in the starlight. The atmosphere was nipping cold; frost sparkled on the ground, and snow lay upon the roof of the inn, a few yards from which a large bank of last year's snow-fall yet remained unmelted.

Early next morning I set forward again, mounting sometimes by short-cut paths, and sometimes by the marvellous zigzags by which the road makes its way up the precipitous side of the range. A two hours' walk of this kind brought me to the summit, where, on the very crest, lies the boundary between Austria and Italy. Here all was solitary, savage, and

sublime. A few stray chamois skipping over the ice-fields to the southward were the only signs of animal life to be seen. Heaps of last year's snow, packed until almost as hard as ice, lay near the road. A cold, searching wind swept over the pass, making vigorous exercise necessary for comfort. Partly as a means of relief from the cold, and partly to obtain a wider view than that from the road, I climbed some hundreds of feet to the summit of a rocky height, from whence a stupendous panorama of the Swiss, Austrian, and Italian Alps was disclosed. The vast, tumultuous expanse of cloud-swept snow-fields, wrinkled glaciers, rocky sierras, snow-enshrouded peaks and dark abysses, all wrapped in the silence of primeval solitude, was unspeakably grand.

The descent from this wintry scene to Bormio, a sheltered, sunny watering-place on the Italian side, abounds no less in sublime scenes and surprises than the ascent on the Austrian. From Bormio, reached at mid-day, I continued the descent by the Val Tellina, arriving by nightfall at Tirano, from whence—after dark—I pushed on by *Einspänner* to Poschiavo, a delightful Swiss village at the foot of the Bernina. Taking a guide, I began, early next morning, the ascent of the pass by a foot-path from which the whole scope of the valley could be seen, embracing the pretty village and lake of Le Prese, a favorite summer resort of the Milanese. Beyond Tirano the view was bounded by an imposing range of Italian snow-mountains. An ascent of two hours brought us to an excellent point for observing the magnificent Palü glacier, lying fully exposed on the opposite side of the deep, narrow valley into which it descends. This glacier, discharged from the enormous ice-fields above and beyond it, falls by successive gradations resembling gigantic stairs, its dark, beautifully-curved moraine lying upon its crest, and outlining its course, like the knotted spine of an immense crocodile. While we were observing its ice-fall, heavy thunderous sounds issued

from it, as though great masses of ice were tumbling and crashing somewhere within its cavernous interior, though no external movement could be seen.

An ascent of two hours from this point brought me to the hospice at the summit of the pass, where some parties of English tourists were nooning. The hospice stands opposite the Cambrena glacier, and is used as a summer hotel, said to be the highest—not in prices but in altitude—in the Alps. A young lady who sat next to me at the *table d'hôte* impatiently remarked, while waiting for her dinner, that if the people of the house didn't serve their guests more promptly, they would have an opposition hotel in their neighborhood pretty soon!

Between the hospice and the glacier lie two beautiful little lakes, one of them of a delicate light-green color, and the other a very dark blue. The difference in color is accounted for by the fact that the light-colored lake is formed from glacier water and the dark one from springs. Both are solidly frozen over from the first of November till the middle of June. The narrow strip of rocky ground which separates these lakes forms the water-shed between the Black Sea and the Adriatic.

Jaded from exposure to the heat of the sun on the southern slope of the mountain, I took an *Einspänner* at the hospice for St. Moritz. The road, descending into the valley of the Inn, was a most admirable one; the atmosphere was cloudless and crystalline, the scenery superb. "How bright and how blue is the sky!" I said to my *Kutscher* as we spun along at a rattling trot down the beautiful grade. "Yes, and how near!" he replied, in his Romansch accent. Verily, the heavens seem to be not far away in this lofty, taintless altitude of the Engadine. The frost-time, too, is never remote. "Nine months winter and three months cold" is the phrase with which the people characterize their climate.

As we approached the pretty village of Pontresina, at the foot of the pass, the Morteratsch glacier, with its huge moraine

and its roaring torrent pouring from a spacious archway of ice, magnificently disclosed itself, lying in its vast mountain saddle, environed by snow-covered peaks, glittering in the evening sun. An hour later we reached St. Moritz.

The region known as the Engadine, or upper valley of the Inn, lies from five to six thousand feet above sea-level. The valley, seldom more than a mile in width, is bordered on both sides by lofty mountains, upon the tops of which rest some of the largest glaciers and perpetual snow-fields in Switzerland. The atmosphere—so clear that objects can be distinctly seen at a great distance—is singularly tonic and invigorating; the skies are intensely blue, the seasons about the same as those of Northern Sweden or Finland. So short and cool are the summers that tillage is limited to small patches of oats and rye and some wretched potato-fields. The temperature seldom rises above 76° Fahrenheit in the shade, and snow and frost frequently occur in August. Owing to the scarcity of straw the cattle are littered in winter with dried pine cones, moss, and long, coarse marsh grass. Only the hardiest varieties of timber, such as the larch and Siberian pine, grow upon the mountains, but the valley produces grass luxuriantly, and in summer resembles a continuous meadow. So dry is the atmosphere that meat may be preserved from October to May without salt, and the cold, often at 30° below zero in winter, is borne without serious discomfort.

The inhabitants of the Engadine are enterprising, thrifty, and intelligent. In the pursuit of certain trades for which they have a special aptitude, they travel to all parts of Europe and acquire wealth, to enjoy which they return to their native valley. Their religion is Protestant almost exclusively, their government a pure democracy, their language the Romansch corruption of the Latin. They take great pride in their dwellings, which look exceedingly tidy with their gilded lattices, and windows—made small to keep out the cold—dressed with

snowy draperies and an abundance of flowers which, even at this frosty season, bloom profusely in the dry, stimulating atmosphere. Coming thither from Italy, and even from the fertile and beautiful Val Tellina, the stranger cannot fail to be impressed with the superior evidences of popular taste, prosperity, and comfort.

St. Moritz, the highest village in the Engadine, lies over six thousand feet above sea-level. There are several ways of reaching it, but probably no favorite summer resort in Switzerland is so difficult of access. The nearest railway point is Coire, from whence a journey of fifty miles must be made by diligence or by carriage over the Julier Alp. Another line of approach is that from Coire by way of Chiavenna and the Splügen, or from Innsbrück *via* Nauders,—a four days' drive up the valley of the Inn. These are routes from the north. Travellers from Italy—that is to say, from Milan—may come by way of Lake Como and the Val Bregaglia, or up the Val Tellina to Tirano, and then over the Bernina Pass, which is, perhaps, the easiest and pleasantest route of all. But whatever may be the line chosen, a long ride by diligence or carriage, or its less expensive and far more agreeable substitute, an invigorating foot-tour up and down the mountains, is unavoidable.

The hotels of St. Moritz are crowded with strangers, mostly English. The British aristocracy is represented in all its grades, from members of Parliament and the blue-blooded nobility down to high-toned green grocers. "*Lauter English*," said a solitary German to me in a mournful tone. The dining-hall of the Hôtel Kulm, which is large enough to seat several hundred persons, is crowded at the *table d'hôte*. This evening, while we were at dinner, the electric lights failed, leaving the entire company in total darkness. "*Il y a quelque chose dérangée*," explained the waiters while they hurriedly brought in lamps and candles. "*Toujours quelque chose dérangée*," observed a disgruntled Frenchman.

About one hundred and fifty feet below, and directly opposite the village, lies the pretty lake of St. Moritz formed by the clear waters of the Inn, which courses through it. At the head of the lake are the bath-houses and some large hotels. The springs supplying the baths are strongly chalybeate, and said to be very beneficial in certain classes of ailments. Perhaps much of the healing effect attributed to the waters is really due to the invigorating climate, particularly the bright, pure atmosphere and low temperature which invite and enforce physical exercise. Out-door life in this valley is a luxury, and no one remains here long without acquiring a ruddy, or, as an English lady expressed it to me, an "underdone," appearance. The mountain-climber has here a veritable paradise, while the less ambitious sportsman finds equal delight among the crystal lakes formed among the green meadows by the meandering current of the Inn.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM SUN TO SNOW.

SEPTEMBER 15.—Left St. Moritz at 6 A.M. for Chiavenna and Colico. An Englishman contested my right to the *intérieur* seat in the diligence which I had paid for. As he had nine points of the law in his favor—that is to say, possession—and I had nothing but a bit of pasteboard, I took my place in the *Beiwagen*, or supplementary carriage. My complaisance was rewarded, for the carriage was much more comfortable than the crowded diligence; besides, I had a gentleman for company.

The morning was clear and brilliant, but cold. We had an exhilarating drive up the valley, coursing beside the Silvaplana

and Silser Lakes, with a deep-blue sky overhead and majestic mountains on either hand. Passing by the sources of the Inn, we ascended the Maloja, which forms the water-shed between the Inn and the Meva, and from the summit, while the diligence halted for a few minutes, we enjoyed a fine view down the valley into which we were about to descend. We then mounted our vehicles again, and whirled away at a rapid gait down the mountain, by a zigzag course. By this time I had been assigned to another *Beiwagen*, and was so fortunate as to have for my travelling companion an English gentleman who was familiar with the country. Seeing that I was interested in the scenery, he kindly invited me to take his place, which afforded a better view than the seat I occupied.

The descent from the frosty regions of the Engadine, with their glaciers, perpetual snow-fields, and hardy vegetation, to the sunny precincts of the Meva, where rhododendrons grow side by side with the mulberry and the chestnut, was a most interesting transition. Passing through a rocky gallery called La Porta, the road leads, in the course of a few hundred yards, from the one zone of vegetation to the other. At Castasegna we reached the Swiss-Italian boundary, and were obliged to show our baggage to the Italian *douaniers*. As usual, the principal article searched for was tobacco, and upon proffered demonstration that the forbidden weed did not exist in my luggage, they turned from it with indifference.

We reached Chiavenna about noon. Here the stage road comes down from the Splügen, and we made a vehicular change which brought me again into English company,—that of a family occupying one of the *Beiwagen*. The passengers arriving from the upper Alps by the two routes filled eight or ten diligences and carriages, making quite a caravan. The drive to Colico was tedious, dusty, and not at all interesting. There were mountains and mountains, both near and far, but they were scant of vegetation, and seemed tame and

jejune in comparison with the Alpine scenes of Switzerland and the Tyrol. In the lowlands we passed numerous fields of Indian corn, which elicited from one of my stranger companions the naïve observation that the seed of this plant, as he had been informed, was useful for food.

Arrived at Colico, on Lake Como, about the middle of the afternoon, and there took a steamer, in waiting, for Como. Reached Como at sundown, and Milan, by rail, two hours later.

MILAN, September 17.—In Milan I have been most impressed,—1, by Leonardo's painting of the *Last Supper*; 2, by the same master's head of Christ, in the Brera; 3, the cathedral; 4, the Cavour monument; 5, Raphael's *Sposalizio*. I place the painting first because it is the most interesting object in Milan. If any work is entitled to be called the masterpiece of modern painting, it is this. Leonardo, whose marvellous genius produced it, was born at the Vinci palace, near Florence, in 1452, and died in 1519. His life covers the period of the early renaissance,—a golden era in Italian art. The close of his career was the beginning of Michael Angelo's, Raphael's, and Titian's. Like Michael Angelo, he was not a painter only, but a sculptor, an architect, and an engineer, as well. "Learned in mathematics, physics, astronomy, anatomy, and natural history; a good musician, making verses with the facility of an improvisatore, writing well on every subject which interested him, expert also in all the exercises of strength and skill, he was pronounced an universal genius, 'all powerful in everything.'" (Viardot.) Before this continent was discovered the great achievements of his life were begun, yet they are as pre-eminent to-day as they were four centuries ago. He was not profuse in his painting, like Rubens or Titian, but what he lacked in quantity he more than redeemed in concentrated power. He painted as Macaulay wrote, and Parepa sang, apparently with-

out effort, but really with the most patient and painstaking effort. He spent four years on his superb portrait of the wife of his Florentine friend, Giocondo,—the *Mona Lisa* of the Louvre,—yet still regarded that work as unfinished.

The *Last Supper* occupies an end wall in the refectory of the suppressed monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, until recently used as a cavalry barrack. The apartment, bare and dismal, is as inappropriate as possible to be the repository of such a treasure. An unimportant fresco of the crucifixion on the opposite wall is much better preserved than Leonardo's work, which has suffered alike by neglect, abuse, and decay. Although, in the sixteenth century, the Dominicans were reproached by Cardinal Borromeo for their gross neglect of this precious picture, they cut a door through the wall beneath it, taking away the legs of Christ and those of the disciples nearest Him. The room is so badly lighted, and the entire work is in such a dilapidated condition, that good eyesight and much patience are necessary for anything like a just perception of its merits. The picture retains comparatively little of its original beauty of color, but its grouping and drawing are yet distinct enough to be appreciated, and they are superb. The individuality and appropriateness of the figures are wonderful; we accept them intuitively as correct ideals,—yea more, they seem to us to be portraits of the actual apostles, taken from life. So correct and real are these types of character—so completely harmonious with the sacred narrative—that to the whole Christian world they have become historical verities rather than works of the imagination.

Two groups of three apostles each, drawn with surpassing art, are placed on either side of the Divine Master,—a stroke of genius which accentuates His as the dominant presence. The antitheses of character displayed in these groups, says Dr. Lübke, are innumerable. They are seen “in the expression of the heads, in the movement of the drapery, and, above all,

in the physiognomy of the hands." The emotions which agitate the company have been produced by the Master's words, just spoken, "One of you shall betray me." The apostles are deeply moved, as each one shows by action suited to his temperament; the sinless One alone is calm and resigned. Sadness, deep but tranquil, is seen in every lineament of His countenance. The downcast eyes, the noble head slightly bowed, the opened palms extended and resting on the table, all denote unspeakable pain borne with heavenly submission. There is no trace of weakness; His companions obviously are but men, with the frailties of men, but the Master is humanity perfected. The type of His manhood is that of neither Jew nor Gentile; it is universal. The ideal is faultless. Mrs. Jameson does not at all exaggerate when she says of it,—

"The intellectual elevation, the fineness of nature, the benign, Godlike dignity suffused with the profoundest sorrow in this divine head surpassed all I could have conceived as possible in art; and, faded as it is, the character there, being stamped on it by the soul, not by the hand of the artist, will remain while a line or hue remains visible. It is a divine shadow, and, until it fades into nothing and disappears utterly, will have the lineaments of divinity."*

* Mrs. Jameson's description of the details of the picture leaves nothing to be added. She says, "Next to Christ is St. John; he has just been addressed by St. Peter, who beckons to him that he should ask 'of whom the Lord spake;' his disconsolate attitude as he raises himself to reply and leans his clasped hands on the table, the almost feminine sweetness of his countenance, express the character of this gentle and amiable apostle. Peter, leaning from behind, is all fire and energy; Judas, who knows full well of whom the Saviour spake, starts back amazed, oversetting the salt; his fingers clutch the bag, of which he has the charge. His face is seen in profile, and cast into shadow; without being vulgar, or even ugly, it is hateful. St. Andrew, with his long gray beard, lifts his hands, expressing the wonder of a simple-hearted old man. St. James Minor, resembling the Saviour in his mild features and the form of his beard and hair, lays his hand on the shoulder of St. Peter,—the expression

A small crayon study for the head of Christ in the *Last Supper* is seen in the Brera Gallery. Like the completed masterpiece, it exhibits melancholy evidences of abuse and neglect, yet its defaced condition is not wholly out of keeping with its eloquence of unmerited sorrow. The features, radiantly intellectual, and expressive of the most delicate sensibility and elevated manhood, are wan with suffering. The Christ of the *Last Supper* has passed the first shock of His foreseen betrayal, and has entered the comparative calm of controlled and submissive sorrow; but here we have rather the deep anguish and heart-break of inconsolable grief,—the acute agony of a guileless, patient, affectionate soul, which has received a remediless wound. Of all the heads of Christ I have yet seen, not excepting that of the *Last Supper* this is the most pathetic. In Guido's heads the eyes are lifted in agonizing appeal, as if

is, 'Can it be possible? have we heard aright?' Bartholomew, at the extreme end of the table, has risen from his seat; he leans forward with a look of eager attention, the lips parted; he is impatient to hear more. On the left of our Saviour is St. James Major, who has also a family resemblance to Christ; his arms are outstretched, he shrinks back, he repels the thought with horror. The vivacity of the action and expression are wonderfully true and characteristic. St. Thomas is behind St. James, rather young, with a short beard; he holds up his hand, threatening,—'If there be indeed such a wretch, let him look to it.' Philip, young, and with a beautiful head, lays his hand on his heart; he protests his love, his truth. Matthew, also beardless, has more elegance, as one who belongs to a more educated class than the rest; he turns to Jude and points to our Saviour, as if about to repeat His words, 'Do you hear what He says?' Simon and Jude sit together (Leonardo has followed the tradition which makes them old, and brothers); Jude expresses consternation; Simon, with his hands stretched out, a painful anxiety. . . . Leonardo has contrived to break the formality of the line of heads without any apparent artifice, and without disturbing the grand simplicity of the usual order; and he has vanquished the difficulties in regard to the position of Judas without making him too prominent. He has imparted to a solemn scene sufficient movement and variety of action, without detracting from its dignity and pathos; he has kept the expression of each head true to its traditional character, without exaggeration, without effort."

to a source of help and consolation ; but here they are down-cast, as though the sufferer bore His burden alone. The face is noble and soulful, winning the heart at first sight, and its expression is indescribably touching. The Master Himself, it seems to me, were He to choose, would prefer this among all the pictures of Him which men have painted.

A room adjoining that in which Leonardo's crayon is hung contains Raphael's *Sposalizio*, or Marriage of the Virgin. It is one of the master's earlier works, and is called the gem of the Brera collection.

Among the marble statues of scholars and scientists in the court of the Brera Palace is Canova's nude figure in bronze of Napoleon I. as a Roman emperor. The adulation implied in representing Napoleon in such a character may be pardoned, but not so the emperor's complete destitution of clothing, or drapery, which imparts to the work, in spite of its plastic merits, an air of weak, almost ridiculous, affectation.

Quite the reverse in this respect—a model of simplicity and appropriateness, as well as a work of high artistic merit—is the bronze statue of Count Cavour, by Tabacchi, erected in the piazza at the entrance to the public gardens. The statue, supported by a massive granite pedestal, represents Cavour as we would imagine him to have appeared when addressing the assembled diplomatists of Europe, or the first parliament of united Italy. Sublime in its simple manliness, it stands alone,—majestically alone,—except that below it the reclining figure of Clio, goddess of history, inscribes with a stylus the statesman's name upon the enduring granite. How much better this simplicity than the wearisome ostentation of many figures and emblems, requiring long explanations !

BOLOGNA, September 17, 18.—Raphael's *St. Cecilia*, more than anything else, brought me here, and it alone has abundantly rewarded me for coming. Few things in legendary art approach, and still fewer transcend, the exquisite beauty

of the *Cecilia*. With upturned eyes the pure-hearted saint listens, in a transport of adoring rapture, to the music of the celestial choir. Her features, not inherently beautiful, are transfigured with divine ecstasy. In her hands she holds the Pandean pipes, significant of her function as the patroness of music; in like significance various musical instruments lie strewn at her feet. On her right, supporting his left hand and right elbow on a sword, and his chin in his open hand, stands St. Paul,—a grand figure,—wrapped in sublime meditation. His draperies are a red robe and green tunic. On the left, her face turned towards the spectator, stands Mary Magdalen, in blue and red. The nobly-born St. Cecilia is robed in garments of orange-colored brocade. Nearer to her than St. Paul, or Mary, with their eyes bent upon her luminous face, stand St. John and St. Augustine, the one on the right, the other on the left. The coloring and drawing of the picture are Raphael's, in his best style,—more need not be said. But the superb art of the work is only adjunct, as it should be, to its spiritual expression, which radiates from it like a divine efflux,—a veritable apocalypse of the heavenly world.

Next to the *Cecilia*, the most important work in the Bologna Gallery is Guido Reni's *Crucifixion* which is one of that master's finest productions. The elements of horror so conspicuous in Rubens's treatment of the subject are wanting, but there is nothing lost by the omission. Though destitute of revolting extremes, the picture is profoundly truthful and impressive.

The sculptures in the Campo Santo, at Bologna, are in high repute, but I found them inferior, as a class, to those of like character at Genoa, which are probably unsurpassed.

September 19.—By rail to Florence. The watercourses crossed by the railway are almost dry, making their heavily-arched bridges seem superfluous.

FLORENCE, September 20.—Visited Giotto's frescos in the

Santa Croce, and Michael Angelo's sculptures in the new sacristy of San Lorenzo ; then went to the Uffizi and refreshed my recollection of its principal paintings and sculptures. Met in the new sacristy a Brooklyn clergyman, whom I had encountered in Germany a fortnight before. He was on his way to Palestine. Drove once more to the San Miniato for the sake of the view it affords of Florence and its environs ; then went to see the original—in marble—of Michael Angelo's *David*. The statue was placed, temporarily, in a dark and narrow shed, where it could not be viewed with much satisfaction.

September 21.—Returned by rail to Milan.

September 22.—Revisited the cathedral and ascended to its roof, from whence, in clear weather, Mont Blanc, the Great St. Bernard, Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Mischabel, and the peak of the Ortler are all visible. The roof itself is well worthy of a visit ; it is an architectural wonder. Over it rise ninety-eight Gothic turrets, each surmounted by the statue of some celebrated person. Over two thousand statues, in all, adorn the exterior of the building. The upright finials on the cresting and flying buttresses of the roof are cut at the ends to resemble roses, and each one, it is claimed, although there are thousands of them, represents a rose of a different species.

The interior of the cathedral has but one serious defect,—its painted imitation of stone tracery on the ceiling. The deception is skilfully executed, but the eye is impatient of any sham in architecture which is otherwise so perfect and so splendid. The more intense our delight in its truth and reality the more intolerant we are of any attempt at dissimulation.

The evening light was streaming grandly into the magnificent aisles when I last quitted them. Nothing so transfigures one of these great cathedral interiors—so fires its fretted vaults and hallowed emblazonry with sublime suggestions—as its

illumination by the sun's rays. Yet the architects seem to have studied to exclude the sunbeams rather than to admit them. The interior of the huge Duomo, at Florence, is so sombre that even at mid-day its bass-reliefs are vague and its statues spectral.

One of the most attractive places in Milan is the Victor Emmanuel Gallery,—a mammoth trading booth enclosing the street space, in the form of a cross, between the cathedral square and that of the Scala. It is three hundred and twenty yards long, is roofed with glass, at a height of ninety-four feet, and has, at its centre, a cupola rising to the height of one hundred and eighty feet. The wall panels and niches of the gallery are adorned with frescos and with statues of celebrated Italians. The frescos on the cupola represent Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; those on the entrance arches are emblematic of Science, Industry, Art, and Agriculture. In the evening the gallery is magnificently illuminated, and with its gay bazaars, and throngs of promenaders and shoppers, presents an animated picture of Milanese life.

September 23.—By rail from Milan to Arona, and thence by boat to Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore. Dined in a garden by the lakeside, and at 4 P.M. quitted Baveno by *Einspänner* for Domo d'Ossola. A lovelier evening never was seen. The weather was superb, the scenery poetic as an Arcadian dream. Descending into the diffracting atmosphere of the hill-sides and lowlands, the mellow light tinged cliff and valley—rock, grove, and vineyard—with ethereal violet, and was dissolved in the rippling lake into myriad tints of delicate, luminous color.

As we bent our course towards the mountains, the retrospect of the lake, the circling, vine-clad hills which slope down to its brink, and the Borromean Islands, was unspeakably beautiful. I could not turn my eyes away from it as long as a glimpse of it remained.

The luxuriant valley along which we pursued our way from

the lake was planted with maize fields, olive groves, and vineyards, mingled with plantations of fig- and chestnut-trees. On a mountain side was seen the granite quarry from which were obtained the majestic columns, twenty-three feet in height, which support the aisles and transept of the Basilica of St. Paul (Fuori le Mura) near Rome. The granite of this locality is noted for its beautiful felspar crystals. Farther on, near the village of Ornavasso, the mountain-side quarries appear from which was taken the marble used in building the Milan Cathedral. At dark we reached the pretty town of Domo d'Ossola, the first important post and diligence station south of the Simplon.

September 24.—Left Domo d'Ossola by diligence at 6 A.M. Weather perfect. I was so fortunate as to obtain a banquette seat,—outside the diligence,—the very best for enjoying the scenery.

The road over the Simplon is one of the finest existing monuments of the energy and genius of the first Napoleon. Begun on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss side in 1801, it was completed in six years, at a cost of about four million dollars. Its construction was resolved upon by Napoleon after the battle of Marengo, in order that he might have a great military road into Italy. He was very impatient for its completion, and is said to have inquired constantly, "*Quand le canon pourra-t-il passer au Simplon ?*" Next to the Brenner, the Simplon was the first great highway over the Alps.

Ascending the fertile and thoroughly Italian Val d'Ossola, the road crosses the Diveria by a bridge one hundred feet in height, penetrates by a gallery the sequestered ravine of Varso, and mounts the Lepontine range by successive engineering triumphs amidst scenes of transcendent grandeur. On no other of the great passes have I been so profoundly impressed with the beauty and sublimity of the Alps as on this one. As we approach the ravine of Gondo, the mighty walls of rock,

rising on both sides to a height of two thousand feet, close together, and seem to terminate the road. Apparently we are caught in a mountain *cul-de-sac*,—an illusion not dispelled until we pass a projecting crag, where a roaring cataract, rushing from the heights above, startles us like a wild beast in ambush, and plunges, in frantic escape, into the sombre depths below. Crossing this torrent by a slender bridge, we enter the gallery of Gondo,—a tunnel two hundred and forty-five yards in length,—from which we emerge into the ravine of Gondo, whose smooth, precipitous walls of mica slate completely overhang the road. This ravine—a gorge of the brawling Diveria—is one of the wildest and grandest in the Alps, surpassing even the famous Via Mala of the Splügen.

We reached the Seventh Refuge, in the Engeloeh, at 1.30 P.M., and passed the old hospice, a weather-beaten, lonely ruin on the old trail, some hundreds of feet below the present road. At 2.10 P.M. we arrived at the new hospice, on the summit. It is a large, plain, prison-like building, with massive walls and windows made small to keep out the cold. The entrance is approached by a lofty flight of stone steps. The establishment, founded by Napoleon for the accommodation of belated wayfarers, is under the management of Augustinian monks from the monastery of St. Bernard, to which it now belongs. Strangers are entertained without charge, but are expected to contribute to the poor-box at least as much as the usual compensation for what they receive.

Near the hospice rises the magnificent peak of Monte Leone, which attains a height of nearly twelve thousand feet. Various other snow-covered peaks, with glaciers lying between, surround a broad basin constituting the highest part of the pass. Winter prevails here from eight to nine months of the year, preventing the growth of any vegetation except the hardy Alpine rose.

The descent on the northern side, unfolding a continuous

panorama of stupendous Alpine glories, was an incomparable experience. As we approached the Sixth Refuge, a magnificent view of the Bernese Alps and the intervening Rhone Valley was disclosed. The vast ice-field of the Oberland, with its wintry desolation, its tremendous abysses, its sky-piercing, snow-covered peaks, burst suddenly upon the vision. Directly opposite, and seemingly near, although ten or fifteen miles distant, "that noblest of ice-streams, the Great Aletsch Glacier," was seen descending "from its birthplace in the mountains." As seen from the Simplon, this glacier appears nearly as Professor Tyndall describes it, as viewed from the Eggischhorn, on the opposite side of the Rhone: "Its arms are thrown round the shoulders of the Jungfrau, while from the Monk and the Trugberg, the Gletscherhorn, the Breithorn, the Aletschhorn, and many another noble pile, the snows descend and thicken into ice. The mountains are well protected by their wintry coats, and hence the quantity of *débris* upon the glacier is comparatively small; still, along it can be noticed dark longitudinal streaks, which are incipient moraines. Right and left from these longitudinal bands sweep finer curves, twisted here and there into complex windings, which mark the lamination of the subjacent ice. The glacier lies in a curved valley, the side towards which its convex curvature is turned is thrown into a state of strain, the ice breaks across the line of tension, a curious system of oblique glacier ravines being thus produced."

Largest of the Alpine glaciers, the Aletsch displays nearly the whole extent of its graceful curvatures—fifteen miles—as we descend the Simplon. Around the huge cradle in which it lies rise, like sentinels, scores of stern, cloud-defying peaks, including many of the loftiest and most celebrated in Switzerland. Professor Tyndall's description of this panorama, as he saw it from the Eggischhorn, affords an excellent idea of its appearance from the Simplon:

"Jungfrau, Monk, Eiger, Trugberg, cliffy Stahlgrat, stately,

lady-like Aletschhorn, all grandly pierce the empyrean. Like a Saul of mountains, the Finsteraarhorn overtops all his neighbors; then we have the Oberaarhorn, with the riven glacier of Viesch rolling from his shoulders. Below is the Märjelen See, with its crystal precipices and its floating icebergs, snowy white, sailing on a blue-green sea. Beyond is the range which divides the Valais from Italy. Sweeping round, the vision meets an aggregate of peaks which look, as fledglings to their mother, towards the mighty Dom. Then come the repellent crags of Mont Cervin, the idea of moral savagery, of wild, untamable ferocity, mingling involuntarily with our contemplation of the gloomy pile. Next comes an object scarcely less grand, conveying, it may be, even a deeper impression of majesty and might than the Matterhorn itself,—the Weisshorn, perhaps the most splendid object in the Alps. But beauty is associated with its force, and we think of it, not as cruel, but as grand and strong. Farther to the right is the Great Combin; other peaks crowd around him; while at the extremity of the curve along which the gaze has swept rises the sovran crown of Mont Blanc.”

The road descends by a winding course, with precipices on the left, to look over which makes the flesh creep. So great is the danger on this part of the line during the period of avalanches and storms, that six houses of refuge and a hospice have been built within a distance of three miles, and the road is covered in many places with galleries to protect it from descending masses of snow. Passing through one of these galleries we hear the roar of a glacier torrent overhead, and through an aperture in the side we perceive the cataract which has rushed over us falling into the abyss below.

Looking back after a descent of ten miles, we perceive, once more, the glacier near which the road reaches the summit of the pass. We then continue our downward course by mazy windings amidst green meadows, and at 4.15 P.M. arrive at

Brieg, the terminus of the Rhone Valley Railway, which it is now proposed to carry under the Simplon range by a tunnel nine or ten miles in length.

Realizing the importance of making the most of the good weather while it lasted, I pushed on by the evening train to Visp, and from thence, at sundown, set out with a horse and guide for St. Niklaus. Night overtook us before we reached Stalden, in the Vispthal, and when we entered the narrow gorge of the Nikolaithal the darkness became intense. The vast shadowy forms of the mountains which rose on either hand concealed the starry firmament all but a narrow strip, and were separated from one another by huge belts of abysmal darkness, which the eye could not pierce. We felt our way along, rather than perceived it, ascending and descending by paths so steep that it was sometimes necessary for me to dismount. All was silent except the low moaning of the night wind among the pines, and the roar and swash of torrents which we could not see. After some hours of this kind of travel, a light twinkled out of the pitchy gloom ahead of us, and my guide remarked, "*Da ist St. Niklaus.*" Half an hour later we reached the village, where I dismounted at the inn, a plain frame building pretentiously named the Grand Hotel.

September 25.—Set out at 6 A.M. for Zermatt. From Visp to St. Niklaus the only thoroughfare is a bridle-path, but from St. Niklaus a rude wagon-road leads on up the valley. My guide of yesterday insisted importunately that I should hire his conveyance,—a small springless wagon,—but I was determined not to forego the luxury of walking, on that radiant morning, the twelve miles which lay between me and Zermatt. The skies were cloudless, the atmosphere invigorating, the scenery magnificently grand. The Nikolaithal lies between the two segments of an enormous glacier field shaped like a horseshoe, with its opening towards the north. The western segment extends out from the Matterhorn, the eastern from

Monte Rosa. Between the two, at the head of the valley where the segments close together in a prodigious range, crowned with perpetual ice and snow, lies Zermatt. The segmentary ranges, as well as the connecting one,—from the Matterhorn to Monte Rosa,—include many of the loftiest mountains and most gigantic glaciers in Switzerland. At Zermatt, as nowhere else, we are at the very heart of the Alpine world.

It was about 10 o'clock A.M. when, rounding a rocky elevation which the road passes below Zermatt, I saw for the first time the stupendous wedge of the Matterhorn. On its left, extending to the Breithorn, lay the vast snow-field of the Theodule glacier, rising like a white wall against the sky. In the foreground, comprising the lowlands which terminate the valley, lay the village of Zermatt. Just beyond the village a bridle-path, rising at first through meadows, and then through a belt of beautiful larches and Alpine cedars, ascends to the chalet seen on the ledge of the Riffelberg, three thousand feet above the plane of the valley. Beyond the larches the path mounts a steep and stony ridge, from which the huge ice-fall of the Gorner Grat glacier is seen bursting through its abysmal gate-way in the valley below, on the right. This glacier, descending from the northern shoulder of Monte Rosa, and carrying with it the tributary currents of ten other glaciers all squeezed into one narrow defile, winds around the Riffelhorn like an immense snake. Its length is nine miles, and its movement twenty to thirty inches per annum.

At one o'clock I reached the chalet, having walked twelve miles besides the ascent of the mountain. For a time my strength seemed exhausted, but an hour's rest and an Alpine dinner of bread and milk prepared me for the ascent of the Gorner Grat, a rocky ridge which rises eighteen hundred feet above the Riffelberg chalet, and nearly five thousand feet above Zermatt. The summit of the Grat was gained about

three o'clock. I was entirely alone,—not a living soul could be seen. There was no sound except a deep-toned, muffled rumbling heard occasionally in the direction of the Schwärze glacier, as if some huge ice-mass were grating on its bed. Clear around the horizon extended the vast amphitheatre of peaks, glaciers, and perpetual snow-fields, the grandest, perhaps, in the world. Monte Rosa alone was disappointing; snow-white and gracefully formed, it is yet not so imposing as when seen from the Italian side. To its right rises the huge, craggy mass of the Lyskamm, from whose ledges wild avalanches are often precipitated. Between Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm lies a wide valley, into which both mountains pour their accumulations of snow, forming the Grenz glacier, in magnitude a rival to the Gorner. To the right of the Lyskamm are seen two pointed peaks of spotless whiteness and smooth as enamel. They are known as Castor and Pollux, and form the farther boundary of an immense *nevé*, from which the Schwärze glacier descends along the eastern wall of the huge, ungainly Breithorn. Continuing to the right, the eye ranges over the snow-fields of the Theodule glacier to the Matterhorn, against whose southern wall a mass of cloud clings, caused by contact of the moist wind, blowing up the valley, with the colder stone of the mountain. Around the base and far up the sides of the Matterhorn lie enormous deposits of snow, from which the Furggen and other glaciers derive their ice-currents. Turning northward, on the western segment of the range, we behold the peaks and glaciers of the Gabelhorn, the Rothhorn, and last of all the Weiss horn, regarded by Professor Tyndall as “the noblest of all the Alps.” Along the range on the opposite side of the Nikolaithal the eye strikes the majestic peaks of the Alphubel, the Allalein-horn, and the Mischabel, including the Dom, which is one of the grandest of the Alps.

While I was absorbed in admiration of this glorious scene,

a couple of English pedestrians—a lady and gentleman—joined me on the Grat. I had descried them with my glass some time before, meandering, alpen-stock in hand, around the base of the Riffelhorn. During the conversation which we naturally fell into, madame informed me that she was now making one of her usual annual tours afoot among the mountains of that vicinity. All the peaks, glaciers, and passes of the neighborhood seemed to be familiar to her. Referring to some inquiry of mine about the St. Theodule Pass, which crosses the snow-fields east of the Matterhorn, she remarked that the day before she had come over that pass, from the Italian side, on foot! The summit of the pass, nearly eleven thousand feet above sea-level, is covered with perpetual snow.

In all the vast panorama seen from the Gorner Grat, the Matterhorn is the most unique and interesting as well as the most conspicuous object. Its isolation, altitude, form, and the tragic event with which its name is associated, conspire to make it the cynosure of all the Alps. Its height, variously stated, is not much short of fifteen thousand feet. Seen from the Riffel, and from Zermatt, it appears to be a solid, smooth pyramid of rock, yet there are horizontal surfaces on its sides, which, upon near approach, extend away like plains. Corroded by the frosts and storms of ages, it sheds nearly every day tons of loosened rock which roll down its sides, yet so enormous is its mass that even centuries of such loss would be scarcely perceptible. Seen from the Val Tournanche, on the Italian side, its entire face rises like a series of terraced walls.

Until 1865 no human foot had pressed its flinty, lightning-seared summit. In August, 1860, Professor John Tyndall and Mr. F. V. Hawkins attempted to scale its highest pinnacle, and failed. In August, 1862, Tyndall, accompanied by his favorite guide, Bennen, made another attempt, and gained a point almost within a stone's throw of the summit, but was

compelled by appalling risks and difficulties to turn back. Other unsuccessful attempts to scale the mountain were made by Edward Whymper, in 1864. On the 14th of July, 1865, Mr. Whymper, starting from Zermatt, attempted for the ninth time to gain the summit, and was, at last, successful. He was accompanied by Lord Francis Douglas (aged nineteen), Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. Hadow, and three guides. During the descent Hadow slipped, the connecting rope broke, and Messrs. Douglas, Hudson, Hadow, and a guide named Croz fell from precipice to precipice to the Matterhorn glacier, nearly four thousand feet below. The body of Douglas was never recovered; the others were found next morning, and buried in the church-yard at Zermatt. Three days after this calamity a party of four guides reached the summit from Le Breuil. During the summer of 1868, Professor Tyndall, accompanied by two guides,—Joseph and Pierre Maquignaz,—made a third and successful assault upon the mountain. “On our attaining the summit,” says Tyndall, “a fog from Italy rolled over us, and for some minutes we were clasped by a cold and clammy atmosphere. But this passed rapidly away, leaving above us a blue heaven and far below us the sunny meadows of Zermatt. The mountains were almost wholly unclouded, and such clouds as lingered among them only added to their magnificence. The Dent d’Erin, the Dent Blanche, the Gabelhorn, the Mischabel, the range of heights between it and Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn, were all at hand, and clear; while the Weisshorn, noblest and most beautiful of all, shook out a banner towards the north, formed by the humid southern air as it grazed the crest of the mountain.”

Charmed by the solitude,—magnetized by the sublimity of the scenes around me,—I lingered on the summit of the Grat long after my chance companions had left it. As evening approached, I began the descent, but a side path which seemed

to lead directly down to the glacier beguiled me into an attempt to reach it. After following this path for half an hour, I found myself no nearer the glacier than before, and again set out for the Riffelberg chalet. On the summit of the Riffelhorn stood what appeared to be the figure of a man, as if observing my movements. It was nothing, as I afterwards learned, but a pile of stones, said to be magnetic. Both the Grat and the Riffelhorn are huge magnets,—made so, it is believed, by lightning.

By the time I had regained the main path, the sun was setting, and the exhibition of commingled light, color, and shadow upon the peaks, glaciers, and snow-fields was unspeakably grand. Every few steps I was obliged to halt and note some new and startling phenomenon in the magnificent diorama. No other day that I have ever been permitted to see died so gorgeously as that 25th of September on the Gorner Grat. While the sunbeams lasted, the heavens were violet at the zenith, gold, purple, and crimson around the horizon. The more exposed peaks were glowing pyramids; glaciers and snow expanses upon which the strongest light fell seemed to be fairly aflame; huge masses of naked rock, colorless and sombre at noontide, burned as if with inward fire. Belts of shadow, green and dark, drawn along the illuminated parts, made the light and color seem stronger by contrast. As the sun relaxed its power the more brilliant hues were softened to a delicate flush on the snow surfaces, which changed to rayless, pearly white of intensest purity, as the last glowing beam departed.

As I approached the chalet I was met by an American,—a Philadelphia physician,—who said he had come up from Zermatt during the afternoon, and at first intended to push on up the Grat, but had concluded to postpone the ascent until tomorrow. I retired soon after the evening *table d'hôte*, intending to make an early start for Visp, and was awakened at

dawn by the dripping of water from the eaves of the chalet. Looking out, I perceived that the atmosphere was thick with fog and the ground white with freshly-fallen snow. Such is the fickleness of Alpine weather; glowing and gorgeous at sunset, it had changed before sunrise to dismal winter. All the glorious scenery was veiled in dripping cloud; not a mountain or a glacier could be seen. My American friend was disconsolate. "What a fool I was; why didn't I go up yesterday!" he soliloquized.

Amidst a cold, cheerless drizzle, I walked down to Zermatt, and there took an *Einspänner* for St. Niklaus. The drizzle changed to rain, which poured down steadily all the way. At St. Niklaus I resumed the journey on foot, and after a three hours' walk in the rain arrived at Visp, where I caught the up-train for Brieg. Early next morning I set out by diligence for the Rhone glacier and the Furca, intending to descend, *via* Andermatt and Göschenen, to Flüelen and Lucerne. The weather continued sunless and misty as we left Brieg. The mountains were veiled far down by masses of cloud, under the skirts of which, as we advanced up the valley, was seen a virgin drapery of freshly-fallen snow. Our course, keeping company with the brawling torrent of the Rhone, and ascending rapidly, brought us in the course of the forenoon into an atmospheric zone where the rain and mist of the morning changed to snow. The farther and higher we went the more violently the storm raged. The damp snow-flakes, coalescing in their descent, came down in chunks, and clung in masses to every resisting object. The dark-green pine- and cedar-trees on the mountain sides were changed by it to the color and semblance of sheeted apparitions; telegraph poles by the roadside were overthrown by its weight upon the wires; the diligence rolled heavily through its accumulating depths. Sometimes the poles had to be removed before we could pass by, our conductor not hesitating to cut the wires when necessary

to facilitate a passage. The villages of this valley are never very attractive; in such weather they looked dismal indeed. At one of these, during a brief halt, we encountered some English tourists turning back towards Brieg. The storm, they said, had spoiled all their plans.

We arrived at the inn near the Rhone glacier—*Wirtshaus im Gletsch*—about 2 P.M. The storm had by that time become terrific, and the air was filled with driving snow, flying almost horizontally before the wind. The conductor, as he opened the door of the diligence for us to alight, announced, "*Messieurs, la diligence ne va plus loin. Elle partira à trois heures pour Brieg.*"

Indeed! The diligence would proceed no farther, but at three o'clock would set out for Brieg! I could hardly think of going back, and sought a guide to accompany me on foot, over the Furca Pass.

"No guide will go with you, sir," said the *portier* of the inn. "The snow lies on the road over the pass six feet deep."

Further inquiry only confirmed these declarations. "You cannot get over," was the unvarying answer; "no guide will go with you." There was no help for it; I must go back to Brieg, or wait indefinitely for the storm to end and the snow to pack. Through the thickly-flying snow-flakes I discerned, faintly and wistfully, the road ascending like a corkscrew the cliffs far above us. I tried to perceive also the beautiful ice-fall of the Rhone glacier, but that was impossible; the air was too thick.

The return trip to Brieg was a cheerless, monotonous, downhill ride, lasting far into the night. During the greater part of it I was the only occupant of the cold and dismal diligence. Next morning I quitted Brieg for Lausanne.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRAMP THROUGH TYROL.

"I AM going to explore some of the wildest glacier regions of Tyrol," I said to a young American friend, "and if you care to join in the expedition, I would be glad to have you meet me at the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Innsbrück."

He readily accepted the proposition, and our plan and date of meeting were arranged. On the day and at the very hour agreed upon we each arrived at the place appointed, he coming over the mountains, on foot, from Munich *via* Partenkirchen and Zirl, and I from Vienna *via* Gmünden, Ischl, and Wörgl. Our expedition was not arranged in all its details, but was planned to carry us over the principal passes and glaciers of the Stubaier and Oetzthaler Alps.

The city of Innsbrück lies at the most easterly point of a nearly equilateral triangle of which the Innthal (Valley of the Inn) is the base and the Oetzthal and Stubaithal are the sides. At the contiguous sources of the two valleys last named lies one of the most extensive ice-fields in the whole Alpine region. It is an immense expanse of glittering glacier and bare, weather-beaten rock, where animal and vegetable life almost cease, and where all is silent save the thunder of the cataract and the wild revelry of the storm. Cleaving this field in all directions are minor valleys and abysses, out of which the glacial torrents pour, and up the steep sides of which the hardy cedars and larches of the Alps stubbornly struggle, but which even they are finally obliged to yield to the absolute dominion of perpetual ice. Such were the regions which we two were seeking to explore, intending to behold with our own eyes, if possible, their rarely-visited solitudes and mysteries.

Setting out from Innsbrück, on a fine afternoon in August, we soon reached, and began to scale, the rocky confines of the valley, by a winding road which leads up—or rather up to—the Stubaithal. Our conveyance was a *Stellwagen*, the primitive mail-carrying stage of Tyrol. As we ascended from one lofty plane to another, along the western incline of a profound defile, the Brenner railway lay far below, on our left, writhing, so to speak, in the first stages of its prodigious struggle with the Alpine heights. Far behind us, in the broad, distant valley, lay Innsbrück, its roofs and pinnacles receding and dwindling more and more with each advancing mile. In front, always “so near and yet so far,” rose the massive wall of the Solstein, its symmetrical cone terminating in a shapely, solitary peak which proudly pierced the sky. To the right the Sailerspitz reared its rugged crest. Between these giants the Stubaithal, first seen from a commanding point on the road, lay before us in far-reaching vista, its upper portion fading into softly-shaded outlines, blue, dim, and vapory. Along its varying course its meadows were speckled with white-walled cottages and hamlets, upon which the rude chalets of mountaineers and herdsmen looked down from its rocky slopes.

The post-road, rough and rustic, continued as far as Vulpes, a mining town, with iron-works, where the *Stellwagen* finished its course, and we began our pedestrian tour. Shouldering our light packets,—our heavier ones had been sent roundabout by mail,—we pressed cheerily forward, joined by two young Saxons, from Leipsic, who were also spending their vacation in the pursuit of Alpine adventures. All went well enough for the first hour or two, but meanwhile the thickening vapor, at first distantly seen and scarcely heeded, had crept steadily down the valley, which now became suddenly overcast, and drenched with torrents of rain. One of us had experienced just such violent precipitation in the mountains of

Western Virginia, while campaigning with Fremont, and had slept in such storms with no roof, and nothing but a gum blanket and some fence rails for a bed; but the experience of the other and younger of us had not so well prepared him for the present adverse turn of affairs.

Neustift, the point we were aiming for, described by Baedeker as "the last village in the valley with a church," had been descried before the rain came on, but as night fell, the storm increased, and we trudged along shoe-top deep in water, and no village or sign of one could be seen, we began to conclude that Neustift, instead of being on the confines of Christendom, must lie beyond its pale. At length, just as the tempest and the darkness had reached their climax, we ran square up against Neustift—if I may so speak—and were immediately welcomed to the substantial comforts of a Tyrolese country inn.

In every such well-ordered hostelry in Tyrol the stranger is met at the threshold by a handsome, sprucely-dressed *Fräulein*, of lively humor, whose business it is to dish up things, and help weary and moody guests to make themselves comfortable and cheerful. In return for her smiles and little attentions, *Fräulein* receives from each appreciative beneficiary a few kreutzers of pin-money, some words of compliment, and a good-by pinch of her rosy cheeks, after the fashion of the country. All of which brings to mind the fact that my young companion, who quickly forgot his discomfort from the storm when Gretchen began to serve the hot victuals, had stopped the night before at a peasant's chalet, where the family, as usual, were piously Catholic. When bedtime came, the *Fräulein*, whose business it was, arose in her place and began repeating a family prayer. The stranger, not apprised of what was going on, supposed he was being addressed, and, turning to the maiden, inquired in his politest German, "*Wie beliebt?*"—What do you wish? Intensely amused at the oddity of the inquiry, *Fräulein* broke down in her devotions and

tittered aloud. Her stern parent endeavored to sober her with his severest frown, but it was no use; in a moment the suppressed laughter broke out all round the family circle, and there was no more chance for solemnity on that occasion.

Among our fellow-guests was a young German advocate from Munich, also making a vacation tour in the mountains, and intending to take the same route which we had planned. He was not at all discouraged by the storm; on the contrary, he was sure the weather on the morrow would be *wunderschön*, for he was a member of the Alpine Club, and had news that the barometer at the Dresdener Hütte—one of the Club's stations—on the Bildstöckl Alp indicated the most favorable condition of the atmosphere that could be desired. A bright sunrise seemed to justify this optimism. There were some sinister clouds in the sky, phlegmatic and slow-moving, but they had very bright silver linings which folded over on the edges, giving assurance of no end of sunshine if only the lumpish masses of vapor would get out of the way.

We were off betimes, leaving the guides to pack up and follow. The valley narrowed rapidly; the road degenerated into a rough and crooked trail. The mountains on both sides were of great height and very steep. At Ranault, the last hamlet, the valley branches and begins to assume the savage aspect peculiar to the upper Alps. While we were halting to observe the scenery a short distance beyond Ranault, a Tyrolese peasant came along, and inquired in his peculiar German whether we had noticed the herd of chamois feeding on the cliff overhead. Immediately we brought our glasses to bear in the direction suggested, and saw about two dozen of the shy little creatures grazing in a strip of meadow not less than three thousand feet above us. Consciously secure at their great altitude, they moved about, one by one, leisurely nipping the herbage among the rocks.

An hour's walk farther on we were obliged to seek refuge

in the huts of some cow-herds from a sudden cloudburst. The rain, brief though violent, was quickly succeeded by sunshine. The dismal huts, windowless and filthy, in which we had taken shelter were the last signs of human habitation in the valley ; beyond them a short distance the lateral ranges closed together, forming a gigantic barrier of rock, adown which a roaring torrent poured, formed by the glaciers far above. In the course of ages this torrent had worn its way into the solid ledges, forming a narrow chasm, out of the dark depths of which issued the subdued reverberations of the fretted waters. No other sound was heard in this solitude save the wild cry of an occasional marmot disturbed by our approach. Some beautiful striations made by ancient glaciers were observed on the bare surface of the rock as we ascended the range. In some places the exposed strata exhibited, as distinctly as though it were the work of yesterday, the smoothing and grooving done by descending masses of ice, which must have slid over them ages on ages ago. Thus Nature writes history, in characters enduring, unmistakable, and so simple that a child can understand them.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we reached the Dresdener Hütte, at the foot of the glacier. This hut, in which we proposed to pass the night, is one of many such which have been erected by the Austro-German Alpine Club for the benefit of tourists on the wild mountain passes of Tyrol. These rude hostelries are provided with plain chairs and tables, stoves and utensils for cooking, mattresses and a few bed-coverings. They are kept in order by the licensed guides, who are custodians of the keys, and carry up the necessary fuel. Our first care was to examine the barometer, of the favorable indications of which our young Munich friend had spoken in such a burst of enthusiasm. The indications were indeed favorable, so far as the aneroid was concerned, the index of the instrument having been permanently adjusted by the last occupants

of the hut. The atmospheric symptoms were not quite so encouraging. A fire built by the guides in the chimney of the hut soon caused a general rush for the door. The smoke all came down instead of going up, and our cooking proceeded under difficulties. Until supper was ready, those of us not pressed into culinary service took observations of the weather, and of the scenes of solitude and rocky, ice-bound desolation round about us. The atmosphere was nebulous and chilly, and the sun went down amidst gloomy shadows. The fatigues of the day made sleep grateful, even upon the stony floor of the hut.

We resumed the ascent at daybreak. The cold, uncomfortable at first, was quickly forgotten in the exercise of clambering over the moraine. The glacier was reached in half an hour, and then the snow-field, seemingly boundless, in mounting which we moved in Indian file, about ten feet apart, lashed to one another by a rope. I was not long in finding a spot where a thin, deceptive covering of snow concealed a pit to which there was no perceptible bottom. Fortunately the cleft was narrow, and the result of the fall was nothing more serious than a slight bruise. The *nevé*, becoming steeper and more yielding as we ascended, lay like a white sheet let down from the sky between us and the apex of the *Joch*, whose smooth, snow-covered ridge, polished by the wind, seemed delusively near. By steady plodding we gained the ridge at 7 A.M., and stood upon the crown of the range known as the Bildstöckljoch, about eleven thousand feet above sea-level. A strong wind, bitterly cold, blew over the *Joch*, in a cavity of which lay a small lake, solidly frozen over. This on the 19th day of August! Ravelled shreds of cloud floated from the highest summits, but on all sides the eye ranged over a tumultuous expanse of snow-field, glacier, and barren rock, cleft by mighty chasms and abysses. In some directions the vision pierced far into Switzerland and Italy.

The scene was one of sublime desolation,—the desolation where cold, solitude, and barrenness reign supreme. Sometimes a far, white snow-field, on which the sunshine lay, glittered and sparkled lovely as the fields of fairy-land, while here and there a majestic peak displayed its shapely form, smooth and fair as spotless alabaster ; but generally speaking the outlook was solemn, stupendous, and severe, with few touches of beauty or gentleness to relieve its savage grandeur.

Our descent, at first down a steep, rocky ledge, led us upon the Windach glacier, where again the rope had to be used. Beyond the glacier our course descended several thousand feet, by numberless turns and zigzags, into the Windachthal, adown which we kept company with the glacier torrent until a group of huts was reached,—the first below the snow-line,—where we drank our fill of fresh milk, cooled in a mountain spring. From these huts a splendid retrospect was had of the white summits we had crossed, looking far more pleasing from below than from above, as they glittered in the sun. Quitting the huts, we walked for three hours down the deep, narrow gorge of the Windachthal, the precipitous sides of which, dressed in deep-green pine, mingled with the lighter green of larch and Alpine cedar, were made luminous or thrown into deep shadow by the effusive light of an August afternoon. It was a rare and striking exhibition of color,—that variegated green with the blue sky over it, and the dark chasm beneath, at the bottom of which—perhaps two thousand feet below the foot-path—was heard the fretful clamor of the deep-voiced torrent.

At the lower terminus of the Windachthal we looked down from a lofty promontory into the deep basin of the Oetzthal, the longest lateral valley of the Inn. At the bottom of this valley appeared the village of Sölden, whose pretty white cottages and church, surrounded by velvety meadows and forests of pointed cedars and pines, presented a very pleasing picture. Descending from the heights, we refreshed ourselves for an

hour at the village inn, past the door of which dashed and sparkled one of the loveliest cascades in all Tyrol. Although it is not starred in the guide-books, or famous like the Giessbach, or the Staubbach, this silvery torrent of the Oetzthal is in some respects more beautiful than either. Far up the mountain side it gushes forth from the environing foliage, then dashes down an evenly-inclined plane for a quarter of a mile over its rocky bed, sparkling, flashing, roaring in wild, beautiful tumult of boisterous haste, until it pours itself into the channel of the Ache at the bottom of the valley. Nothing could be finer in its way than this mad little cataract with its village, forest, and meadow accompaniments; and while regarding the bewitching insanity of its frenzied flood I felt that it would be a great happiness to be an artist capable of showing truthfully on canvas how the waters come down at Sölden.

The Alpine valleys have certain features which are common to them all, or nearly all. Their primary stage is that of a fissure or gorge into which the torrents fall or the glaciers slide. In descending from its parent snow-field, or *nevé*, the glacier usually reaches the brink of a lofty semicircular bench or ridge, in falling over which its mass is fissured, broken, and disintegrated. With this bench, or the terminal moraine which has been carried over it, the valley proper begins. In elevated regions of this character no trees grow, although herbage and flowers are sometimes seen up to the very edge of the ice-current. The next stage brings us down to the timber-line, where begin the hardier growths of mountain conifera, at first dwarfed and scattered, but soon acquiring the proportions of a well-developed forest. Below this belt the valley almost invariably expands, making room for meadows and the first human settlements; then it contracts until it becomes, perhaps, a mere gorge between the mountains; then it widens again to greater extent than before, affording tillable land enough to support a considerable settlement, with possibly a village.

These contractions and expansions, usually not more than three or four in number, but more numerous when the valley is a long one, alternate with successive benches or plateaus, which drop from one plane to another like gigantic stairs. Finally, the valley terminates in a narrow gorge, with lofty and precipitous sides, through which its waters find vent.

Such was the Windachthal, out of which we had just emerged, and such also the Gurglerthal, into which we were about to enter. Both of these are minor branches of the Oetzthal, which is broad and fertile at its lower extremity, but in its upper portions is much exposed to mud-torrents and avalanches, and branches off into many wild ravines which ramify the vast ice-fields of the Oetzthaler Alps. The largest of these ravines is the Fenderthal, into which descend the glacier torrents of its branches, the Rofenthal and Niederthal. Furrowing, in a converging course, the northern slope of the gigantic Alpine water-shed between the Inn and the Adige, the Fenderthal and Gurglerthal unite and lose their identity in the Oetzthal; between them rises a lofty glacier-bearing range crossed by a pass, practicable for pedestrians, known as the Ramoljoch; at their junction, in the Oetzthal, lies the little hamlet of Zwieselstein, above which rises the huge rocky bastion in which the dividing range terminates. At Zwieselstein we reach the Gurglerthal by climbing the steep mountain barrier which closes its entrance, excepting only the chasm through which its torrent escapes into the Oetzthal. After we have scrambled up this height by a fatiguing course, among rocks and pine-trees, the valley opens before us in narrow, far-reaching perspective, between converging ranges of lofty mountains. Few people dwell in this remote, icy solitude; its loneliness is almost oppressive. A few patches of meadow furnish its sole promise of human sustenance.

The only person we saw or met on our way up the Gurglerthal was the neighborhood postman,—like ourselves, a pedes-

trian. Whatever mail he carried—if any—was contained in a haversack, which seemed to be in a chronic state of vacuity. To our inquiries whether he had any letters for us, he replied with looks of blank amazement. Our most unaccountable questions were no doubt jotted down in his memory among the most bewildering occurrences of his life.

The last and principal settlement in this valley is the little hamlet of Ober Gurgel, of which Baedeker speaks as “the leftiest village in Tyrol, situated amid magnificent scenery.” Now, Baedeker is extremely sparing of superlatives, and when he says anything is magnificent we may be sure that it is so. And so, in this case, the event proved. We approached Ober Gurgel about sunset, after a walk of four hours and a half from Sölden, and found it a pretty cluster of cottages among the pastures, grouped around a neat little chapel. All around it rise gigantic mountains, out of the notches of which hang the wrinkled tongues—like those of monsters caged—of some of the most wonderful glaciers in the Oetzthal field. The village contains no inn, but the *curé*, good soul, came out to greet us, extending both hands, and bidding us welcome to lodge under his roof. Had we been old acquaintances and near friends, we could not have been more thoughtfully entertained than we were that night at the fireside of this noble-hearted stranger. Human hearts seem to grow warmer as we approach the regions of perpetual ice. Ober Gurgel lies six thousand two hundred and sixty-six feet—more than a mile—above the plane of Paris or New York.

Early next morning we set out for the Ramoljoch. A short distance from the village our path led up a steep, meadowy mountain, until a height of at least two thousand feet was gained above the brawling torrent of the Gurgler Ache. From this altitude a splendid retrospect was had of the Gurglerthal, overhung by craggy precipices and snow-capped mountains. The pretty hamlet of Ober Gurgel seemed

but a group of toy houses among the bright-green meadows. Above us, a thousand feet or more, a huge stratum of ice, apparently hundreds of feet thick, glittered like glass upon an overhanging ledge, from which it seemed ready to roll down upon our heads. Beyond us, looking up the valley, the great Gurgler glacier was seen, with its tributary snow-fields, pouring its resistless ice-current across the path of its less powerful neighbor, the Langthaler glacier, which descends into the same valley. Traces of this conflict between the prodigious forces of nature are seen in the scarred condition of the walls of the arena within which they have wrestled with one another. The beaten combatant seems, for the present, to have drawn back into its lair; for a placid lake, in which small icebergs float, now usually holds a truce between the contending glaciers, albeit, at the time we passed by, this gentle peace-maker had disappeared,—by evaporation,—leaving behind it only a seamed and discolored chasm.

As we pursued our course along the face of the mountain, about two thousand feet above the Gurgler glacier, its gracefully-curved moraine could be seen winding down the valley for miles from the vast *nevé* which lay behind it. Above the *nevé* rose the Hochwildspitze, and various other giant peaks with Brobdingnagian titles. To the eastward the Gross Glockner ice-field is sometimes visible from here, but from our eyes it was veiled by rapidly-gathering vapor, which the atmospheric caprice of these lofty altitudes soon converted into mist. Clambering over huge piles of rocky *débris* we reached the Ramol glacier, over which we walked, wading knee-deep in last year's snow. Meanwhile, in lieu of the mist, a heavy precipitation of snow had set in, and flew before the wind, which blew among the blackened crags around the glacier, a howling gale. By the time we had gained the summit of the *Joch* the storm had reached its crisis, and we were glad to seek refuge from its violence under a sheltering ledge. Such

was the state of the weather, on the Ramoljoch, on the 20th day of August.

The temperature was wintry ; nothing could be seen. Our young Munich friend, who had been ambitious to show how much faster he could get over rocks and glaciers than the rest of us, lay down on the wet stones and fell asleep from fatigue. His face was blanched, and there was apparently no strength left in him. After waiting an hour for the storm to abate, we awakened him with the admonition that if he hoped ever to see the fatherland again, he had better prepare to move. From the *Joch*, which is but a narrow comb of rock, we descended, on the western slope, to the Spiegel glacier, whose treacherous *crevasses* made it necessary to use the rope. For some thousands of feet we passed, with prodigious strides, down an inclined plane of soft snow, into which, at every step, we sank to the knees. Keeping progress with our descent, the snow merged into solid ice, and the sky began to clear, so that, by the time we came upon the hard, blue surface of the lower glacier, the white peaks, emerging as if freshly blanched from their baptism of cloud, fairly dazzled in the sunshine. Suddenly we found ourselves again in genuine August weather, the heat of which caused the surface of the ice to trickle with thousands of little currents, bright and transparent as rippling sunlight. With the speed of magic nearly the whole sky was swept of cloud, but below us, in the gorges of the Fenderthal and Niederthal, masses of white vapor still concealed all beneath them. Not long, however, for as if seized with fright and bewilderment, those vapory masses suddenly began to move rapidly to and fro ; then, as if shot from a cannon's mouth, rose perpendicularly in whirling eddies until, striking a colder medium, they were absorbed and disappeared.

At the foot of the glacier our little party separated, we two turning to the left up the Niederthal, and our Munich friend keeping straight on down the valley to Fend. We had not

gone far until, looking back, we saw our weary companion lying flat on the ground, taking a good rest. Evidently he had felt himself in no condition to accompany us on the rough route we had chosen.

Our first task was to cross the moraine of the Spiegel glacier, —a huge mass of broken rock, jammed together in the bed of the gorge. The undertaking was one requiring much caution, as I was soon taught by a violent fall and lucky escape from serious bruises. The unshapen blocks of sienite, carried down by the ice, lay with their flinty corners and angles most inconveniently upturned, and were surfaced like a rasp.

Up the Niederthal and the Rofenthal, which unite at Fend, lead the two principal bridle-paths which cross the range, the one by the Niederjoch, the other by the Hochjoch. On either side of these ravines the mountains, treeless and very steep, rise to the height of ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. Turning from the moraine sharply to the left, we crossed a rocky ridge, and walked along the eastern face of the Niederthal, at a height of from two thousand to three thousand feet above the bottom of the ravine. We were now in the midst of an enormous cluster of ice-bearing ranges, and as we advanced up the gorge a splendid scene burst upon our vision. First the round, crystalline top of the Schalkkogel, incomparably white against the deep-blue sky, came into view on our left; then, simultaneously, the equally white and dazzling but more irregular Kreutzspitze lifted its serrated pinnacles to our right; and directly before us, a very dream of Alpine grace and beauty, rose the symmetrical, snow-enshrouded pyramid of the Similaun. Around the semicircle outlined by this trinity of giants, a series of immense glaciers—those of the Marzell and the Hochjoch being chief—poured their mighty ice-currents into the abysses of the Rofenthal and Niederthal. The Marzell glacier, with its tributaries, forms a colossal mass of ice which descends far into the valley, carrying with it a

serpentine moraine of graceful curvature and measureless weight of crushed and abraded rock. About a thousand feet above this mass, along the western slope of the gorge, leads the path to the Samoar Hütte and the Niederjoch. This path we reached by descending the eastern slope and crossing the ravine upon a lofty snow-bridge formed by an avalanche which, descending from the mountain, had filled the lower part of the gorge with its huge mass, and obliged the torrent to burrow through it.

The Samoar Hütte, on the Niederjoch, like the Dresdener Hütte, on the Bildstöckljoch, is a rude cabin built by the Alpine Club for the benefit of mountain adventurers. By diligent climbing we managed to reach the hut just as the sun was setting, and just in time to find refuge from a violent rain. Several German tourists—one a lady—had just taken lodgings for the night, and a savory smell of coffee and roast mutton pervaded the domicile. The pouring of the rain on the thin pine roof, the subdued roar of the torrent down in the gorge, and the sizzle of fresh meat in the saucepan formed a collection, if not a harmony, of sweet sounds particularly pleasing to people so hungry and tired as ourselves. A curious company we were, too, as we sat around the rough tables, endeavoring to twist the German language into threads of conversation from the inharmonious spindles of half a dozen different dialects. While we were all doing our best to be comfortable and happy, suddenly, like an apparition, the full moon, peering through a notch in the mountains, looked in at the open door, and seemed to laugh a wild, merry, elfish laugh from its big, round face. The clouds had broken away a little and given our serene visitor a chance to make this call; but directly the vapory curtains knit together again, the rain resumed its musical beat, and our group of weary pedestrians one after another surrendered their consciousness to the magic of its lullaby.

At dawn, the rain having ceased, we took a guide and set

out to scale the Kreutzspitze. The ascent began at the door of the hut, and was toilsome all the way to the summit, but the effort it cost was abundantly requited by ever unfolding and widening views of indescribable grandeur. We seemed to be between two planes of vapor, one veiling the topmost peaks, and the other wedged into the abysses far below us. The Venter Wildspitze—the loftiest of the Oetzthal Alps—disclosed only the lower part of its massive pyramid, and the Weisskugel—twelve thousand three hundred feet—stubbornly refused to display its full grandeur of height and form. Nevertheless, the spectacle was sublime enough, as we looked around from a height of over ten thousand feet upon a vast field of icy desolation, overtopped by mountain giants which were playing hide-and-seek with the frantic, wind-driven clouds. The atmospheric bewilderment, almost dramatic in its effects, was something glorious to witness. The movement of the immense masses of vapor, swept hither and thither, laterally and perpendicularly, by the capricious atmospheric currents, imparted to the mountains a certain mysterious grandeur which they could scarcely have had under clear skies. When the clouds broke above the snowy peaks, and the sun streamed down upon their crystalline whiteness, making their wind-polished, spotless surfaces gleam and dazzle, the effect was almost supernaturally grand; it was like a revelation from the skies. Over immense fields of ice and snow, intermittently revealed, black canopies of cloud trailed their frayed edges, as if rapidly dragged from above by some unseen spirit of the air. In all directions fissured glaciers poured their currents into the valleys, from whose dark depths, thousands of feet below us, came up the deep, solemn roar of rushing waters. There was no other sound than that, and no other life than our own. We seemed to have passed into a supermundane sphere, solitary, savage, and sublime, having neither sympathy nor connection with the genial dwelling-places of men.

The wind was keen, and snow fell occasionally from the shreds of cloud which swept over us. To keep from being chilled, my companion exercised himself by starting over the brink large fragments of rock which lay loose upon the summit, and watching them plunge in prodigious leaps from precipice to precipice until the shock of their tremendous momentum came up in echoing thunders from the unseen abysses beneath. My athletic friend was admonished not to spoil the scenery by tearing down the mountain, but kept heedlessly on, heaving overboard one huge stone after another, until it seemed as if another Polypheme were there, bombarding some fugitive Ulysses. The Kreutzspitze was finally saved from complete abrasion by the constraint of other engagements compelling us to quit the mountain, which we had planned to do in the direction of the Rofenthal. In order to descend on that side we were obliged, at first, to walk along a cornice of snow which overhung a precipice of great height. As the cornice sloped steeply to the right, we kept near its outer edge, which projected over the ledge beneath it. Fortunately it was solid enough to bear our weight; otherwise this record never would have been written. At the end of the cornice we found a practicable route of descent down the steep—nearly perpendicular—side of the cone to the glacier, or rather to its *nevé*, over which we walked in soft snow, sinking, sometimes, nearly to the waist. We marched single file, a few yards apart, attached to each other by a hemp cord, which we hoped was stout enough to enable any two of us to pull the third out of any *crevasse*, or *Bergschrund*, into which he might fall. There were many treacherous places, where the snow changed color, and its incrustated surface sounded hollow beneath our footfalls. We felt much relieved when we reached the solid ice, seamed and perforated as it was by pits and *crevasses*.

A descent of two hours brought us to the Rofenthal Hospice,

at the foot of the Hochjoch glacier. The enormous mass of ice which constitutes this glacier lies across the range like a saddle, discharging its current on the northern side into the Rofenthal, and on the southern into the Schnalserthal. To cross it from end to end, exclusive of its ice-fall, requires a brisk walk of two hours. Although we had surveyed its entire extent from the Kreutzspitze, its magnitude was not fully realized until we came to traverse it on foot. Upon its steep northern incline thousands of rivulets were coursing down its surface, caused by the afternoon heat of the August sun. Frequently these rivulets, flowing together in a common channel, formed a considerable torrent, which poured into a perpendicular shaft in the ice with thunderous reverberations. These shafts, called *moulins*—mills, abound upon the Hochjoch. They are scooped out by the swirls of water which are produced when the surface currents strike cracks in the ice caused by the movement of the glacier. Their depth varies from fifty to three hundred and fifty feet, according to the thickness of the ice and the ramification of its interior cavities. Nearly all glaciers are pierced by *moulins* in number greater or less. Those of the Hochjoch, having large, slippery orifices, polished by the water, looked like horrible man-traps, into which it would be easy to slide, and from which it would be impossible to escape.

Beyond the summit of the range the glacier slopes to the south, and the destination of its waters is changed from the Danube and the Black Sea to the Po and the Adriatic. Our guide left us at the southern extremity of the ice-field, where the Schnalserthal opens and a well-defined path begins. An hour's descent by this path brought us to Kurzras, the name given to the first chalet which is reached after passing the *Joch*. Here we remained for the night, glad to avail ourselves, after such a day's experiences, of the plain but scrupulously cleanly and most enjoyable hospitality of the chalet.

August 22.—Left Kurzras at 7.30 A.M. Rain had fallen during the night, and the upper mountains were enveloped in misty cloud which, while excluding the sunshine, seemed to impart a deeper greenness to the meadows and to the splendid groves of larch and cedar which beautify the rugged slopes of the Upper Schnalserthal. Under the fringes of the clouds which trailed along the mountains could be seen the traces of a fresh snow-fall which, soon after we quitted Kurzras, began to descend into the lower plane of the valley, where it was changed to rain. On the Hochjoch a violent snow-storm was raging. Defying the vicious weather, which seemed to be quite in keeping with the savage solitudes of the Schnalserthal, we walked rapidly, and at 10 A.M. arrived at a forlorn-looking hamlet named Unser Frau. Upon entering the inn we found there several tourists, among whom was our Munich fellow-traveller who had quitted us on the Spiegel glacier. After resting for a day, he had been able to get over the Hochjoch, and was now fortifying himself with Botzen beer against the depressing influences of the weather.

From Unser Frau we walked in a steady rain down to Carthaus, the next hamlet, near which the valley shrinks to a narrow gorge of immense depth, through which the Schnalserbach rushes noisily. The scenery here is magnificently wild. While we were descending the steep and stony path below Carthaus, in the midst of a solitary glen, we overtook an aged crone, bent and hook-nosed, hobbling along on her stick,—the ideal of a mountain witch. She did not perceive us until, owing to the narrowness of the path, I was obliged to crowd past her, when, uplifting her face, she turned her sharp eyes on me, and broke into an eldritch laugh. The *rencontre* was so ridiculously odd that even a witch could not help being amused by it.

As we emerged from the defile, a rift in the clouds disclosed a small church, with slender, cross-bearing spire, standing on

the brink of a promontory, thousands of feet above the bed of the torrent. In a moment the ærial shrine was again enshrouded in misty vapor and disappeared like an apparition of the sky.

At Ratteis, where the path develops into a rude wagon-track, we hired an *Einspänner* to carry us to the foot of the valley, which terminates in a narrow defile between perpendicular walls of rock. Through this mountain gate-way we entered the broad valley of the Adige, hoping to overtake the up-going post diligence, but it had already passed by. There was no alternative but to walk, and we trudged on in the rain as far as Castells, where we were so fortunate as to obtain a good dinner and a covered *Einspänner* to Schlanders. Here we hired another vehicle to Laas, near which a mud-avalanche had just descended from the mountain and obstructed the road. Having walked around this obstruction, we obtained, finally, a carriage direct to Mals, where we arrived, thoroughly rain-soaked and chilled, about 8.30 P.M.

The names of the villages in the Adige Valley will not strike the reader as being euphonious. Compounded of a harsh mixture of the German and Romansch languages, these titles are applied to towns which are as unsightly in appearance as their names are unmusical in sound.

Aiming to overtake the early diligence at Münster, we quitted Mals before daybreak. A gentle morning breeze blew fresh and fragrant out of the cedar forests, whose blank blackness took form and color from the golden light of a glorious sunrise which crowned with auroral splendor the mountains in the neighborhood of the Stelvio Pass. The augury seemed favorable for a serene, unclouded day, but it was not to be trusted. No coquette was ever more capricious, or in sunny moods more captivating, than is the weather in these Alpine regions.

A mile or so from Münster, towards Mals, the road crosses

the Austrian boundary and enters Switzerland. Instantly a striking change takes place. The primitive cart-track develops into a broad, solid highway; stony, half-tended fields, overgrown with weeds, give place to trim, luxuriant farms; grimy chalets and filthy villages, where compost heaps rise beside the door-step, are exchanged for neatly-built and painted cottages, with flowers and snowy lace—sure tokens of cleanliness and comfort—in their well-polished windows.

At Münster we took seats in a handsomely-cushioned diligence, quite the reverse of the rude, jolting vehicle in which we had come from Mals. Our course followed the windings of the Münsterthal, which we ascended amidst smooth, verdant meadows and pretty villages as cleanly and home-like as those of New England. The neat white cottages of the peasantry, built with thick walls and small windows on account of the severe winters, looked very attractive, scattered up and down the green valley. The neighboring mountain slopes consist mainly of meadow and evergreen forests until the upper part of the valley is reached, when the snowy Alps again appear. The road mounts by a long zigzag to the crest of the range, which commands a charming retrospect towards Münster and the Tyrol.

The Ladin language, spoken by the people of the Münsterthal, is supposed to be similar to the Latin dialect of the ancient Roman peasants. Most of the people are familiar also with the German, which language they speak with correctness and distinctness, in pleasing contrast with the wretched dialects of the Tyrolese. The Ladin rendering of the second and third verses of the Ninety-sixth Psalm is thus given by Baedeker:

Chante al Segner, celebre sieu nom, annunze ogni di sieu salüd. Requite traunter ils pövels sia gloria, traunter tuottas naziuns sias ovras müravigliusas.—Sing unto the Lord, bless his name, show forth his salvation from day to day. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all the people.

The village and valley of Münster belong to the canton of the Grisons. This canton, comprising about one-sixth of the entire territories of Switzerland, is remarkable alike in its history, its varied scenery and natural resources, and in its curious conglomeration of races and dialects. The canton contains about one hundred and fifty valleys and a vast net-work of mountain ranges. In some of the valleys, as in the Münster, Ladin is spoken; in others, a similar dialect known as the Romansch; while in some sections the German tongue prevails, and in others the Italian. The climate varies from that of the benign skies of Northern Italy to the wintry desolation of perpetual snow.

Our course now lay over the Buffalora Alp and the Ofen Pass to Zernetz, in the Lower Engadine. From Zernetz, a thriving trading town, we drove, by *Einspänner*, down the Inn Valley to Süs, and there overtook the diligence about to leave for the Fluela. The vehicle was crowded with passengers, the ubiquitous English tourist, conspicuous in helmet-shaped hat and long linen havelock, claiming, as usual, a large share of space and attention. Directly after quitting Süs, "with its ruined castle on a larch-clad hill," the road to the Fluela turns into a monotonous ravine, and begins to mount the range by the usual windings and turnings. The Fluela Pass, though not so celebrated as some others, is nearly one thousand feet higher than the St. Gothard, or the Splügen, and two thousand feet higher than the Rigi Kulm. The Stelvio and the Furca are the only European wagon-routes which surpass it in altitude. The highest point on the road was reached, in three hours, just as a fierce storm of snow and wind, accompanied by lightning and heavy thunder, swept over the summit. In a few minutes the ground became white from the snow-fall, and the transformation from midsummer in the valley to midwinter on the mountain-top was complete. A solitary hospice for wayfarers on the pass was the only sign of human dwell-

ing in this desolate place. My young fellow-adventurer, who had accompanied me from Innsbrück, concluded to remain overnight at this hospice, in the hope that the weather would be favorable for ascending the Schwarzhorn the following morning. His hopes were not realized, as I afterwards learned, while my own expectations of a comfortable night's rest at Davos Dörfli, which we reached by a rapid zigzag descent of two hours from the summit, were not disappointed.

The sheltered position of Davos Dörfli, together with the beauty of its surroundings, have given it much reputation both as a summer and as a winter resort, and have caused it to acquire facilities for elegant and comfortable leisure which the stranger by no means expects in a place so sequestered. Opposite to the town hangs the broad, white shield of the Scaletta glacier, which reappears by reflection, in the blue surface of the Davoser See, an attractive little lake in the vicinity of Davos. Many lofty mountains, dressed in Alpine white and green, also reflect themselves in these bright waters.

Beyond the lake, towards Ober Laret and Klosters, the road descends into the valley of the Landquart, and the Silvretta glacier and snow-field disclose themselves at the parting of the mountains. Most of the villages in the vicinity are more or less the resorts of invalids and pleasure-seekers, and are composed of rude log chalets and elegant summer hotels, oddly mixed. Going westward, the road descends the fruitful, well-improved valley of the Landquart, which emerges between rocky bastions into the broader basin of the Upper Rhine. A few miles down-stream from this junction of the valleys lies Mayenfeld, once a Roman station, nearly opposite to which, on the left bank of the Rhine, is situated the renowned summer resort named, from its twin villages, Ragatz-Pfäfers.

The hot spring which supplies the baths of Ragatz issues from a cleft in the rocks five hundred feet above the village. The location of this spring has been properly described as one

of the most wonderful spots in Switzerland. From the valley it may be reached by a narrow carriage-road, which has been hewn out of the rocky walls of the ravine through which the impetuous torrent of the Tamina descends from the mountains and pours into the Rhine. Just above the village this torrent precipitates itself over a ledge of rock twenty or thirty feet in height, forming a pretty cascade. An hour's walk from this point up the ravine brings us to the bath-house known as Bad Pfäfers, perched upon an elevated spot—the only one available—above the noisy torrent. A long corridor through this building leads to the fissure by which an enormous mass of natural rock thrown across the ravine has been cloven asunder. Through this fissure, which measures apparently from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet from top to bottom, the foaming torrent of the Tamina dashes. A wooden gallery, laid upon a shoulder of rock about thirty feet above the bed of the stream, leads into the chasm, under the drip and pour of unseen springs descending from above. The interior is gloomy, but looking aloft, most exquisite vistas are seen, through the parted rocks and overhanging foliage, of blue sky and snowy cloud. At its upper extremity the fissure forms an irregular cleft, narrowing obliquely downward, which reveals, like a stereoscope, the far, conical forms of evergreens, in different shades of color, standing one above another on the precipitous sides of the upper gorge, in clear silhouette against the cerulean above and behind them.

The spring is approached from the interior of the chasm by a lateral cavern, dark as pitch, in the natural rock. With a light, which an attendant provides, the bubbling fountain may be seen, smoking like a caldron, and filling the cavern with vapor. The water, very clear and nearly tasteless, has a temperature of about 98° Fahrenheit. The ordinary discharge per minute is eight hundred litres; sometimes it rises to fifteen hundred litres. Ten or fifteen feet higher than the surface of

the spring a point is marked on the rock to which the Tamina is said to have risen during a freshet in 1865.

Above the spring, outside the chasm, a path leads by a natural bridge across the gorge, then by a winding course up the mountain, to the village of Pfäfers. During an evening stroll on this path, I was deeply impressed with the beauty and sublimity of the scenery in this part of the Rhine Valley. The blending of colors on the mountains was a fascinating study. Peaks, crags, and precipices, bare, stern, and misshapen, were pencilled with such delicacy of tint, light, and shadow as to transform their hard lines into lines of mellifluent grace, and their rugged forms into forms of ideal loveliness. Among the forests and pastures whose alternating tones of green checkered the plane and sides of the valley, white-walled villages were strewn up and down, enlivening and inspiring the beautiful forms and combinations of Nature.

Among these villages Ragatz rightfully holds the place of honor. Its parks, drives, promenades, baths, and splendid mountain surroundings make it one of the most delightful places in Switzerland. Of the fifty thousand strangers who come here every year, probably none go away disappointed,—at least not with what Nature has done to make their sojourn interesting and agreeable. The scenery of the Upper Rhine is less famous than that of the Lower, but far more sublime. Lovely beyond expression is the view down the valley from my window in the Quellenhof as I write these lines. The evening sun is just sliding behind the mountain-tops, diffusing the crystalline atmosphere with mellow radiance, and darting volleys of arrowy, golden light against the helmeted summits and grim old battlements of rock, seamed and grizzled with the storms of ages and eons. The quiet valley, smiling, sinks into shadowy slumber, cradled between sentinel lines of Alpine giants, whose serried vista leads the eye and heart up and away into the unspeakable infinite. Bounding the western

horizon, four peaks of almost even height stand in array and receive the last passionate, fiery kisses of the departing sun. So serene and ethereal is the sky with which they seem to blend and harmonize, that we instinctively imagine bright spirits to be hovering there,—spirits too pure and gentle for this unquiet, unsatisfying sphere of action,—which beckon us with glancing wings to come and enjoy with them a more guileless and tranquil existence, lying

Far off, beyond the mountain's brim,—
There, where the rich cascade of day,
O'er the horizon's golden rim,
Into Elysium rolls away.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SPLÜGEN, THE LAKES, AND ST. GOTHARD.

RAGATZ lies on the grand highway through Eastern Switzerland to Italy, over the Splügen. A railway which has connections, through Zurich and Constance, with all the South German cities, extends as far south as Coire; from thence conveyance is obtained over the pass to Chiavenna and Colico by diligence. Travellers leaving Ragatz in the morning arrive at the village of Splügen, situated at the northern base of the pass, the following evening.

From Coire the diligence ascends the Rhine Valley as far as Reichenau, at which point the Vorder-Rhein, or principal branch of the river, coming down from the St. Gothard, is joined by its tributary, the Hinter-Rhein, coming from the Bernardino and the Splügen. The conflict of waters where the two streams come together, at Reichenau, is much like that seen at the confluence of the Rhone and the Arve near Geneva, the Vorder-Rhein, despite its superior volume, being forced

back by the turbid and more impetuous current of the Hinter-Rhein. The best view of the rivers is obtained from a pavilion in the garden of the château, originally an abbey, in which Louis Philippe obtained refuge, in 1794, under the name of Chabot.

At Reichenau the diligence for the Splügen turns into the valley of the Hinter-Rhein, famous for its fertility, its castles, crowning nearly every eminence, and its beauty of scenery. Ascending this valley, we pass through a series of villages, remarkable, like those of the Vorder-Rhein, for their curious mixture of languages and creeds. The language of Coire is German, and its religion Protestant; Ems, three miles south of Coire, is Romansch in language, and in religion Roman Catholic. Reichenau, three miles beyond Ems, is German and Protestant, while Bonaduz—just across the Vorder-Rhein from Reichenau—and Rhäzüns and Katzis, in the Hinter-Rheinthal, are Romansch and Roman Catholic. Thusis, at the gate of the mountains, is German and Protestant; Andeer, Zillis, and the other villages farther up, are Romansch and Protestant. In the upper part of the Hinter-Rheinthal, known as the Rheinwald, Protestantism and the Romansch language find their limit at the St. Bernardino Pass; on the southern slope of that pass, in the Mesocco Valley, the villages are all Italian and Roman Catholic.

At Thusis I had the good fortune to be transferred from the crowded diligence to an open carriage—*Beiwagen*—for the remainder of the journey, as far as Splügen. A drive of ten minutes from Thusis brought us to the entrance of the Via Mala gorge, on the left of which, upon a promontory eight hundred feet high, are the ruins of the most ancient castle in Switzerland. This castle is said to have been built about six hundred years before Christ by the Etruscan hero Rhætus, as a barrier against the barbaric Gauls, then about to swarm over the Alps into Northern Italy. The defile, as we enter it,

looks like a fissure in the limestone rock, which rises on both sides, almost perpendicularly, to the height of sixteen hundred feet. Through this chasm, a mile and a quarter in length, the Hinter-Rhein pours its noisy torrent. Geologists declare that the gorge is not a fissure at all, but a channel, which the erosive waters have cut into the rock in the course of ages. The devouring torrent, they tell us, disintegrated and literally dissolved the limestone, until it got down to its present bed. A huge body of water which appears to have been anciently confined within the bed of the valley above the chasm may have greatly reinforced and accelerated the erosive process.

Until the building of the present road, in 1822, there was no thoroughfare through the gorge except a difficult and dangerous path only four feet wide. The road, made possible only by cutting into the face of the rock, and once or twice by tunneling, crosses the chasm by three different bridges, one of which—a single arch—hangs at the airy height of two hundred and sixty feet above the torrent. Beneath this bridge the craggy sides of the chasm almost touch, allowing but narrow glimpses of the boiling waters far below. Leaning over the guard-walls, we let fall pieces of slate, which, descending flat-wise, like miniature parachutes, struck the angry current without perceptible sound. Yet the water is said to have risen, in 1868, within a few feet of the arch. The view from this bridge—the central one of the three—is the finest in the gorge. Forward and backward curves irregularly the sinuous chasm; below rage the wild waters, scarcely audible in their abysmal channel; over us tower the beetling crags and precipices. We are closeted here with Nature, and awe-struck, amazed, and overwhelmed by the sublimity and mystery of her works.

Just above the third bridge the gorge opens into a valley of moderate width, once the basin of a lake. On an eminence to the right stand the ruins of a castle once occupied by the

mediaeval rulers of this valley, one of whom, it is said, was a cruel tyrant of the Gessler type. Entering, one day, the hut of a peasant whom he disliked, this mean-spirited despot spit in the boiling broth which the poor man was cooking for his dinner. Thereupon the enraged peasant seized his ignoble highness by the throat, thrust his head into the pot which he had defiled, and held it there until he was strangled, exclaiming, "Eat the soup thou hast seasoned." Such is one of the traditions of this remote little community.

Passing additional castles and ruins, we enter another defile, three miles in length, known as the Roffna ravine, resembling, in some respects, the Via Mala. In descending this chasm the youthful but robust and boisterous torrent of the Rhine forms a series of riotous water-falls. The road now ascends rapidly, and by so many zigzags that a pedestrian, taking the direct foot-paths, has no difficulty in keeping far in advance of the diligence. Far up the mountain slopes, on both sides of the chasm, mount the serried spires of pines, cedars, and other conifera, whose richly-verdant color, of various shades, seems to be indigenous only to such elevated regions.

Beyond the Roffna ravine the road courses, gently ascending, through an ideal Alpine valley, until it reaches the village of Splügen, where we remained for the night. At Splügen the road branches, its direct line continuing up the valley of the Hinter-Rhein to the Bernardino Pass, beyond which it descends to Roveredo and Bellinzona, at the foot of the St. Gothard. From the point on this road where it quits the valley and ascends to the Bernardino, a path for pedestrians leads to the Zapport glacier, near which the infant Rhine issues from an aperture in the mountain resembling, in shape, the mouth of a cow. The spring which flows copiously from this aperture is soon augmented by tributaries coming down from the glaciers, and descends past a tumultuous mass of fragmentary rock known as *Hölle*, and a wretched stony

pasture named, by antithesis, *Paradies*. Farther on the sturdy little stream burrows its way through huge masses of avalanche snow which are heaped across its channel the whole year round. It is worth remarking that, while the source of the Hinter-Rhein is the magnificent spring just described, its twin torrent, the Vorder-Rhein, has its origin in the Toma See, a sequestered and lovely lake. The altitude of the spring above sea-level is seven thousand two hundred and seventy feet; the altitude of the lake is seven thousand six hundred and ninety feet.

Thus nobly born is the noblest river of the European continent.

Quitting the Rhine at Splügen, the road to Italy grapples at once with the supreme difficulties of its mountain barrier. After mounting a few hundred feet above the village, it passes through a tunnel and enters a wild ravine, within which it makes its way up the face of the mountain by multitudinous zigzags. On some of these doublings long galleries have been built to protect the road from avalanches, which here descend, sometimes, in vast bulk and with lightning rapidity. At intervals along the line houses of refuge have been built, around which the snow piles itself in winter up to the windows. Upon the four highest of these houses bells are rung, during violent snow-storms, as a signal to travellers.

Ninety years ago Marshal Macdonald undertook to march his division of twelve thousand men over this range in the dead of winter. An imperative order that this should be accomplished was given by Napoleon, then First Consul, his object being to throw an army into the Italian Tyrol, by way of the Valtellina, turn the line of the Mincio, and force the Austrians from the plains of Italy. At that day the only thoroughfare over the Splügen was a mere bridle-path, and to attempt to pass the mountain by such a road in such a season seemed like madness. But Napoleon insisted that an army

could go wherever two men could plant their feet, and Macdonald, being a true soldier, obeyed orders. Placing his artillery on sledges, the general obliged his troops to carry their supplies of provisions and cartridges. The cavalry and artillery led the march, and made the first part of the ascent in fine weather, but were soon assailed by a tremendous tempest. The storm lasted three days, and in the midst of it an avalanche struck a squadron of dragoons and carried half of it into the abyss below. When the fury of the elements had abated, the snow lay so deep that oxen had to be sent in advance of the column to break a path, which squads of laborers beat down hard, and which sappers widened, when too narrow, by cutting away the ice. In this way the cavalry and artillery were enabled to effect a passage, and the first three columns of infantry managed to get over the range. The fourth and last column was following when another storm came on, blocked the road, and swept about a hundred men into the abysses of the Cardinelli gorge. General Macdonald was present with his men throughout these perils, and by his intrepidity sustained their flagging spirits amid their dreadful hardships. Under his personal leadership the road was again opened, and the entire corps, in the course of a few more days, gained the broad vine-planted basin of the Valtellina.

The Splügen, like the Brenner, is one of the Alpine passes said to have been known to the ancient Romans. It is a trifle higher than the St. Gothard, but not so high as the Furca or the Fluela by a thousand feet. The road over the Stelvio mounts yet two thousand feet farther into cloudland. On both its northern and its southern slopes the scenery of the pass is exceedingly grand, yet less so than that of the Simplon, which is some hundreds of feet lower. On the summit, which a vigorous pedestrian may reach in less than two hours from the hotel at Splügen, a stone by the way-side marks the boundary between Switzerland and Italy.

This road, like that of the Stelvio, was built by the Austrian government, and was intended mainly for military purposes. Its completion dates from 1821.

The descent on the Italian side of the pass is much more striking than the ascent on the Swiss side. By a ladder-like series of zigzags cut upon the precipitous face of the mountain, we are lowered, by easy stages, as it were, out of the sky. Spurring his team into a rapid trot, our postilion swings the heavy six-horse diligence around the curves with great skill, keeping his leaders, three abreast, at a gallop. Just at the instant when it seems that our momentum must carry us over some nearing precipice, our flying steeds, scarcely waiting for the tightening rein, oblique in rapid *chasse*, and we round the cliff and mock the yawning chasm with the grace and ease of an eagle's flight. At frequent intervals the road is protected from avalanches by covered galleries, both under and over which torrents descend in *couloirs* from the steeps above. These galleries vary in length from two hundred and fifty to five hundred and fifty yards. As the down-going diligence emerges from one of the longest of them, a splendid view is obtained of the old road, and the village of Isola, lying in the gorge so far beneath us that the rude log chalets of the village look like toy houses with Liliputian inhabitants. A little farther along, a mad little stream, pouring from the mountain, dashes over a precipice and falls uninterruptedly seven hundred feet. The conductor of the diligence—prosaic and heedless as he is of the sublime scenes about him—stops the vehicle long enough for passengers to get out and view this beautiful work of Nature.

From Campodolcino we follow the descending course of the rock-strewn Liro Valley, whose savage aspect is softened by the luxuriant foliage of chestnut-trees, out of which rises the slender white campanile of the church of Gallivaggio. We have now entered a zone of vegetation which betokens the

genial climate of the sunny south. Whole forests of great chestnut-trees extend far up the rocky sides of the mountains, and the vine, laden at this season with ripening clusters, blesses the husbandry of every peasant. An hour and a half after quitting the summit, the lumbering diligence rolls, with a great racket, through the narrow, stony streets of Chiavenna, observed by inquisitive people from the projecting stories of their dwellings until it reaches the postal rendezvous, and deposits there its curious medley of passengers.

Three hours later we reached Colico, from whence an hour and a half by steamer brought us to Bellagio.

The region of the North Italian lakes is a land of beauty and of perfect rest. Its tranquillity is halcyon, its loveliness supreme. In no way could I have acquired a deeper sense of its witchery than in descending to it, as I did, from the wintry desolation of the Upper Swiss and Tyrolese Alps. The contrast between the scenes which I had just quitted and those which now surrounded me, intensified alike the grandeur of the mountain solitudes and the beauty of this gentle, vintage-bearing clime. Bellagio, amidst its gardens, vineyards, and placid waters, seemed, when I reached it, a very haven of repose and delight.

The principal lakes of this region, named in their order from east to west, are Garda, Como, Lugano, Varese, and Orta. Como was highly extolled by Virgil, and from the time of Virgil until now the civilized world has paid admiring homage to the trinity of lacustrine loveliness,—Como, Lugano, and Maggiore. Each of these three has its partisans, and it is nothing to the detriment of the rivals that opinions differ as to which is superior in its attractions to the rest. For my own part, I cast the palm of my respectful preference at the shrine of Maggiore. At the same time,

I could be happy with either,
Were the other dear charmers away.

Como has, in general, the steepest shores and the boldest scenery. The sunny slopes which descend to its waters are dressed in the deep-green foliage of the vine, the chestnut, and the walnut, mingled with the gray tints of the olive and the white walls of numerous villas and villages, the whole reflected and beautified in the cerulean depths of the lake. Of the entire series, Como is said to have the warmest climate in summer, and Varese the coolest. Lugano is environed by the most variegated landscape, including some mountains, easy of ascent, which command magnificent panoramic views. From Monte Generoso, called the Rigi of Italian Switzerland, are seen seventeen lakes, the plains of Lombardy, and the whole chain of Southern Alps from Monte Viso to the Bernina. The view from Monte Salvatore embraces Lake Lugano, with all its branches, the mountains of St. Gothard, the snow-peaks of the Bernina, and the Monte Rosa chain, including the Matterhorn.

The shores of Maggiore, lofty and abrupt on the north, slope gently on the east, producing a series of charming landscapes. The waters of the northern arm of this lake are green, of its southern arm deep blue. In one particular Maggiore surpasses, by far, all its rivals: it possesses alone the unique beauty of the Borromean Islands.

The highways over the Stelvio and the Splügen descend to Lake Como; those of the St. Gothard and the Simplon to the Lago Maggiore. The St. Gothard route touches Lake Lugano also as it proceeds direct from Bellinzona to Milan.

For more than half its entire length the Lake of Como is divided into two branches, of which the western retains the name of Como, while the eastern takes that of Lecco. Between these branches, and overlooking them both, at their point of junction, rises a vine-clad, narrow promontory, at the western base of which, and clambering up its precipitous side, lies the old town of Bellagio, with its palatial hotels and their

ample gardens adjacent to the landing. Considered with respect to its natural and artificial embellishments, this is one of the loveliest spots in Italy,—one of the most delightful in the world.

On the summit of the promontory, reached by a circuitous road, stands the Villa Šerbelloni, amidst its grove of palms and its forest preserve of semi-tropical trees and plants, through the foliage of which exquisite glimpses are disclosed up and down the Lake of Como and its bewitching adjunct, the bay of Lecco. I ascended to this park one fair morning in the dying summer, when the sunlight had assumed its mellowest tone,—the tone which it assumes only in Italy,—and when, all over the hills, the grapes hung purpling on the vines. It was difficult to say which was fairest that morning, earth or heaven ; or which held the more delicate harmonies of color, the skies above or the woods and waters beneath. I studied the landscape, as I would have studied one of Claude Lorraine's pictures, from different points of view, and in all its details of form, perspective, composition, color, and chiaroscuro ; for a picture it really was, more dexterous and lovely than human hand could have painted. I felt that I could never weary of contemplating it,—that its fascination could never cease to delight me,—that it would be happiness enough to simply exist in such a place, and dream one's life away amidst such enchanting scenes.

A little incident which took place at the Grand Hotel awakened some less pleasing reflections. Upon announcing my purpose to cross the lake by canoe to Menaggio, I was beset and annoyed by the hotel people with importunities to hire one of their boats. It seemed strange that so much ado should be made about a matter of so little importance. I had already engaged a barque, and proposed to keep the engagement, whether my tormentors were pleased or not. It was kept. My sturdy boatman pushed off, heedless of the wrath and discomfiture of his hotel-favored fellow-craftsmen, from

whose clamor we quickly glided away, both in distance and in thought. Our little winged shallop swam with the grace of a bird upon the azure waters, whose tranquil, delicately-tinted loveliness, soothing and drowning the very remembrance of human care, made me wish the voyage might have been many times as long. At Menaggio I took a one-horse *fiacre*—the Italian equivalent of the Tyrolese *Einspänner*—for the overland journey to Porlezza, at the eastern extremity of Lake Lugano. From the landing at Menaggio the road ascends to the village of Croce, from whence a most pleasing retrospect was had of the lake, serenely slumbering in the vast security of its mountain cradle. From Croce we descended amidst vine-dressed hills, skirting lofty mountains, to the village and delicious little lake of Piano, and thence to Porlezza. The little afternoon steamer for Lugano had already departed, but a fleet of clumsy canoes lay along the beach awaiting the call of transient travellers. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the barefooted, bare-breasted boatman who had contracted to transport me to Lugano pushed off from the pebbly strand, and drove his lubberly keel through the bright waters, so pure and tranquil that it seemed profane to disturb them. The very atmosphere was peace, and the evening light fell serenely upon the mountains, whose majestic forms, rising from the lake, stood as bulwarks to the calm which slumbered in its depths. Slowly Porlezza, with its green setting of vines and chestnut-trees, receded behind us; slowly the shapely cone of Monte Salvatore disclosed itself far in front. Our progress was slow, to be sure, but not tedious, for each moment developed new and never-ceasing witcheries of landscape loveliness, making the whole voyage seem like a trance, filled with beautiful dreams. No rude sound marred it, for no sound was heard except the plash of our oars and the occasional music of vesper bells floating out upon the water from an unseen church or village.

Two hours' rowing from Porlezza brought us to the Swiss boundary, which crosses the lake near its middle, and wanders aimlessly about over the country, without regard to its topographical features. The arbitrary caprices of this scientific boundary are bewildering to the traveller, who may change political jurisdictions half a dozen times a day in this region, never knowing, except by inquiry, what country he is in, or what currency he shall use. In discussing this subject a Swiss said to me, "I suppose our government would be just as well off if it were to give up these two southern cantons [Ticino and Valais], for it costs more to maintain the line of custom-houses than these cantons are really worth to us."

Night was closing upon the lake when, as we rounded a little garden-covered peninsula, we descried, straight away, a long line of gas-lights reflected on the surface of the water. Half an hour later we moored our barque close by the shimmer of those lights, under the deep night-shadow of Monte Salvatore. Above us was the sound of voices,—the voices of evening promenaders on the quay of Lugano.

The town of Lugano is so thoroughly Italian in character that we can scarcely believe it to be Swiss. Yet Swiss it is, for the fantastic boundary of the canton Ticino manages somehow to curve around it and take it in. The climate, the vegetation, the scenery, and the language and appearance of the people of this region are all of a pronounced Italian type. The lower hills are spread with vineyards and gardens, surrounding elegant country-seats; the higher ones, graduating up to the rock-ribbed, snow-capped mountains, are dressed in the darker foliage of the chestnut and the walnut. In these sheltered, sunny valleys the lemon-tree and the orange are at home, the flowers of two blended zones unfold their splendors, the magnolia-tree flourishes, and the aloe puts forth its blossoms in the open air. Hither come the pleasure-seeking nobles and wealthy merchants of Lombardy and Piedmont,—

here are seen the stately villas whose marble halls they have embellished with precious art, and whose terraced gardens descend to the lambent, sky-tinted waters. Above, on the rock-bound heights, the scenery is that of Manzoni's mountain village; below, amidst the lakeside hills and vales, it is a striking realization of the words of Mignon :

Knowest thou the land where the citron apples bloom,
 And oranges like gold in leafy gloom ?
 A gentle wind from the deep blue heaven blows,
 The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows :
 Knowest thou it then ?

Knowest thou the house, its porch with pillars tall ?
 The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
 And marble statues stand, and look each one :

* * * * * * *

Knowest thou it then ?

Knowest thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud ?
 The mules in mist grope o'er each torrent loud ;
 In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
 The crag leaps down, and over it the flood :
 Knowest thou it then ?

Detached from its natural surroundings, Lugano has not many attractions. With its narrow, granite-paved streets, long arcades, and open-air workshops, it has the ways and appearance of an old Italian town, albeit modified by some recent additions and embellishments. Its most famous possessions are Luini's pictures, the chief one of which is a large fresco of the crucifixion. This grand masterpiece is hung as a screen in the old church of Santa Maria degli Angioli, once the chapel of a large monastery which is now used as a fashionable hotel. The picture is arranged, according to the antiquated style, in two sections, one above the other, the lower exhibiting the principal action, and the upper—on a diminished

scale—its adjuncts. The figures, several hundred in number, and the details, equally multiplied, are drawn with admirable truth and power of expression. In the foreground, below, around three huge crosses, which rise to the top of the canvas, are grouped numerous figures, comprising Roman soldiers, on foot and on horseback, the holy women, with St. John, priests, officers, and the executioners, some of whom are raffling for the garments of Christ. In the upper section is seen the procession to Calvary, in the midst of which the Saviour, bearing His cross, falls beneath its weight. The agony in the garden, the betrayal, the scourging, the entombment, and the ascension are also adjunctively portrayed, the whole being so combined and grouped as to produce a harmonious effect, and convey at a glance the complete history of the Passion. In the upper part of the picture a group of sorrowing angels hovers about the expiring Saviour, and the souls of the crucified thieves are being rendered up, in the form of diminutive human figures, the one to a winged angel, the other to a hateful demon. Old-fashioned as it is in style, the work has all the charm of honest naturalness and conscientious simplicity. The human figures, although many, are each strongly individualized; the animal painting, even to the dogs which accompany the soldiers, is superb.

The finest group in the picture—one whose artistic merit has probably never been surpassed in any picture of this kind—is that of the women at the cross. The unspeakable sorrow and pathos of their quartette of agonized faces, as Mary falls swooning into the arms of her companions, are represented with transcendent art. In striking contrast with these, and with the sympathetic countenance of St. John, are the hard, malevolent faces of the priests, and the military indifference of the soldiers.

Luini was a pupil of the great Leonardo, and, like him, painted the *Last Supper*. The pupil's work, more fortunate

than that of his master, has been far better cared for and preserved. It is now hung in this chapel. In his treatment of this subject, Luini has not equalled Leonardo,—no artist has,—but he has shown much of his great teacher's skill, if not power, of individualization. His figure of Christ is noble, dignified, apposite, and entirely worthy of the supreme occasion. Luini should be regarded as Leonardo's interpreter rather than his imitator or rival.

A third work by this master, seen in the old monastery chapel at Lugano, is his *Madonna*, with the Christ-child and the infant St. John. In this charming picture—which is in truth one of the most graceful and unaffected of its kind—the innocence and beauty of childhood and the unapproachable dignity of motherhood are shown in their perfection.

After quitting the pictures, I spent an hour strolling in Monsieur Chiani's delightful park by the lakeside. Two playful children, such as Luini might have chosen for his models, came to meet me at the portal, and volunteered to call the custodian, that I might view the grounds. A fascinating place to linger in was this semi-tropical sylvan retreat, with its stately colonnades of tree-stems, and its superabundance of foliage, rioting over the banks of the lake and dipping into its bright waters.

The respect in which both Italians and Swiss hold the great name of Washington is strikingly attested at Lugano. Underneath a handsome marble pavilion, erected in an appropriate and conspicuous space on the principal street, has been placed a portrait bust of our country's founder. The pedestal bears the inscription: *Magnum sæculorum decus*.

A three hours' drive over the hills from Lugano brings us back into Italy, at Luino, one of the myriad summer resorts on Lake Maggiore. From thence a voyage of two hours and a half down the lake by steamer brought me to Baveno, which divides the honors with Stresa as a place of sojourn for

strangers who wish to tarry in the vicinity of the Borromean Islands. Isola Bella, the most celebrated of these islands, may be reached from Baveno in half an hour by canoe, or in a few minutes by steamer. Originally this island was a naked rock ; now it is a decaying paradise. About two centuries ago the Count of Borromeo, from whom the group of four islands takes its name, undertook to make of Isola Bella, so far as money and art would go, the most beautiful spot in the world. He built upon it a great château, and converted the entire surface of the island, not occupied by buildings, into a garden, rising in terraces a hundred feet above the lake, mined with grottos, and profusely adorned with statuary, fountains, flowers, and with magnolias, oleanders, orange, camphor, cork, and other rare trees and plants of the semi-tropics. The count's design was never fully carried out, the château being still uncompleted and a part of it in ruins. The gardens are artificial and meaningless in taste ; the statuary is ordinary and superabundant ; and the château, commonplace and uninviting outside, is tawdriily gorgeous in its interior. But the prodigality of nature has surpassed here even that of the rich count, and the sun scarcely shines upon a fairer spot than Isola Bella. The interior splendors of the château seem tame beside the enchanting glimpses and views which are obtained from its corridors and balconies of the gardens, the lake, and the distant mountains.

The part which this little island has played in history would make an interesting chapter. An attendant shows the beds in which Napoleon and Berthier slept a few nights before the battle of Marengo, and a tree is pointed out in the garden, the bark of which, it is said, formerly bore the great emperor's name, carved there by his own hand. Some blotted chapters in the life of an English queen are also mixed up with the glitter and luxury of these gay apartments, but let us not mar with such things the fair pictures made upon the memory by this gem of isles. Let us rather preserve, unimpaired by

human frailties, the recollections of its vistas of cerulean water and snow-capped mountain; of the fragrance of its flowers, the luxuriance of its foliage, and the incomparable beauty of its setting in the Alp-encircled lake, which makes it seem, in retrospect, more like a dream of fairy-land than an actual experience.

While we were waiting for the steamer, one of my chance companions—an Englishman—unstrapped his portfolio and proceeded to make a sketch of the island.

“Have you finished your sketch so soon?” I inquired, when he rejoined us a short time afterwards. “Yes, I have all the outlines,” said he, putting his things together. “The rest I can put in from memory.” “And do you color your sketches?” I inquired. “Yes, I do that at home.” “You have a most valuable accomplishment,” said I, “and one of which I could heartily envy you.” “I obtain a great deal of pleasure from it,” he rejoined. “When I come to Italy and Switzerland, as I do nearly every summer, I seek the unfrequented paths and unvisited places among the mountains, making sketches as I go along, until I obtain a new stock such as no one else has. To complete them occupies my leisure time during the rest of the year, and affords me agreeable recreation.”

It was not a professional artist who thus spoke, but a plain man of affairs, whose practical qualities were happily balanced by a liberal training and an ardent love of nature.

Intending to cross the Alps by the St. Gothard route, going northward, I embarked at Baveno upon one of the regular up-going steamers for Locarno. As these steamers touch at all the principal landings on both sides of the lake, they cross it, back and forth, many times in the course of a voyage. This fact is not to be regretted when the weather is fair, for delightful scenes are sure to greet the eye wherever we touch the shores of lovely Maggiore. On both sides, scores of pretty villages, snow-white in deep-green setting, gleam along the

margin of the lake, reflected often in its pellucid waters ; numberless white cottages and villas shine upon the hill-sides amidst the rich foliage of the vine, the myrtle, the olive, and the pomegranate. Surely if Nature offers anywhere an ideal home-land, where sky, earth, and water are alike endowed with the power of enchantment, and life is one long poetic dream, it is here. No wonder somebody has said of it that "its very weeds are beautiful."

Locarno, a Swiss town politically, but Italian in every other respect, looks upon the azure lake from a background of hills dressed with orange-trees and festooned with vines. From here the St. Gothard Railway carried me to Biasca, from whence I proceeded by carriage. From Biasca to the southern extremity of the great tunnel, at Airolo, the railway and wagon-road crowd each other in the narrow valley, the ancient prerogatives of the wagon-way being often seized and appropriated by its more exacting rival. In some cases the older track has been obliged to abandon its prescriptive rights and take to the hills. These aggressions of the locomotive are readily excused, however, when we observe, as can be done best from the wagon-road, the enormous difficulties of carrying a railway up such a valley as that of the Upper Ticino. If anything could surpass the grandeur of the St. Gothard Pass, it is that of the gigantic undertaking of building a practicable track for the locomotive from one side of it to the other. Of all the engineering triumphs yet accomplished by man this is the chief. More dazzling, even, than the march of Hannibal or Napoleon over the ice-battlemented crests of the Alps is this beneficent, triumphant march of industry, science, and skill.

The greatest single task in this stupendous undertaking was that of tunnelling the range ; but a work of no less difficulty, considered in all its details, was that of carrying the track up to the main tunnel, on either side of the mountain. An impressive observation of this fact may be made at Faido, on the

southern side of the range, and at Wasen, on the northern. Near Faïdo the valley, or rather gorge, of the Ticino suddenly contracts, forming a bench which rises abruptly several hundred feet. The railway, approaching this rocky wall, enters a tunnel at its base, and no more is seen of it until it emerges at the summit of the bench, having made the ascent by a spiral course underground. A like feat, more wonderful still, is accomplished at Wasen.

The St. Gothard route is one of the most anciently known of the Alpine passes, and far surpasses all the others in the magnificence of its scenery. It remained a mere bridle-path until the roads over the Simplon, the Bernardino, and the Splügen were built, after which time it was almost deserted until the bridle-path was superseded by the present highway, nineteen feet wide, completed in 1832. During four or five months of the year, beginning with June, this road is practicable for carriages, although large quantities of snow often remain upon it, or near it, in the early summer. In winter the range may be crossed on sledges, except after a heavy snow-fall, when, for a week at a time, no communication may be possible.

The finest of the scenery is on the southern slope. The towns, their inhabitants, and the vegetation retain their Italian character as far up as Airolo, from whence the road mounts like a vast ladder, up the treeless face of the range, into the clouds. A heavy shower came on just as we began this part of the ascent, but gave place to a cold, nebulous atmosphere, without rain, when we had risen a thousand feet higher. At the summit, masses of white vapor were flying before the wind, which was raw and violent. Under the lead-colored, rayless skies, the barren, wintry scenes around the hospice looked dreary in the extreme. We quitted them without regret, and descended rapidly, amidst rain and darkness, to Andermatt.

The following morning, the weather being fair, I descended by an early diligence from Andermatt to Wasen. The stupendous escarpments of the narrow valley in which that village lies were brilliantly illuminated on the one side by the rising sun, and on the other deeply shadowed by the penumbra of the mountains. On a promontory which rises on the south side of the village stands a little church, the terrace of which commands a magnificent view up and down the vast ravine through which the Reuss pours its troubled waters. The valley descends rapidly here, like that of the Ticino at Faido, presenting enormous difficulties to the builders of the railway, who have carried up the line some hundreds of feet in a spiral course, including several curved tunnels, lofty iron viaducts, and galleries cut into the ledges of overhanging rock. Seen from the little church at Wasen, the locomotive, coming up the valley, penetrates the mountain far below, emerges again far above, crosses and turns down the valley along its western wall, leaps over a tremendous chasm, darts through projecting buttresses of rock, disappears, returns again on a far higher plane, and skims away towards Göschenen, laughing at the mighty barriers with which Nature has vainly crossed the path of its ambition.

Sublime is this work, but sublimer still are the genius and energy which have accomplished it.

Returning, on foot, from Wasen to Andermatt, I halted, on the way, at Göschenen, situated at the mouth of the wild and beautiful Göschenthäl, at the head of which the white shield of the Dammafiirn glacier was seen gleaming in the morning sunlight. Opposite to the village the great tunnel pierces the range, appearing as we approach it, coming up the valley, like a black spot on the side of the mountain. Near the entrance were the buildings containing the machinery for compressing the air by which the boring apparatus was driven inside the tunnel. This machinery—now employed in compressing air for ven-

tilating purposes, and for propelling traction engines inside the tunnel—is driven by the torrent of the Reuss, which, in part, is diverted from its natural bed and made to pour for a quarter of a mile through an immense iron pipe. Descending from an altitude of some hundreds of feet, the water strikes the company's wheels with tremendous force, furnishing a driving power greater, it is claimed, than could be obtained by steam. An attendant explains to visitors the operations of the great air-compressors, which are exceedingly curious and interesting. A perforating machine, such as was used in the tunnel, is also kept ready, and upon request is made to drill a hole in the natural rock which forms the inner wall of the building.

The tunnel is nine and one-third miles long,—a mile and five-eighths longer than that through Mont Cenis. Although cut by parties working simultaneously from each side of the range, it is perfectly straight from end to end, the engineers, approaching from opposite directions, having met each other with such accuracy that their centre lines varied scarcely a hand's-breadth from an exact coincidence. The ascent from the entrance at Göschenen is one hundred and forty-eight feet, and from the entrance at Airolo thirty feet. The summit of the tunnel lies nine hundred and ninety feet below the surface of the ground at Andermatt, and six thousand six hundred feet beneath the peak of Castellhorn, of the St. Gothard group of mountains. The interior, which has a width of twenty-six and a half feet—sufficient for a double track—and a height of nineteen feet ten inches, is lined with masonry throughout, the sides being laid in ashlar, and the roof, which is a semi-circle in cross-section, being arched with dressed granite. It was at first intended to let the natural rock constitute the vaulting, but the suggestion of an engineer that a single stone falling from the roof upon a passenger carriage might create a popular impression that the tunnel was unsafe, led to the determination to line the whole.

There are no air-shafts in the tunnel, its two entrances being its only openings. At intervals of one hundred metres there are small square cavities for the deposit of implements, and at every kilometre (ten hundred and ninety yards) there are spaces in the side walls large enough to hold about a dozen men. A few hundred yards from the Göschenen entrance the so-called *mauvais endroit*—bad place—was encountered, where, for a distance of two hundred and forty feet, the cutting was made through a stratum of soft, plastic material, the constant caving in of which presented almost insuperable difficulties. Costly expedients were resorted to, and an immense amount of money was spent upon them, but in vain; some offended genie of the mountain seemed to be spitefully thwarting all the pertinacity of toil and all the tricks of science. Massive linings of masonry were bulged in like paper, compelling the workmen to flee for their lives. For three years the battle went on, Monsieur Favre, the contractor for the tunnel, meanwhile dropping dead from apoplexy, caused by anxiety, while watching the progress of the contest. At length, by herculean effort, the sliding in was arrested, the persecuting genie appeased or put to flight, and the *mauvais endroit*, finally lined with masonry in the form of an elliptical cylinder, was made as secure as any part of the tunnel.

Upward-going from Göschenen we soon leave behind us all traces of the railway, and enter the lonely defile of the Schöllenen, through which dashes the impetuous Reuss, overhung by lofty and nearly perpendicular walls of granite. The road, much exposed here to avalanches, ascends by many ingenious curvatures this narrow ravine, and reaches, between three and four miles from Göschenen, an ideally wild and desolate spot, surrounded by towering cliffs and beetling crags which almost exclude the sun. Here the foamy, boisterous Reuss, bringing with it the gathered waters of the Furca and St. Gothard glaciers, leaps over a precipice, and falls with

thunderous roar into a rocky abyss a hundred feet in depth. The road crosses this abyss by the famous *Devil's Bridge*, which spans by a single arch the roaring chasm. The spray from the cataract rises to this bridge, and, when the sunbeams fall on it, glitters with all the colors of the rainbow.

A short distance above the *Devil's Bridge* we emerge through the narrow gate-way of the defile into the beautiful, sequestered valley of Urseren, spread with green pastures, watered by the Reuss, and surrounded by snow-capped mountains. In the lower part of the valley the village of Andermatt rises amidst the meadows, and in the upper part the village of Hospenthal. Standing upon an eminence near the latter place, an ancient tower, said to be the remnant of a castle built by the Lombards, forms one of the most conspicuous objects in the landscape. The old church at Andermatt, with its annex adorned with human skulls, on which inscriptions are written, is said to date also from the Lombard period.

Before the Reuss broke its way through the gorge of the Schöllenen, this valley was doubtless a lake. Its winter lasts eight months, and even during its brief summer fires are often necessary. Three great Alpine routes radiate from the valley : that leading eastward by the Ober-Alp and the Vorder-Rhein to Coire ; the St. Gothard route to Italy ; and the road going westward to the Furca Pass and the Rhone glacier, in the Upper Valais. Returning towards the St. Gothard from Andermatt, and passing, on the left, the old tower at Hospenthal, I set out on foot for the Furca.



THE RHONE GLACIER.

CHAPTER XV.

OVER THE FURCA TO MEIRINGEN.

A MONOTONOUS walk of an hour and a half brought me to Realp, at the western extremity of the Urserenthal. Here the valley shrinks to a ravine, and the road begins to ascend the Furca range, which it mounts by a stupendous ladder of fantastic zigzags cut into the face of the mountain. The old bridle-path pursues its way along the gorge at a much lower altitude. By some evil spirit I was beguiled into taking the path instead of the road, in the expectation of saving distance. The chalet seen far up in the sky on top of the Furca served as a general point of direction. The path was miserably rough, and as lonely as it could be. Anxious to abandon it and get back to the road, I sought information from a couple of vagrant cow-herds whom I happened to encounter, but their ignorance and stupidity were impenetrable. I then undertook, on my own account, a divergence from the path, hoping to reach the road, the telegraph-poles beside which could be seen in aerial array far up the grassy side of the mountain.

After mounting about five hundred feet, I heard a juvenile voice far below shouting a note of warning. It was that of a young cow-herd, who was kind enough to come up to me and tell me that I could never reach the road in that direction, but must get back to the path if I hoped to ascend the Furca. My next attempt was to descend again, bearing off obliquely so as to gain distance to the front, but again a warning was sounded in my ears, this time from above, where men were seen swinging their hats, and shouting as if they were frantic. Unable to make out what they meant, I kept on, and soon found myself on the brink of a ravine through which a glacier

torrent, too deep for fording, poured down the mountain. There was no alternative but to go back to the path, and avail myself of the rude bridge by which it crossed the ravine. Some hours later, thoroughly fatigued, I reached the hospice at the summit of the Furca, eight thousand feet above sea-level.

The road over this pass, like those over the Simplon, the Splügen, and the Stelvio, was built mainly for military purposes, and, next to the Stelvio, is the loftiest wagon-road in the Alps. The pass, seldom wholly free from snow, takes its name from its situation, between two peaks resembling the prongs of a fork (*furca*). It descends abruptly on both sides, eastward towards the valley of Urseren, and westward towards the glacier and valley of the Rhone. The sources of the Rhine—two leagues distant—lie on one side of it, those of the Rhone on the other.

After half an hour's rest I climbed a peak, forming one of the prongs of the fork, in order to witness the sunset. The panorama before me embraced the vast central range of the Alps, from Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn abutting upon the distant horizon on the left, to the huge, snowy pyramid of the Wetterhorn, far to the right, the intermediate line being traced, irregularly, by the glittering peaks of the Mischabel, the Weisshorn, the Aletschhorn, the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and—sublimely pre-eminent over all—"the mighty mass of the Finsteraarhorn,—the monarch of the Oberland." Emblazoned with the flaming splendors of the declining sun, this magnificent array of Alpine giants, with their intervening snow-fields and glaciers, presented a scene indescribably grand. No words can portray its glorious transformations of light and color as the sun slid below the horizon. The mighty wedge of the Matterhorn, far to the south-west, became a wedge of gold, tinged with purple, while the perpetual snow mantle of Monte Rosa changed to a robe of delicate flush and crimson. For a few moments the fiery glow swept with changing splen-

dors along the entire range of ermined giants, then slowly gave place to that almost supernatural, lily-like whiteness, which, like the cereus, unfolds its perfect beauty only under the canopy of night. Shortly before sunset a dense mass of cottony vapor lay wedged in the narrow gorge of the Reuss, far beneath the hospice, its shapely volumes seeming almost motionless in the shadow of the range. But as the atmosphere cooled, the mass began to rise, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly, until it reached, and soared above, the level of the pass, and being caught by an upper current, was whirled over the range in ragged fragments, like the broken, flying phalanxes of a routed army.

My *vis-à-vis* at the hospice supper-table that evening was an English lady, young and handsome but unassuming, who narrated with much enthusiasm the story of her day's adventures on the mountain. She had found, she said, some rare and beautiful Alpine plants, which she described, stating with precision their botanical names and relations. A man having her evident knowledge of the fauna and flora of the Alps would have been taken for a scientist. Her appearance indicated the strength and vigor of perfect health, showing that her physical training had been no whit behind that of her refined and beautiful mind. The race and country have much to be proud of, and hopeful for, which can produce such lovely, accomplished, and weather-proof types of womanhood.

Seven miles from the summit of the Furca, and more than two thousand feet below it, a torrent of muddy snow-water issues from beneath prodigious masses of ice. This is the infant Rhone of to-day,—the Rhodanus of the ancients, said to pour from the gates of eternal night, “at the foot of the pillar of the sun.” The lofty cavern out of which this torrent first issues into the light of day is formed in the crystalline mass of fissured ice which terminates the Rhone glacier,—one of the largest and in some respects the finest glacier in the Alps. A

few hundred yards below the ice-fall, three warm springs gush from the earth and join the glacier stream, which, descending from its birthplace in the mountains, expands into a broad and beautiful river, and after coursing five hundred miles through historic lands, and past historic cities, pours into the Mediterranean.

The morning following my sojourn in the eyrie of the Furca was as bright and cheery as its preceding sunset had been splendid. Taking a guide, I started early for the Rhone glacier, intending to cross it above the ice-fall, mount the heights beyond it, and descend to the Grimsel hospice. The heights just mentioned terminate in an irregular, craggy crest,—eight thousand four hundred feet,—from which, in 1799, the French, having made a flank march, poured upon the Austrians intrenched below on the Grimsel, and drove them into the Valais. In the neighborhood lies a small, solitary lake into which were tossed the bodies of those slain in the battle, and which is to this day known as the Lake of the Dead.

In order to reach the glacier, I turned from the road and followed a path around the face of the mountain, from which could be seen the whole chain of snow-peaks from Monte Rosa to the Wetterhorn, gleaming and dazzling against the unclouded sky. The heavens were blue, but not of that deep, dark color often observed from the Alps, indicating an atmosphere heavily charged with transparent vapor, and ready, on slight provocation, to precipitate its moisture. The blue was of a light cerulean tint,—a fair-weather omen,—forming a most pleasing contrast with the white peaks and snow-fields glowing with the early sunbeams.

We descended to the glacier on its eastern side, passing over masses of broken granite, among which I picked up some beautiful quartz crystals. The huge ice-current, upon the hard, spiny surface of which we landed, courses down from its *nevê* on the Winterberg for a distance of fifteen miles. Longfellow

has aptly compared its shape to that of a gauntlet, of which the gorge represents the wrist, and the lower glacier—falling terrace-like and cloven by fissures—the hand. Its ice-fall, composed of immense slabs of pure blue ice sliced away from the main body by lateral fissures, resembles a gigantic frozen cataract. Sometimes a peculiar noise is heard, intermittently rising and falling within the ice-mass, like the snore of a sleeping monster. This noise is supposed to be produced by the rush of air and water forced through the interior passages of the glacier.

The upper part of the ice-current, at the point where we undertook to cross it, was fissured in all directions, the clefts varying in depth from fifteen to thirty feet. Sometimes we were obliged to move on all-fours in order to make our way through the treacherous maze of slippery-walled pits and chasms. Having crossed the glacier, we climbed to the summit of Nägeli's Grätli, from which we looked down into the vast rocky basin known as the Grimselgrund, within which the infant Aar—a swift-flowing tributary of the Rhine—is cradled. Here, on this rocky ridge forming the boundary between two races,—Latin and Teuton,—and where, nearly a century ago, they grappled with each other in their traditional feud, the waters also are divided which form the great historic rivers along which those races dwell.

“This Grimsel is a weird region,” says Professor Tyndall ; “a monument carved with hieroglyphics more ancient and more grand than those of Nineveh or the Nile. . . . All around are evidences of the existence and the might of the glaciers which once held possession of the place. All around the rocks are carved, and fluted, and polished, and scored. Here and there angular pieces of quartz, held fast by the ice, inserted their edges into the rocks and scratched them like diamonds.” The entire basin is surrounded by naked walls of granite, on which these striations are traced to the height

of two thousand feet. On the Grimsel Pass, the striated surfaces extend clear to the summit of the Maienwand, and are sometimes polished as smooth, almost, as glass by the action of the ice. Above the line of glacial action the rocks are angular and rugged.

Two thousand three hundred feet below our position on Nägeli's Grätli lay the Grimsel hospice,—a lonely chalet habitable only in summer. Adown the precipices which rise from the hospice to the Grätli we clambered by a wretched path so steep that great care was necessary to avoid falling. At the bottom we found ourselves confronted by a small lake, but boatmen who had observed our descent were waiting for us, and for a few centimes carried us over. After resting awhile at the hospice I started alone down the Haslithal, following a good bridle-path constructed and kept in order by the canton. During the first part of the descent from the Grimsel the valley is narrow, crooked, and magnificently wild. On both sides rise immense buttresses and walls of bare, storm-beaten rock, on which very little vegetation of any kind was to be seen. Two huts of the rudest character were the only human habitations which diversified the first three hours of my solitary walk down the ravine. I was alone with Nature, in her sublimest aspects and blandest mood. The atmosphere was tranquil, the firmament bright and crystalline, the valley here glowing with sunshine and there deeply shadowed by the dark penumbra of the mountains. Beside my path the turbid Aar brawled ceaselessly in its rocky bed, sometimes churning itself into foamy fury as it rushed with headlong fret down some steep incline, and sometimes describing a graceful, misty parabola as it leaped into an abyss.

Two hours from the hospice, vegetation began to appear in the form of mosses, rhododendrons, and dwarf pines; and in three hours I reached Handeck,—the first settlement below the Grimsel,—surrounded by beautiful groves of pine and

cedar. The Handeck fall, famous the world over, is unique among Swiss cataracts. Next to the fall of the Tosa, in the Val Formazza, and the Rhine-fall at Schaffhausen, it is the grandest cascade in the Swiss Alps. A wooden bridge which spans the torrent just above the fall affords a good view of the Aar as it comes plunging down over the ledges, and makes its magnificent leap into a narrow chasm two hundred and fifty feet in depth. The silvery current of the Erlenbach, descending from the left, falls first upon a projecting rock, then plunges at, and joins in its descent, the gray glacier torrent of the Aar, the two mingling and writhing like contending dragons as they go down together into the dark, misty abyss. The water of the Erlenbach being clear, and that of the Aar muddy, the penetration of the one through the other can be distinctly traced. Loose stones, carried down by the impetuous waters, are constantly descending with them. The best view of the fall is not had from the bridge, but from a projecting rock below it. The Aar descends in an unbroken mass, but nearly half of the cataract is concealed by dense volumes of spray which rise constantly from the abyss. Beautiful rainbows are formed upon this spray when—only possible for a brief part of the day—the sunbeams penetrate the gorge.

Below Handeck the ravine of the Aar contracts, and its rock-ribbed sides are diversified with patches of fir forest, whose very dark green color is changed to inky blackness when thrown into shadow. The path is sometimes very steep; the mountains as we go downward, ever downward, appear loftier and more massive; the fretted current of the Aar churns itself upon the rocks until it is white as frost. Immense masses of loose stones strewn along the basin of the valley, or hanging precariously upon its slopes, mark plainly the lines of ancient glacial action. Guttannen, the first village, is surrounded by meadows whose velvety surfaces are disfigured by great heaps of rocky *débris* which the peasants

have gathered up in trying to give the grass a chance to grow.

At an inn reached after a down-hill walk of seven hours from the hospice, the bridle-path developed into a post-road, and I was able to relieve my jaded muscles by engaging an *Einspänner* to Meiringen. From the inn the road descends gently into a fertile basin forming the pretty parish of Innertkirchen, below which a rock-strewn ridge known as the Kirchet crosses the valley like a huge dam. Through this ridge the Aar has cut a narrow passage in the limestone rock, forming one of the finest gorges in Switzerland. From the basin of Innertkirchen—evidently once a lake—the road ascends by the usual windings to the summit of the Kirchet, from whence, looking towards the north, a magnificent scene bursts upon us. The basin of the Aar, expanded to a breadth of three miles, is flanked on both sides by majestic mountains, whose rounded forms stand in serried lines, their slopes dressed with timber and their summits tipped with snow. In the foreground, surrounded by meadows and gardens, lies the village of Meiringen, beyond and below which, in far perspective, the valley tapers down, in lines of beauty, to the azure waters of Lake Brienz. Farther on, in the same direction, the vision sweeps far into the Bernese Oberland, whose massive Alpine monarchs are tinted with imperial purple and crowned with sunset gold.

Amid the vast, far-reaching grandeur of this glorious landscape one object, more than all others, fascinates the eye and fixes the attention: it is the splendid cataract of the Reichenbach, which comes plunging out of the bosom of the mountains, a thousand feet or more above the meandering and, at last, tranquil current of the Aar. Springing from a giddy ledge, the crystal flood falls, white as milk, adown the pine-clad cliff and, striking a sloping surface far below, makes another wild bound, as if maddened with delirious ecstasy. As seen from the summit of the Kirchet, this superb volume

of water—gushing, palpitating, and falling in mid-air, like liquid silver, while valley, river, and lake below and the cragged summits above were suffused in mellow evening radiance—reminded me more strikingly than anything I had ever seen of the poetic transports of Tennyson :

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story ;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ;
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark, oh, hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going ;
Oh, sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HASLI-SCHEIDECK, THE FAULHORN, AND THE SCHYNYGE PLATTE.

IN fair weather there are few pedestrian excursions in Switzerland more interesting than that from Meiringen to Grindelwald, over the Hasli-Scheideck. It was at the dawn of an ideally-lovely September morning that I set out from the Hôtel du Reichenbach on this tour. Not a speck of cloud could be seen in the whole dome of the sky as I quitted the hotel and began to ascend the heights near by. The atmosphere was fresh and fragrant ; the grass sparkled with dew ; the glowing effulgence of dawn quivered upon the mountains.

Near to the ascending path the thunderous cataract of the Reichenbach plunged in wild riot of silvery waters, the spray from which, floating out into the sunlight, glittered with rainbows and fell in showers of mist.

Like the torrent at Krimml, that of the Reichenbach makes three separate leaps from the mountain before it reaches its channel in the valley. The lowest fall comes down near the *Hôtel du Reichenbach*, and, like the Giessbach, is illuminated by the hotel people on summer evenings. The finest fall is the second, or middle one, whose magnificent leap from its green ambushade on the mountain has already been described. Darting like an arrow over the precipice, the wild waters spring into the air, then descend in one mass gracefully as

A feather wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

This part of the fall produces by far the best effect when seen from a distance; some licensed showmen who have taken possession of it have fixed the near-by points of view to suit their own purposes. The same is true of the upper fall, the approaches to which are also guarded by people who exact money for the sight of this beautiful phenomenon of nature. But the scenes outspread before us as we look down from the heights make amends for this annoyance. Before these no curtain can be drawn. In the opposite direction other scenes, still more attractive, come into view at the summit of the fall. As the path ascends the deep gorge of the Reichenbach, suddenly, like an apparition, a huge white mass rises behind its forest screen, and discloses itself in dazzling silhouette against the sky. It is the gigantic pyramid of the Wetterhorn, apparently near at hand, although fifteen miles distant. Around it cluster the bare, gray summits of the Wellhorn, the Engelhorn, and various other peaks which rise amid the glaciers borne upon the mighty shoulders of the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, and

the Finsteraarhorn. Seen, radiant with morning sunbeams, as we rise from the deep shadows of the gorge, these noble mountains form the background to a picture of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

As I turned into the wooded defiles of the pass, the echoes of an Alpine horn rang out, bounding and rebounding from cliff to cliff until they died faintly on the far-off summits. A couple of pedestrians—one of them a rosy-cheeked German *Fräulein*—approached the horn-blower from above at the same time that I came up from below. “*Das ist schön,*” exclaimed *Fräulein*, with a roguish smile, as she tossed a few sous to the volunteer musician. “*Aber blasen Sie noch! blasen Sie noch!*” she added, as she skipped away with the alertness of a chamois. If the man had not been as insensate as a stone, such an appeal would have kept him blowing straight away for half an hour at least. As it was, he put up his horn and gave his lungs a rest for the next customer.

For two hours my path lay along the mossy banks of the Reichenbach, at first amid groves of deciduous trees, then through sunny meadows, alternating with sombre forests of pine and fir. At the head of a ravine branching to the left the Rosenlani glacier disclosed itself, descending from an immense *nevé*, in the direction of which the thunder of falling avalanches was occasionally heard. The ice of this glacier is singularly pure and clean, owing to the firmness of its bed of black limestone rock. The baths of Rosenlani, with their jaunty-looking summer hotel, opposite the glacier, offer many attractions for a restful sojourn.

Above the timber-line, an hour beyond the baths, we enter the upper mountain pastures, ascending which for half an hour we arrive at the summit of the Hasli-Schideck. Directly opposite to the pass rises, almost perpendicularly, the gigantic rock-mass of the Wetterhorn, from whose precipices the avalanches fall in four different directions. From the

ridge we look eastward into the ravine of the Reichenbach, meandering down to the Haslithal; westward, into the deep valley of the Grindelwald, lined with forests and pastures, and surrounded by a magnificent pageant of snow-capped mountains.

From the hospice on the Scheideck the beaten path descends to the hamlet of Grindelwald, opposite the two glaciers of that name; a less-frequented route leads along the timberless mountain-slopes on the right towards the lofty and isolated peak known as the Faulhorn. Choosing the latter route, I set out from the hospice with a guide, and after an hour's walk reached a point in front of which the great snow-range rose in full view from the Wetterhorn to the Jungfrau, and beyond. Without incident, we pursued our way over the solitary meadowy slopes until, towards evening, the base of the rounded cone of the Faulhorn was reached. An ascent of an hour's duration brought us to the lonely chalet which squats under the lee of the short, sharp ridge forming the summit of this isolated peak.

The Faulhorn is a tolerably symmetrical mass of black, fissured, calcareous rock, the crumbling appearance of which gives the mountain its name. On its southern face it is steep, though sloping; on its northern face it drops two thousand feet from its crest, almost perpendicularly. Its pinnacle—eight thousand eight hundred feet, two thousand nine hundred feet higher than the Rigi Kulm—surveys the whole vast range of snowy Alps, from Lake Geneva on the west to Lakes Lucerne and Zug on the east. From this eyrie, which lies within the zone of almost perpetual winter, the eye sweeps over nearly the whole breadth of the Bernese Oberland, and covers nearly every important lake in Switzerland. While viewing the sunset from the bald, bleak pinnacle, we were exposed to a strong wind so piercing cold that we were glad to seek the cheerful fireside of the chalet as soon as the pageant was over.

The next morning broke brightly, favoring with radiant skies my descent towards Interlaken. Starting from the chalet, the path circled steeply downward, around the shelvy Faulhorn, to the Sägisthal See,—a small lake lying about two thousand feet from the summit,—then crossed the Iselton Alp and skirted the magnificent gorge of the Grindelwald, at the bottom of which frets and foams the plaintive Lütschine. From a narrow ridge by the way-side I looked down upon the twin lakes of Brienz and Thun, between which lay Interlaken, half concealed by the luxuriant foliage of its parks and gardens. As seen from that immense height, a steamer whose paddles wrinkled the blue surface of Lake Thun seemed scarcely bigger than a child's toy ship.

At nine o'clock—three hours from the Faulhorn—I arrived at the inn on the Schynige Platte, and seated myself on the veranda for a good rest. The Platte is a table of shiny slate rock which hangs at a height of over four thousand feet directly above the bed of the Lütschine, and surveys the Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen valleys both throughout their entire extent. Behind it rises a mountain-crest (six thousand eight hundred feet), from which, looking northward, a magnificent view is had of Interlaken, with its neighboring lakes and lowlands, and the mountains of the Bernese Oberland. The Platte is one of the finest points of observation in Switzerland, not surpassed,—indeed, not equalled,—in some respects, by the loftiest mountain summits. From the tremendous abysses below comes up the mingled, unintermittent roar of many torrents fed by springs and glaciers on the surrounding mountains. As we look up the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, the splendid fall of the Staubbach appears, descending white and misty in its grand, unbroken leap of nine hundred feet. Far beyond it, at the head of the valley, and in the very heart of the mountains, the similarly lofty and graceful fall of the Schmadribach also drops, in full view, its silvery riband.

From right to left, including the space between the abysses of the Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, extends a vast redan-like barrier of huge mountains and glaciers,—a gigantic battle-mented citadel where the Ice-King's reign is perpetual and supreme. Most conspicuous in this array are the dark, rugged mass of the Wengern Alp, closing the view towards Grindelwald; then, in their order, the peaks of the Eiger, the Monk, the Schneehorn, and the dazzling Silberhorn; the Breithorn, whose snow-fields and glaciers give rise to the torrent of the Schmadribach; the mighty wall of the Ebne-Fluh, with its white conical summit; and, towering above all, directly opposite the Platte, the glorious Queen of the Alps, the sublimely-beautiful Jungfrau, robed in spotless white, pure, brilliant, and perpetual.

While my attention was fixed by these sublime scenes,—absorbed in a trance, almost, of awe and admiration,—suddenly a muffled rumbling sound was heard in the direction of the Jungfrau. At the same instant the innkeeper rushed towards me, pointing and exclaiming, "*Sehen Sie! Sehen Sie! eine Lawine!*" "See! see! an avalanche!" Of course I looked, with all my eyes, and saw, in the exact direction of the sound, a white torrent of descending snow, resembling, in the distance, a foaming cataract, as it slid headlong down the rocky precipices of the mountain until caught upon the huge shoulders of ice and rock far below its point of origin. Immediately its white cataract began to diminish at the point where it poured over the ledge, and in a moment it dwindled to an apparently tiny stream, the sound of which could be no longer heard. In spring and summer these avalanches fall almost daily into the deep gorge of the Trümletenthal, between the Jungfrau and the Wengern Alp.

My halt upon the Schynige Platte was virtually the end of a long tour in the Upper Alps, during which the strange fascination of the mountains had fixed itself upon me more

strongly than I realized until I came to part with my majestic companions. My descent to Interlaken was slow and reluctant; it seemed to me that I would be glad to remain always in the pure atmosphere and amid the sublime scenes of those upper regions, remote from all selfish human cares and pursuits. Undoubtedly there is a certain moral elevation to be obtained by association with Nature in her noblest and sublimest forms. The soul takes on the character of its surroundings, and when they are pure and grand, it becomes itself so. It regrets its return, however necessary, to associations which neither inspire nor purify.

So I felt as the steeply-descending path brought me abruptly to the base of the mountain and I stepped out upon the hard, level road which leads to Interlaken. Yet my regret, however keen, at the termination of a glorious experience, had its compensations, for I could realize with Professor Tyndall, in the fullest sense of the words, that "*the Alps improve us totally, and we return from their precipices wiser as well as stronger men.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

THROUGH SICILY.

I.

THERE is scarcely another portion of the globe of similar extent more interesting than Sicily. It is classic ground. The fables of Greek mythology have covered it with their unique enchantment. The flight of Dædalus, the wanderings of Ulysses, the voyage of Æneas to Italy, the deathless love of Acis and Galatæa, the jealousy and rage of Polyphemus, the

rape of Proserpine, the metamorphosis of Scylla, the victory of Hercules over Eryx, the haunts of the Cyclopes, Gigantes, and Letophagi,—all had their legendary scenes along its shores, or among its mountains and valleys.

What pearls of literature are strung upon the thread of Sicilian history ! In this island Sophocles was born, Æschylus wrote, Plato taught, and “burning Sappho loved and sung.” Its pastoral life inspired the muse of Theocritus, unsurpassed among bucolic poets ; its annals are recorded in the pages of Diodorus, Polybius, Livy, and Thucydides. The exploits of its heroes were sung by Homer and Virgil ; the victories of its warriors were the themes of Pindar’s noblest odes. Cicero dwelt in Sicily as Roman quæstor, described its scenery and architecture, and plead in its behalf against the vandalism of Verres. Here Tisias perfected the chorus of the Greek drama ; Alcæus struck from his lyre his sublime praises of liberty and justice ; Xenophanes recited his bold iambics ; Epicharmus, named first of comic writers by Plato, composed his comedies ; Simonides wrote his masterpieces of elegiac song ; Archimedes expounded his discoveries in mechanics, mathematics, and hydrostatics ; and Empedocles, architect, statesman, and philosopher, broached his startling theories of mind and matter.

The military events which have taken place within this Mediterranean palestra of the nations have changed the destinies of empires and races at nearly all periods of human history. Here the armies of Hannibal and Hamilcar, of Alcibiades and Gylippus, of Timoleon and Marcellus, of Belisarius and Ibrahim, of Charles V. and Frederick II., of Robert Guiscard and Garibaldi, have in succession marched to conquest or to ruin. Carthaginian, Greek, Roman, Phœnician, Ostrogoth, Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, and Bourbon have all left here the traces of their dominion, more or less transient. In the same venerable building are seen the Romanesque,

Gothic, and Byzantine styles of architecture, built one upon another, betokening the transition of as many different races and periods. In some parts of the island the language of the people is Norman or corrupt Spanish, and there is one plateau, called the *Piato dei Greci*, where to this day nothing is spoken but Greek.

In its primitive state, if we may believe the half that is told of it, the natural scenery of Sicily must have been of surpassing loveliness. The imagination delights to picture it as it appeared to the Dorian Greeks when, sailing up the blue Mediterranean, they became enamoured of its beauty, and pitched their first settlements at Naxos. Its valleys, we are told, were then clothed with luxuriant forests; flashing cascades fell voicefully from its mountains; the vegetation of the semi-tropics rioted upon its virgin soil; and so rich was the fragrance of its flowers and blossoms that the hounds lost the scent of their prey. The Greek colonists doubtless found here a new Arcadia, realizing to their lively imaginations the ideal one which their poets had celebrated in immortal song.

Very different from that is the Sicily of to-day, worn by the tramp of so many generations, and despoiled by the ravishment of so many conquests. The hills and valleys as they now appear are almost bare of timber; the watercourses, although roaring torrents in winter, are nearly dry in summer; a great deal of the soil is thin and sterile, and the scarcity of water confines luxuriance of vegetation mostly to the districts near to the coast. Wheat of good quality is extensively grown, but the yield per acre is pitiably small. The cultivation of cotton spread over the island during our civil war, but has become insignificant again, owing to the inferiority of the plant to American cotton. The orange, the almond, and the vine flourish along the coast; the olive in the interior as well. The volcanic and limestone rocks forming the surface strata bear no merchantable minerals other than salt, sulphur, and

marble. Trains of carts laden with yellow sulphur blocks are among the unique sights of the interior.

The towns and villages generally occupy the lofty sites of ancient strongholds, or the places of refuge upon the hill-tops to which the people were driven for self-protection during the Middle-Age invasions. Built of stone, and heavily walled, the towns of the interior have a cheerless appearance which lends no touch of beauty to the scenery.

One of the most interesting of these fortified places is Castrogiovanni, the Enna of the Greeks, situated on the summit of a hill which rises two thousand six hundred feet. Although pronounced "inexpugnable" by Livy, Enna was besieged and mastered successively by the Syracusans, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, and Normans. In the ninth century the Saracens were beaten off in their attempt to carry the place by storm. Against the Romans it held out for two years; and Roman missiles are found even yet, it is said, on the slopes beneath its walls. The town is now in a wretched state of decay, with not a vestige to show of the splendid temples which once adorned it. The country round about, though anciently of great luxuriance, now looks impoverished and lifeless.

Palermo—called *la felice* because of its splendid site and climate—was originally the seat of a Phœnician settlement, which gave place to a Greek colony. It was held by the Carthaginians during their first invasion, but was wrested from them by the Greek army under Pyrrhus. Retaken by the Carthaginians, it was afterwards captured and held in succession by the Romans, the Goths, the Saracens, and the Normans. Traces of these different vicissitudes are found in the names of its streets and buildings, the character of its architecture, and the language of its people. Conspicuous in the medley of Greek, Saracenic, and Latin derivatives by which its principal thoroughfares are known appears the illustrious Ameri-

can name of Lincoln. On the Via Lincoln we pass the gate by which Garibaldi entered the city in 1860. Following a stately promenade which extends along the entire sea-front of the city, we reach the rock of Monte Pellegrino, two miles west of the city proper. On this magnificent promontory, rising two thousand feet abruptly from the sea, the Carthaginians intrenched themselves, and made obstinate resistance to the Romans. In a grotto of the mountain was found, it is said, the body of Santa Rosalia, a Norman princess, niece of William II., who fled to that refuge from the brutality of a Saracén soldier, and died there in retirement. The remains of the saint were opportunely discovered during the plague of 1664, and, being borne through the city, caused the epidemic to be stayed. Since that event Santa Rosalia has ever been the patron saint of Palermo.

In the older churches of the city are seen some very fine specimens of the Norman style, and in the secular buildings some interesting illustrations of the feudal architecture of a later period. The palace is a decayed and sorry morsel of mediæval splendor, excepting its chapel, which is one of the best specimens of the Byzantine style extant. The vestibule of this little chapel is supported by seven columns, six of which are composed of Egyptian granite. The Arabian pointed arches of the nave are supported by ten columns of granite and cipolin. The entire surface of the walls and vaulting is covered with florid mosaics laboriously wrought on a golden ground. The cathedral, a nondescript structure partly Byzantine and partly Gothic, with an incongruous dome, contains the tombs of the Sicilian kings. The objects of chief interest in the National Museum are the metopes of Selinus, illustrating the most ancient sculpture of the Greeks.

The Cathedral of Monreale, five miles from Palermo, is one of the finest in Sicily, particularly interesting on account of its magnificent portal, and its tombs and monuments of Nor-

man monarchs. Near it yet remain the beautiful cloisters of the Benedictine monastery, with their rare vaulting and delightful garden.

For a general view of Palermo and its environs, we ascend the suburban height on which stands, amid a clustered mass of palms, cypresses, olives, oleanders, and aloe-trees, the old Minorite monastery known as Santa Maria di Jesu. From thence we overlook the city, the zone of garden-like plats and groves which circles between it and the hills, and the dimpling, sparkling waters of the bay which fronts it on its seaward side.

The most interesting works of man in Sicily, and those least indebted to human care, are its remains of Greek and Roman antiquity. These remains are found chiefly at Segesta, Selinunto, Girgenti, Syracuse, Catania, and Taormina. The ruins of Segesta, the Egesta of the Greeks, lie south-west of Palermo, whence they may be reached by five hours' travel on a mountainous road leading through Monreale and Alcamo. The ruins stand on high ground, solitary and desolate, overlooking the scene of Garibaldi's victory of May 15, 1860. Egesta was one of the most ancient settlements in Sicily, antedating even the advent of the Greeks. Tradition ascribes its original foundation to the Trojan followers of Æneas. Notwithstanding that it became thoroughly Greek, its feuds with its Greek neighbors were incessant, especially with Selinunto. The Athenian army, while besieging Syracuse, took sides with Egesta, but after the ruin of that army both the rival cities fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, and were both destroyed. All that now remains of Egesta comprises some scraps of mosaic pavement recently excavated; the theatre, hewn in the natural rock; and the temple, which is one of the best preserved of the Doric style in Sicily. The theatre, in the usual Greek form, with seats rising in tiers, has a diameter of two hundred and five feet. The breadth of the stage is

ninety feet, and that of the orchestra fifty-three feet. The temple, although never entirely completed, is a majestic structure, with thirty-six unfluted columns. Its width is eighty-five feet; its length two hundred.

In the south-western angle of the island, twenty-five miles south of Segesta, lies Castelvetro, the nearest inhabited town to the ruins of Selinunto. These ruins, now surrounded by a deserted, insalubrious region, comprise some of the grandest ancient temples in Europe. The Greek colony at Selinunto was established by emigrants from Megara more than six centuries before the Christian era. Its rivalries and wars with Egesta afforded pretexts both to the Athenians and the Carthaginians to interfere in the affairs of Sicily. Hamilcar attacked the place with an army one hundred thousand strong, captured it, and massacred sixteen thousand of its people. Five thousand others he transported as slaves to Africa. The Saracens occupied the ruined town during their invasion, and held it obstinately against the attacks of King Roger.

The temples of Selinunto stand upon two eminences overlooking the sea. They are seven in number, and were yet in course of completion when the town was captured and devastated by Hamilcar Giscon, four centuries before Christ. During the early Christian period cells were built between their buttresses, and used as dwellings. Earthquakes have added their destructive forces to the work of vandal human hands in making wreck of these noble ruins.

At Girgenti, five hours from Palermo by rail, is seen another group of these remains, which is the finest in Sicily. Girgenti—the Akragas of the ancient Greeks, and Agrigentum of the Romans—was founded by Doric colonists, natives of Crete, nearly six centuries before the Christian era. The ancient city was magnificently situated upon an elevated plateau, behind which rose a semicircular environment of rocky cliffs, and before which was outspread the blue Mediterranean. Pindar

pronounced it "the most beautiful city of mortals." At its best estate its population was probably about two hundred thousand, although some estimates make it as high as eight hundred thousand. Of prodigious wealth, its people built, it was said, as if they expected to live forever. One of their champions, returning victorious from the Olympic games, was escorted by three hundred chariots each drawn by four milk-white steeds. Art and architecture were invoked to the utmost of their resources in contributing to the splendors of the city. The Temple of Juno enshrined a painting of that goddess executed by the immortal Zeuxis, who chose as models for the work the five most beautiful virgins of Akragas. A celebrated painting by the same artist, representing the infant Hercules in the act of strangling two serpents, adorned the temple of that god.

Of the temples,—seven in all,—the best preserved is that of Concord, of which the architrave, pediments, and thirty-four columns remain in their original positions. The Temple of Juno, splendidly situated on a salient of the promontory, is a hexastyle of thirty-four columns of the perfected Doric style, each column having twenty flutes and a height just five times its diameter. Sixteen of the columns are yet standing. The Temple of Hercules, two hundred and forty-one feet long, is a hexastyle of thirty-eight columns, of which all are down but one, which stands like a mourner over its fallen comrades. Verres, the rapacious Roman governor whom Cicero prosecuted and drove into exile, attempted to despoil this temple of its statue of Hercules, but was thwarted by the pious Agrigentines, who drove off his emissaries.

The Temple of Jupiter, a huge hypæthral structure, extolled by Polybius, but never entirely completed, dates from 480 to 400 B.C. Its thirty-seven massive half-columns were each twenty feet in circumference, and grooved with flutes each broad enough for a man to stand in it. In the interior the

columns were mated by corresponding pilasters, upon which, in the cella, stood colossal Atlantes, supporting the entablature. A grand plastic design was wrought in each tympanum, that of the eastern front representing the gods contending with the giants; that of the western, the siege of Troy. Wrecked by earthquakes and ravaged by war, this stately fane has been drawn upon for materials for ignoble purposes until comparatively little of it remains.

In the choice of position of these temples the studied taste of the Greeks has been strikingly displayed. In such harmony are the edifices with their natural surroundings, that, from whatever direction we view them, they seem to be a necessary part, as well as a splendid embellishment, of the scene. At the same time the view from the temples themselves is a superb one, covering a wide sweep of plains, valleys, and mountains, before which spreads out, as far as the eye can pierce, the deep, tranquil azure of the sea.

The conquest of Akragas by the Carthaginians is one of the saddest chapters in history. After destroying Egesta and Selinunto, the Carthaginian leaders Hamilcar and Himilco led their forces against this wealthy and beautiful metropolis. Having girdled it with their armies, they prepared to scale its walls by erecting wooden towers, which the besieged, sallying forth in the night, captured and burned. The Carthaginians then built towers of stone, for which purpose they demolished the Akragan tombs, a sacrilege followed by the terrors of a thunderbolt and the ravages of a plague. To appease the anger of the gods, the besiegers ceased their violation of the resting-places of the dead, and sacrificed a boy to Saturn. Meanwhile, a Syracusan army, sent to the relief of the beleaguered city, attacked the Carthaginians, routed them, and besieged them in their own camp; but from this predicament they were soon relieved by the energy of Himilco, who destroyed a Syracusan fleet, bringing supplies to Akragas, the

allies of which he seduced with bribes. Thereupon the leaders of the Akragans determined that, to avoid the horrors of starvation, the entire population of the city should abandon it in the night. The publication of this decree caused universal wailing. "It was a mournful spectacle," says the historian, "to see two hundred thousand citizens, of every age, sex, and condition, abandoning with tears their household gods; while matrons, beautiful virgins, innocent children, the old and the young, the slave and his master, the plebeian with the patrician, passed instantaneously from the summit of luxury to the extreme of wretchedness. The whole body, escorted by the military, retired to Gela, whence the Syracusans conducted them to Leontinum."

The railway to Catania being not yet completed farther west than Canicatti, I journeyed thither from Girgenti by the post diligence, which was guarded from bandit attack by a mounted patrol. The ride was a dusty one, but its discomfort was palliated by the novelty of the scenery. From Canicatti we proceeded eastward by rail, passing through a meagrely-timbered country, broken into clayey hills. The movement of the train was slow and rapid by turns, as its course happened to be up or down on the steep gradients of the line. Passing Caltanissetta and Castrogiovanni, we descended into the valley of the ancient Chrysas. By that time evening was approaching, and the setting sun, diffusing the atmosphere with its mellow radiance, softened the outlines of the hills, and covered them with the marvellously-delicate purple tint peculiar to Italy. The gray-and-yellow cliffs and arid ridges became surpassingly lovely under the transfiguring magic of light and shadow. I was absorbed in admiration of the scene when my sole travelling-companion—a Sicilian—addressed me for the first time. His speech was laconic, but meant much. "Etna! Etna!" was his exclamation, as he beckoned me to the window by which he sat. I looked, and, sure enough, there stood

Etna, in full view from base to summit. The upper portion of the mountain, zoned far down with perpetual snow, was fair and dazzling as a sun-illuminated cloud. Fortunately the wind carried in the direction opposite to us the vast volumes of steam and smoke issuing from the crater, leaving the entire cone clearly outlined against the sky. I saw the mountain afterwards from many different directions, but no view of it was so impressive as the first. Fair, majestic, and alluring,—even so, probably, did it appear to the adventurous Greeks when they first planted their civilization beneath its mighty shadow.

Mount Etna, or Mongibello, as the Sicilians call it, is a gigantic cone of heaped-up lava two and one-sixteenth miles high. The circumference of its base, if we include the whole mass of volcanic matter which has accumulated around the axis of its crater, is about one hundred miles. Its slopes are belted by three different zones of vegetation, the first rising about two thousand three hundred feet. In the soil of this zone, consisting of decomposed lava, grow olives, oranges, pomegranates, apples, figs, almonds, and cinnamon-, pepper-, and citron-trees in great luxuriance. The vine also flourishes in this region, and is occasionally seen far above it. The second zone, rising about four thousand seven hundred feet above the first, contains forests of oak, chestnut, birch, and pine. The third zone, comprising all above the second, contains but little vegetation. Among the plants found there are the barberry, juniper, and some hardy species peculiar to Etna. In its general appearance this upper zone is a black, silent, glittering waste, streaked with snow-drifts and entirely destitute of animal life. A quarry of perpetual ice was found there in 1828, under a stratum of lava which must have flowed over it. The crater is at the top of a mountain of ashes and stones which rises about eleven hundred feet above the snowy tract. Usually it is a single abyss, but sometimes

it is crossed by a barrier, from one side only of which smoke is emitted. An important change of the summit takes place at each eruption.

In ancient myth, Etna was sometimes called the prison of the giant Typhon, enemy of the gods, and sometimes the forge of Vulcan. According to some poets, the monster Enceladus lay pinioned beneath its mass, and caused its eruptions by his struggles. The absence of any allusion in the Homeric traditions to the volcanic character of the mountain has led to the belief that it was quiescent at the time of Ulysses's fabled adventures. Its eruptions, of which we have historical record, number eighty-one. The earliest of these is described by Pindar, whose account of its terrific sublimity bears evidence of truth. Thucydides mentions three different eruptions, and Diodorus Siculus tells of fiery outbreaks which obliged the aboriginal inhabitants to flee to the western part of the island. In modern times an eruption has taken place about once in ten years. The most stupendous and destructive one of which we have any account was that of 1669, when a violent earthquake, which shook down the village of Nicolosi, was followed a few days later by the outbreak of lava streams pouring from different parts of the mountain. On that occasion the red double cone of Monte Rossi was formed, many lives were lost, and twenty-seven thousand persons were rendered homeless. A fissure twelve miles long, extending within a mile of the summit, burned with a vivid light, while parallel fissures emitted smoke and terrific bellowing noises. The walls of Catania had been raised to a height of sixty feet, but the descending lava overleaped them, and poured a cataract of liquid fire among the houses. In twenty days the lava current reached the sea, having flowed fifteen miles from its place of issue on the mountain. Eight years afterwards the current was glowing hot beneath the crust of black spinous rock which formed over it. As the molten mass entered the sea,

the water was thrown into violent commotion, producing horrible noises; the fish were destroyed and cast ashore, and the sun was darkened by enormous clouds of vapor. For many months afterwards the water remained turbid.

The ascent of Etna is usually made from Nicolosi, ten miles from Catania, the time of starting being so regulated that the sunset may be viewed from the Casa del Bosco (four thousand two hundred and sixteen feet), and the sunrise from the summit. A halt is made at the Casa Inglese (nine thousand six hundred and fifty-two feet) from midnight until two or three o'clock in the morning. From the Casa Inglese (English House) the cone must be scaled on foot. Immense volumes of sulphurous smoke, accompanied by subterranean rumbling, issue continually from the crater, but in settled weather a good view from its margin is reasonably certain. The grandeur of the sunrise, witnessed from the pinnacle, cannot be exaggerated. As dawn approaches, the stars rapidly disappear from the paling sky; the eastern horizon reddens, faintly at first, then deeply; and the summit of the mountain begins to be illumined while all below is yet wrapped in the deep obscurity of night. While the sun yet reposes in the sea, which seems like a lofty bank of clouds, the distant mountains of Apulia disclose their notched outlines against the eastern sky, and, looking westward, the island appears like a sea of wave-like rocky ridges blending with the morning mists. Flecks of purple cloud mark the spot where the sun is about to appear, and while their burning splendors deepen, suddenly a ray of golden light, with edges of intensest purple, darts across the water, the beaming disk slowly emerges, and while the top of Etna is tipped with sunshine, the mountains of Calabria still cast their long shadows on the sea. Suddenly, like an electric flash, the light strikes the summits of the mountains below, and the vast pyramid of Etna casts its shadow over Sicily, forming a colossal triangle on the surface of the island.

As the sun ascends, the prospect widens, and additional points come into view. Northward, the Lipari Islands, with their smoking volcanoes, and the peak of Stromboli are disclosed ; eastward, the Calabrian peninsula and its mountains ; southward, Syracuse, and, far off on the blue sea, the island of Malta ; while westward, the Pizzo di Palermo towers highest in the Madonian range, and Castrogiovanni sits upon its pinnacle of rocks. Around us lies a silent, black, ashy waste, the desolation of which is intensified by contrast with the scenes of cheerful luxuriance into which it descends. Enormous masses of lava, seamed, twisted, and rolled in dragon-like contortions, extend far down until, concealed amid the orange-groves, they pour into the sea and merge their black masses with its snowy surf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH SICILY.

II.

WITH the recorded history of Mount Etna that of Catania is closely identified. This delightful city—next to Palermo the largest in Sicily—traces its origin back to a little colony of Chalcidian Greeks, founded by the Athenian Theocles, more than seven centuries before the Christian era. After having suffered greatly in the wars of the Doric colonies with the Chalcidians, the town was captured by the Syracusan Hiero I., then repopled under the leadership of the philosopher Xenophanes, taken by the invading Athenians, captured and destroyed by Dionysius, taken a second time by the Carthaginians, and, finally, seized and possessed, with all the rest of

Sicily, by the Romans. Its political vicissitudes during the Middle Ages and in modern times have not been less diversified than those of its ancient history, though less calamitous than its misfortunes by earthquakes and Etnean eruptions. Several times the town has been completely destroyed by these convulsions, yet as often it has risen again upon its original site, so that it now stands on a plane sixty feet higher than that of the city of the seventh century. The mighty lava stream which poured down upon it in 1669 was diverted from its course by the heavy buttressed walls of the Benedictine monastery, around which, to this day, lies a mass of black volcanic rock, once a hissing current of fire. Twenty-four years later, this monastery, then the second largest in the world, was wrecked by an earthquake, after which calamity it was reconstructed as it now stands, covering an area of one hundred thousand square yards. Its present most notable possession is a magnificent organ of nearly three thousand pipes, one of the finest in Europe.

Out of all its eventful history, with its wonderful catalogue of misfortunes, Catania has emerged a most charming city, with wide, clean streets, new and stylish architecture, and unmistakable signs of prosperity. Here, too, as in Palermo, we find the name of Lincoln attached to one of the principal thoroughfares.

Syracuse lies three hours distant from Catania by rail. In visiting it, strangers usually go from Catania, leaving there in the morning, and returning—for the sake of good lodgings—in the evening. Quitting Catania, the railway takes an interior course until it reaches Leontini,—the Leontinum famous in ancient story,—from whence it returns to and follows the crooked line of the sea-coast, frequently disclosing the magnificent pyramid of Etna on the one hand and the vast blue sea on the other. Directly we pass the fortified seaport of Augusta, the ancient Xiphonia; then the Megarean bay of antiquity;

then Hybla, renowned in Greek song for its bees and honey. Priolo, the next town, has recent and vivid distinction in my mind as the place where some fisher-boys importuned me, while the train halted, to buy some specimens of the octopus. Opposite Priolo lies the little peninsula of Thapsus, near which was moored the Athenian fleet. Passing Thapsus, and skirting the bay in which Marcellus marshalled his ships, the train reaches the confines of ancient Syracuse, and, rounding a stony headland on which part of the city stood, enters by an excavation within its walls.

The lifeless modern town of twenty thousand souls, which travesties the renown of these classic precincts, is situated on the island of Ortygia, the northern extremity of which lies close to the coast. South and west of Ortygia the sea extends inland, forming a most excellent harbor. On the island thus situated the ancient city of Syracuse was originally founded by Corinthian Greeks, seven hundred and thirty-four years before the Christian era. The colonists reduced the native inhabitants to the condition of serfs, and established an aristocratic government. So great was their prosperity, due mainly to the extreme fertility of the country round about them, that auxiliary colonies were soon established at Enna (Castrogiovanni) and other places in the interior, and their city, outgrowing its insular position, extended itself to the mainland. Here it spread over a rocky plateau overlooking the bay, the original town, and the sea beyond. Eventually the city consisted of five different parts, all surrounded by lofty walls, and forming, altogether, a vast fortress over twenty miles in circumference, of which Ortygia was the citadel.

On the mainland the city comprised four contiguous sections, each of which bore a different name and was surrounded by its own walls. These four towns, known respectively as Achradina, Tyche, Neapolis, and Epipolæ, covered a broad plateau in the form of a triangle, of which the base was washed

by the sea and the apex turned inland. Achradina, which comprised the stony coast headland now skirted by the railway, was separated from the other sections on its inland side by a ravine, and from Ortygia by a narrow strait crossed by a causeway. The low ground around the margin of the bay, west and south of Ortygia, formed a suburb, with gardens.

At the zenith of its prosperity Syracuse contained half a million people, and was the most important of all the Hellenic cities. Pindar called it "The Fane of Mars," and Cicero extolled it as the most beautiful city of the Grecian world. In literature and art, and in the achievements and celebrity of its illustrious men, whether warriors, philosophers, or statesmen, it was the rival of Athens itself.

Gelon, of Gela, having been invited to interfere in a revolt of the serfs of Syracuse against its nobles, usurped its government, which he changed from its plutocratic form to that of a dictatorship, with himself at the head. Energetic and able, Gelon bent all his energies to the aggrandizement of the city of his adoption. An invading Carthaginian army three hundred thousand strong was overthrown by his valor, after which event the golden era of Greek supremacy in Sicily began. Syracuse was practically mistress of the entire island; but her prosperity and splendor provoked the jealousy and cupidity of Athens and tempted the ambition of Alcibiades, who set forth with a powerful fleet and an army for her subjugation. Alcibiades had scarcely landed in Sicily when he was recalled to answer the accusations of his enemies, and went over to Sparta, then at war with Athens. The leadership of the expedition thus fell to Nicias, a timid, irresolute man, greatly inferior to his predecessor both in genius and boldness. In spite of the indecision of Nicias, and his deficiency in energy, the Athenians were at first successful, especially during the summer of 414 B.C., when they stormed and carried the most elevated portion of the city, known as the Epipolæ, and

enclosed the rest of it with double lines of approach. The Syracusans were now reduced to great extremities, and were on the point of capitulation, when the Spartan Gylippus, despatched at the instigation of Alcibiades, arrived with a small army, broke through the Athenian wall into the city, and turned the tide of its fortunes. With his assistance the besieged recovered strength and wrested from Nicias the promontory of Plemmyrium, on the opposite side of the bay from Ortygia. After this the Athenians exhibited their superior nautical skill in an encounter with the Syracusan fleet, which was defeated; but in a subsequent encounter between the fleets the fortunes of battle were reversed. The Athenians had achieved their last success, and were now, in turn, put upon the defensive. A reinforcement was sent to their relief, under Demosthenes,—not the celebrated orator,—who, after a hazardous night march, attacked the Spartan intrenchments and was repulsed with the loss of nearly his entire command. Overtaken by military disaster, scourged by the plague, and harassed by the dissensions of their leaders, the Athenians thought only of retreat, preliminary to which their fleet, moored in the bay, undertook to beat off the Syracusan galleys and clear the way to the open sea. The effort failed, the assailants being defeated and driven back. Thereupon Nicias and Demosthenes prepared to embark their land forces and attempt a night escape from the harbor, but an eclipse of the moon during the night appointed (August 27, 413) aroused their superstitious fears, causing them to postpone for twenty-four hours the execution of their plans. Meanwhile, the Syracusans closed the exit from the bay with a line of boats connected by chains. They also resolved to attack and destroy the Athenian fleet, and while the two armaments grappled with each other in the bay, the encounter was watched from its shores by the land armies, whose shouts, says Thucydides, as the tide of victory swayed to and fro, resembled the surging of a dramatic chorus. The

fleet of the Athenians being beaten, they quitted by night their intrenchments before the city and marched rapidly southward, hoping to escape from some point on the lower coast, but were promptly pursued, overtaken, and captured almost to a man. Seven thousand of them were cruelly imprisoned for eight months in one of the deep, roofless pits formed in quarrying the stone used in building the city. The survivors of this barbarous treatment were sold into slavery, except a few—tradition says—who were released because of their skill in reciting the verses of Euripides.

This repulse of the Athenian power from the walls of Syracuse is declared by Thucydides to have been the most important event in the history of the Greeks. It was the turning-point in the destinies of Athens, whose power thenceforward declined; whereas, had her expedition been successful, she would perhaps have forestalled the career of Rome as mistress of the world.

Eight years after the Athenian repulse, the Carthaginians again overran Sicily, and their army under Himilco laid siege to Syracuse, which was defended with extraordinary ability by Dionysius the elder. Scourged by pestilence, and repulsed in its assaults, the army of Himilco fared little better than that of Nicias, and withdrew, a shattered remnant. Dionysius then improved the fortifications of Ortygia, and built a strong wall around the city, which he so extended and embellished that he was called its second founder. This great ruler and military leader, though called a tyrant, was not an absolute despot. He was unscrupulous and vindictive, but the forms of popular government were continued under his sway, and we find him frequently convoking the assembly of the people. His son and successor, Dionysius II., was, more properly speaking, a tyrant, and upon the solicitation of his people, who would no longer endure his debaucheries and abuses of power, was overthrown by an expedition from Corinth, led by Timoleon.

After a brief restoration of the republic, Agathocles usurped the dictatorship, and sent an army over to Africa, which besieged Carthage, while the Carthaginians, in turn, attacked Syracuse, but were repulsed. Brilliant, but cruel, faithless, and adventurous, Agathocles perished by poison.

Hiero II., invested by popular choice with the supreme power, was soon afterwards proclaimed king, and ruled wisely for fifty-four years, during which time Syracuse became more prosperous and splendid than ever before. Hiero kept peace with Rome, but his successor formed an alliance with Carthage against her. Thereupon Marcellus, with a powerful fleet and army, laid siege to Syracuse (214–212), the defence of which was made illustrious by the patriotism and science of Archimedes, who is said to have fired the Roman ships with burning-glasses erected on the walls. Withstood by a prolonged and obstinate defence, the Romans at length carried the Hexapylon of Dionysius, and gained admission by treachery to the citadel of Ortygia. The proud and splendid Syracuse had received her fatal thrust; her remaining history is but a story of lingering death. When the victorious Marcellus looked down upon the city from its heights, at morning, and reflected upon its ancient glory and impending fate, he is said to have burst into tears. Its liberties crushed, its treasures plundered, its pictures and statues borne away to Rome, where they first awakened the love of Greek art, the city sank into permanent decay. The Emperor Augustus endeavored to restore it as a Roman colony, but in vain. It would be Greek or nothing; to-day it is nothing.

Two thousand years after its conquest by Marcellus, we find difficulty in tracing even its boundaries, except as Nature made them. Walls, palaces, temples, streets, groves,—all have vanished. For hours I wandered over the solitary fields of the Achradina and the Epipolæ, seeking among weeds and barley-patches for traces of the ancient city, but finding them only

here and there, scratched upon the arid surface of the rock. Looking from these heights, one thing only could be seen which has remained unchanged through the flight of ages, and that was the blue "unresting sea," whose deep azure waters sparkled as cheerily in the morning sunlight, and broke in cadence as melodious,

Adown the bright and belting shore,

as when ploughed by the warring fleets of Athens, Rome, and Carthage. Verily,

Men change, and cease to be,
And empires rise, and grow, and fall;
But the weird music of the sea
Lives and outlives them all.

Upon the bleak heights of the Achradina, from which even the soil is gone, the wall of Gelon may be faintly traced. Here and there the natural rock is itself chiselled into battlements. Tyche, Neapolis, and Epipolæ are almost equally desolate, and equally barren of vestiges of their ancient life and splendor. A solitary column rising in a meadow is all that remains of what was probably once a magnificent forum. At the pointed extremity of the Epipolæ, where the walls converged, stood the Hexapylon, a noble fortress built by Dionysius with such consummate skill as to command even yet the admiration of military engineers. Its ruins include the remnants of four massive towers, with two deep *fossés* cut in the rock, and subterranean passages through which infantry and cavalry could make their sallies and retire again to the protection of the fort. All around are strewn heavy blocks from the parapets, cut with grooves for pouring boiling pitch upon the heads of the assailants. The city was supplied with water from the mountains by two great aqueducts which cross the triangular plateau in channels cut in the natural rock.

One of these, descending through Achradina to the sea, passes under the Little Harbor and emerges in Ortygia as the so-called fountain of Arethusa. A natural spring found on the island by the Greeks, but now probably extinct, derived this name from the fable that the nymph Arethusa, pursued thither from Elis by the river-god Alpheus, was metamorphosed by Diana into a fountain.

The ancient Greek theatre, cut in the natural rock on the southern slope of the triangular plateau, is the largest and one of the most complete ruins of the kind in existence. Nearly semicircular in form, with a diameter of four hundred and ninety-five feet, it contains sixty tiers of seats, of which forty-six remain, sloping upward and backward from the orchestra. The names of King Hiero, Queen Philistis, and other eminent persons, with which the different compartments were designated, are still legible, cut in Greek letters on the limestone. The auditorium is a model of symmetry, so contrived that, by all the spectators, every object upon the stage could be seen, and every word heard. From its upper part, looking towards the stage, the eye sweeps over a magnificent landscape, diversified by plain, mountain, valley, and sea. Such was the setting to the beautiful classic dramas here witnessed by the Syracusans assembled in thousands, fanned by zephyrs from the meadows, and screened by awnings from the sun.

A short distance from the Greek theatre the Street of the Tombs ploughs its deep, sinuous course through the natural limestone rock. In its walls, on either side, are cavities in which the bodies of the dead were deposited, but not a vestige of their ashes or cerements remains. Even the dead have vanished, as well as the living, leaving no trace behind. Among the pretentious tombs hewn in the rocky walls of the plateau are two with Doric facings, one of which tradition doubtfully assigns to Timoleon, and the other to Archimedes. The neglected tomb of Archimedes, discovered and described

by Cicero, can no longer be identified. It was probably outside the city.

One of the few distinct and impressive vestiges of ancient Syracuse is the Roman amphitheatre, which, like the Greek theatre, is also an excavation in the limestone strata. Its arena, over the entrance to which still springs a ruined arch, is strewn with blocks of marble, some of which are carved with the names of people who owned seats in the auditorium. Near to the amphitheatre is the great stone altar on which King Hiero annually sacrificed hecatombs of oxen to commemorate the overthrow of his profligate predecessor, Thrasybulus.

The immense quarries from which the material was taken for building the city and its walls are impressive evidences of its greatness. Anciently used as burial-places and prisons, these huge pits now contain orange-groves, dwellings, and gardens. At the bottom of the quarry within which seven thousand Athenian captives were cruelly incarcerated, I found little children playing among the citron-trees, and peasants spinning twine. Another quarry, one hundred and thirty feet deep, contains the famous grotto called the Ear of Dionysius, so named during the sixteenth century. This grotto, seventy feet high and two hundred feet long, is cut in the solid rock in the form of the letter S, and tapers towards its summit. The slightest sound at the bottom of the grotto is heard at the top, while a loud sound produces a wonderful echo. Dionysius is said to have constructed prisons with such acoustic properties, so that he might hear every word—even a whisper—spoken within them. It has been arbitrarily assumed, without evidence, that this grotto was one of those contrivances.

The catacombs of Syracuse, lying several stories deep under the greater part of the lower Achradina, have an aggregate length of about nine miles. Frescos and inscriptions on their

walls show that they were used as Christian burial-places, but their excavation, probably made for other purposes, is believed to antedate the Christian era. The custodian, a decrepit sexagenarian, lighted me down into a neighboring crypt of the decayed and mouldy old church of San Giovanni. In this crypt, we are told, St. Paul preached when he tarried at Syracuse, on his way to Rome.* St. Marcian, whose tomb is in this crypt, is said to have suffered martyrdom while tied to one of its granite pillars. A groove on the surface of the pillar was worn, it is claimed, by the rope with which the saint was bound.

The modern town of Syracuse is but a lingering and gloomy shadow of its illustrious namesake. The most important building it contains is its cathedral, erected on the site of a Doric temple. This edifice is dedicated to "Our Lady of Columns," because twenty-four noble pillars of the demolished temple support its walls. The ancient fane, the remnants of which have been thus misappropriated, has been supposed to be the same as that described by Cicero as having been spared by Marcellus, but stripped bare of its splendid ornaments by the infamous Verres. The roof of that temple supported an enormous gilded shield, glittering in the sunlight and seen far at sea by the mariners, who always made an offering as they took leave of its last glimmerings. It is now probable, however, that the temple which Cicero described and Verres despoiled stood on a site altogether different from that of the cathedral, and has been destroyed to the last vestige.

The modern town contains a museum, which has been stocked with fragments of sculpture gathered up in the neighborhood. Among these paltry remains of one of the

* "And after three months we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux. And landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days."—*Acts of the Apostles*, xxviii. 11, 12.

most powerful and splendid cities of the ancient world we find a headless Venus and a colossal head of Zeus, but no other important object.

The entire eastern coast of Sicily is crowded with classic reminiscences. Going northward from Catania, we have no sooner quitted the city than we begin to observe the huge lava-streams which in the course of ages have come hissing down the slopes of Etna and poured their fiery masses into the sea. The march of the Carthaginian army of Himilco on Syracuse was stayed by one of these currents, while, at the same time, a short distance off shore, the squadrons of Mago defeated and nearly destroyed the Syracusan fleet. In the same vicinity are seen, rising out of the surf, the seven rocks which the blinded Polyphemus hurled after the crafty Ulysses. A short distance farther on we pass Aci Reale, a charming pleasure-resort, named from the old Greek fable of Acis, a Sicilian shepherd passionately loved by the sea-nymph Galatæa. The sooty Etnean Cyclops, Polyphemus, also adored the nymph, but was disdained by her, in revenge for which he destroyed Acis by rolling a huge stone upon him from an overhanging height. Galatæa, inconsolable for the loss of Acis, changed him into a stream, which still meanders among the orange-groves.

Taormina, two hours by rail from Catania, looks down from a bluff which rises perpendicularly four hundred feet from the margin of the sea. On a pinnacle nine hundred feet higher than the town stand the ruined battlements of a Saracen castle, still above which the mountains of the coast, brown and bare, rise in successive gradations. The views from the town, its castle, and particularly from its ruined Greek theatre, are among the finest in Sicily. To the right rises the stupendous pyramid of Etna, streaked with lava-streams, and perpetually discharging steam and smoke from its crater in measureless volumes. Between the precipitous part of Etna and the sea lie gentle slopes, dressed with orange- and olive-groves and

dotted with villages. Before us is spread the historic Mediterranean, of marvellous color and myriad transformations of light and shadow. Far along the indented coast stretches the gleaming outline of foamy waters beating ceaselessly on the jagged rocks, while near at hand, almost directly beneath us, the little peninsula of Naxos, on which the Greeks planted their first Sicilian colony, pierces with its green wedge of citron-groves the blue surface of the sea.

Taormina, the ancient Tauromenium, has a most interesting history. Before the advent of the Greeks a stronghold of the aboriginal Siculi, it afterwards became an ally of the Carthaginians, and was unsuccessfully besieged by Dionysius. Within its precincts Greek, Roman, and Saracenic architecture mingle under the same roof, and Greek, Roman, and Arabian tombs are seen in the same mortuary. Its ancient theatre, of Greek origin and Roman reconstruction, is, in some respects, the most nearly complete and perfect structure of the kind in existence. Cut in the natural rock in semicircular form, with a diameter of three hundred and fifty-seven feet, its acoustic arrangement is such that every word spoken on the stage can be distinctly heard at the most remote part of the auditorium. The location of the theatre, on the summit of a lofty cliff rising perpendicularly from the sea, is such as to surround the play with a magnificent setting of landscape grandeur. Looking towards the stage, we behold the historic and stupendous majesty of Mount Etna, itself a mighty participant in the vast drama of human affairs. Southward, the eye ranges along the coast as far as Catania, thirty miles distant. Below lies the sea, above rise the Sicilian mountains. In nothing is the keen esthetic intelligence of the Greeks more obvious than in the skill with which they have made the sublimity and beauty of nature tributary to dramatic art.

Thirty miles up the coast from Taormina, overhung by the sea-side range of mountains, lies another city of ancient origin

and renown. Seven or eight centuries before the Christian era, a colony was established on its present site by Cumæan pirates, who gave it the name of Zancle (sickle), because of the hooked peninsula which curves around its harbor. At a later date it took the name of Messana,—now Messina,—from the exiled Messenian Greeks, who made it their place of refuge. Situated on one of the greatest commercial highways, and possessing one of the finest harbors in the world, it has been, like Genoa, an important seaport and trading-place from the earliest times to the present. The Greeks regarded it as the key of Sicily, and referred to its fruit-bearing sea-girt hills as “the beautiful shore.” Yet Messana has always been an unlucky place, its very wealth and prosperity tempting conquest and inviting misfortune. Four centuries before Christ it was captured and destroyed by the Carthaginians under Himilco, from whose barbarities a few only of its people escaped. Rebuilt by Dionysius, it was again seized by the Carthaginians, from whom, in turn, it was wrested by Timoleon. Later, the soldiers of fortune, called Mamertines,—sons of Mars,—expelled from Syracuse, became its masters, and invoked for themselves and their city the protection of Rome against the aggressions of Hannibal. From the intervention thus solicited arose the first of the Punic wars, a series of struggles which determined the question of supremacy between two rival races, and gave direction to the whole vast current of human affairs. In the course of its subsequent vicissitudes Messana was plundered by Verres and Octavian, made a Roman colony by Augustus, and conquered successively by the Saracens and Normans. The pilgrim armies of the Crusaders, drifting across the Mediterranean to and from the East, made it their stopping-place and stronghold, thereby contributing greatly to its wealth and power. Afterwards it profited by the favor of Charles V., but soon passed the meridian of its prosperity and fell into a series of contentions and misfortunes which reduced

its population from one hundred and twenty thousand to one-tenth of that number. In 1740 the city was scourged by a fearful plague, which carried off forty thousand of its people, and in 1848 it was visited by cholera, which claimed sixteen thousand victims. But these were not its crowning calamities. Between Etna and Vesuvius the earthquakes are always most violent along the line of contact of the primary and secondary formations. In 1783 a series of terrific convulsions took place along this line, accompanied by whirlwinds, tempests, and a fetid vapor, pungent to the eyes and oppressive to the lungs. The shocks continued, at intervals, for fully a year, during which period Etna and the volcanoes of the Lipari Islands showed increased activity, Vesuvius, meanwhile, remaining silent. Being situated on the axis of extremest oscillation, the city of Messina was almost completely wrecked, and became, with the suddenness of a lightning stroke, a scene of indescribable misery and horror. Murder and rapine added their terrors to the tremors of the earth, as if the chaos of the elements had set loose a carnival of evil spirits. Thousands of people were crushed by the fall of buildings or consumed in the burning *débris*, while still other thousands were drowned by the huge volcanic tidal-wave which rolled through the Messinian strait.

Ten miles north of Messina the Sicilian triangle—Trinacria, as the Greeks called it—tapers off to a sharp point, forming its north-eastern apex. Sweeping around this point, the Mediterranean currents form an eddy—miscalled a whirlpool—which appalled the lively imaginations of the Greek mariners and gave rise to one of the most striking tales of the Odyssey. The distance between the headlands of the Sicilian coast and those of Calabria, on the opposite side of the strait, is here but three thousand six hundred yards. Directly across the channel from the whirlpool rises a lofty rock, with caverns beneath it, in which the action of the waves produces sounds

resembling the barking of dogs. Between the caverns on the one side and the vortex on the other all ships must pass. Hence the Homeric tale, which narrates that after Ulysses, warned by Circe, had escaped the sirens and avoided the Wandering Rocks, he approached the terrific Scylla and Charybdis, where, as the goddess had foretold, he beheld two lofty cliffs, opposite to one another, between which his course lay. One of these cliffs rose to such a height that its summit was enveloped in perpetual cloud, and could not be scaled by man. In the side of this cliff a cave opened towards the west, so lofty that a man passing under it in a boat could not shoot up to it with a bow. Such was the den of Scylla, a voracious sea-monster with twelve feet, the voice of a whelp, and six long necks, each bearing a terrific head with three rows of close-set teeth. Evermore these necks were stretching forth and seizing the sea-dogs, porpoises, and other creatures which swam by, and from every ship that passed each mouth took out a man. The rock on the opposite shore was not so high but that a man could shoot over it. A wild fig-tree grew on it, dropping its branches to the water, while beneath it the divine Charybdis absorbed and gorged the dark waters three times daily. It was much more dangerous to pass Charybdis than it was to pass Scylla. As Ulysses sailed between the twin perils, Scylla took six of his crew, his ship and companions were lost, and he, floating upon a mast, was sucked into the vortex of Charybdis. Seizing the branches of the wild fig-tree, he held on until the swirling waters threw the mast out again, when he resumed his voyage.

CHAPTER XIX.

AROUND THE SORRENTO PENINSULA.

By the steamer *Amerigo Vespucci*, one pleasant May afternoon, I sailed from Messina for Naples. The weather was inclined to be showery, and masses of cloud hovered upon the mountains. Mount Etna was concealed half-way down by its own prodigious volumes of smoke, while in Calabria, on the opposite side of the strait, a curtain of sluggish vapor shrouded the heights of Aspromonte. But as soon as our steamer emerged from the strait into the open sea, all sombre skies were left to landward, and the majestic cone of Stromboli immediately appeared in the far distance, rising in shadowy outline from the deep. Directly the other islands of the Lipari group came distinctly into view, from Vulcano, with its smoking crest, in the foreground, to the steep and barren cliffs of Alicuri, standing far out, dim and solitary, towards the meeting-point of sky and ocean.

Evening was at hand as the *Amerigo* neared Stromboli, and I denied myself half the *table d'hôte* to see the sun go down. There was no occasion to regret the sacrifice, for when I emerged from the cabin the brilliant spectacle was nearing its crisis, and mountain, sea, and sky were all aflame with golden light. The disk of the sun, touching the smoking summit of the volcano, seemed to descend into its crater, but, as the steamer moved on, emerged again from behind the mountain, and glided slowly into the sea, trailing its tremulous splendors across the waters. Night came, starry and serene, and the darkening shape of Stromboli, with its crown of fire, dropped slowly rearward until, standing alone like a mighty



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sentinel of the sea, it vanished, as if suddenly veiled by some midnight mystery as impenetrable as its own.

Soon after sunrise the familiar outlines of Capri were distantly perceptible, and rapidly became distinct, together with the peninsular heights of Capodimonte, beyond which, dominating all, rose the shapely cone of Vesuvius, with its white masses of ever-issuing vapor swelling upward into the sky. Taking the channel between Capri and the mainland, our steamer carried us close under the eastern cliffs of the island, beyond which it skirted the Sorrento Peninsula, within full view of its orange-groves and villas, and sailed up the matchless bay towards Naples. The day, the scenes, the experience—although not identical with the poet's—were such as to bring vividly to my mind, not as a fancy, but as literal truth, the lines of Thomas Buchanan Read :

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay ;
My wingéd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim,
While o'er Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

The day so mild
Is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Naples, the largest, is to me the most enjoyable city in Italy. Its attractions are peculiarly its own. Other cities please and instruct, but with *La Belle Napoli* we fall dead in love. *Parthenope*, her original name, derived from one of the sirens cast upon her shores, is still her appropriate title. She possesses the secret of the siren's magic, and whom she once captivates becomes, for the rest of his life, her adoring slave.

In historical and architectural interest Naples is far surpassed by Rome and Florence; in commercial and manufacturing enterprise by Genoa; in cleanliness and the elegant display of wealth by Milan and Turin. She is no Queen of the Sea like Venice, no traditional patron of learning like Bologna; yet, with all her faults and deficiencies, this frowsy, languid, voluptuous child of the sun is more bewitching than any of these. Reclining on her vine-wreathed hills, smiled upon by her dreamy skies, crowned with semi-tropical blossoms, the world's loveliest bay spread blue as sapphire at her feet, she has for twenty centuries received the world's admiring homage.

The light-hearted, joyous, and gentle temperament of the Neapolitans, wherein, as in other respects, they differ radically from the Florentines, Genoese, or Milanese, may be due in part to the influence of climate, and in part to their inherited Greek habits and infusion of Greek blood. Proud almost to infatuation of their city and its traditions, content with little, always happy in the present and unconcerned for the future, their thoughts seldom—their affections never—wander from their sunny coasts. They have made no particular figure in history, letters, or art; they have not cared to.

Revelling in a climate which permits flowers to bloom in February with the luxuriance of June, they live much in the open air, in some parts of the city even making their toilets in the street, and permitting their children to run about entirely naked. In front of a hovel which I happened to pass, a corpse awaiting burial lay, in the open street, upon a rude bier, surrounded by burning tapers and mourning attendants. From my room in the *Hôtel des Étrangers* could be heard the songs and serenades of happy, roofless vagrants the whole night through. Rome has her carnival once a year, but in Naples it is always carnival. Not long since a visitation of cholera spread the city with gloom, and hushed its cheerful voices for a time; but the calamity resulted in blessing, for it was traced directly to defects in the sewerage and water-supply systems, both of which were immediately and thoroughly improved.

Owing to the attractions of its climate and scenery, Naples was a favorite resort of the wealthy, pleasure-loving nobles of ancient Rome. Mastered and ruled by Greeks, Romans, Goths, Byzantines, and Normans successively, its environs abound in reminiscences and celebrated relics of ancient and mediæval times, as well as in scenes of incomparable beauty and grandeur. Here are *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*, with their unique and impressive mysteries; *Torre del Greco*, with its solidified lava-streams; *Lake Avernus*, and its dismal ravines wherein dwelt the sunless *Cimmerians* of Homer; *Bacioli*, where *Cæsar's* villa stood, where *Octavia* dwelt, and where *Nero* planned the death of his mother; *Cumæ*, from whence the Latin alphabet and the mysterious *Sibylline* books were derived, and where the last of the *Tarquins* died in exile; *Nisida*, whither *Brutus* fled after the murder of *Cæsar*, where he was visited by *Cicero*, and where, taking his last leave of *Portia*, he set out to meet his doom at *Philippi*; the hill of *Posilipo*, whereon *Pollio*, the notorious epicure, built his

sumptuous villa ; Puteolanum, where Cicero had his country residence and the Emperor Hadrian found his tomb ; Pozzuoli, where St. Paul tarried and the peace ambassadors of Carthage disembarked on their way to Rome ; Baiæ, the most famous and splendid watering-place of antiquity, notorious for its garish degeneracy, and now a desolate ruin ; Ischia, once an active volcano, and almost uninhabitable, but now abounding in vegetation, famous for its enchanting scenery, and frequented by pleasure-seekers ;* Capri, where Garibaldi dwelt after his sword had cut away the barriers to Italian unity ; and lastly, Vesuvius, rising over all, at once grand and terrible, —a landmark of the ages.

An ideal May morning favored my departure from Naples for Salerno and Præstum. The railway courses along the margin of the bay, and quickly brings us to Portici, built upon the lava-streams and beds of volcanic ashes which cover, to the depth of forty to one hundred feet, the ancient Herculaneum. The discovery of the buried city was made in 1719 by the digging of a well, which, at the depth of ninety feet, struck

* The inhabitants of this island (Ischia) have long been noted for their simplicity, and their peculiar dialect, costume, and figure. The Neapolitan dance known as the tarantella is here seen in its perfection. A German writer thus describes it: "Usually it is performed by two girls, while a third plays the tambourine and sings. The woes of an absent or unhappy lover are usually the theme of the song. The dancers stand opposite to each other, grasp the corners of their broad aprons, and begin their evolutions. They place their arms alternately akimbo, while the disengaged hand, grasping the apron, raises it high in the air, and occasionally draws it tightly across the knee. The posture and the manipulation of the apron change incessantly. At one time the dancers flit past each other ; at another, with a slight courtesy and sweep of the foot, give the sign to meet again, whereupon they let go their aprons and career round in a circle, striking their castanets with upraised hands, or imitating the sound with their fingers. The caprice of the dancer is capable of imparting an entirely different character to the dance, which is generally intended to manifest the state of the feelings."

the ancient theatre. At that time several beautiful statues were exhumed, two of which found their way to the museum at Dresden. Additional excavations were made at various subsequent periods, and a multitude of treasures were brought out, consisting of statues, busts, mural paintings, inscriptions, utensils of all kinds, and a papyrus library of three thousand rolls. These articles were deposited in the museum at Naples, which is the finest—indeed, the only—collection of the kind in the world. Entrance to the excavations is made by a dark flight of over a hundred steps descending to the theatre. Pompeii, being covered with loose scorïæ, was ransacked by the ancients, who carried off its most valuable articles; but Herculaneum, of which the greater part yet remains to be explored, was enveloped with hard lava, which has preserved its treasures for the benefit of posterity.

The lower slopes of Vesuvius, like those of Etna, are clustered with villages, cottages, and luxuriant vineyards. Between the volcano and the bay, after quitting Portici, we pass Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata, both flourishing towns standing upon masses of black rock—now covered with soil and vegetation—which once descended from the mountain as huge, hissing lava-streams, red with living fire. One of these streams, that of 1794, over which the railway passes, is seven hundred feet wide and thirty-eight feet in thickness. Beyond Torre dell' Annunziata, where we have charming views over the bay of Castellamare as far as Sorrento, the railway quits the sea-coast, passes ancient Pompeii, and crosses the plain of the Sarno. Beyond this plain we entered a mountainous district, fertile and beautiful in the extreme. The atmosphere, delicately tinged with purple, and fragrant with roses and blossoms, was vocal with the singing of birds; valley and mountain were dressed in variegated shades of green; fields of wheat, rye, oats, and Indian corn emulated the orange, vine, and citron gardens in their promise of abun-

dance; over all, and ever apparently near, rose the mighty shadow of Vesuvius, with its vast volumes of smoke darkening the sky; and in whatever direction the eye turned it was met by some sublime and beautiful scene. As the train proceeds, it rises by steep gradients, and passes many an embowered village and castle-crowned height of historic interest. In a charming valley we pass La Cava, a quaint old town built with long arches, like those at Bologna, and much esteemed as a pleasure-resort both for summer and winter. Crossing another beautiful district beyond La Cava, we come suddenly upon a deep gorge, through which, overlooking the pretty village of Vietri, lying far below, we descry the blue cerulean of the Mediterranean. Supported by galleries, and coursing by cuttings and tunnels along the sides of the rocky cliffs, the railway descends beyond Vietri, to the town and bay of Salerno.

The ancient Salernum, which stood upon the heights above the present Salerno, is spoken of by one of the Latin poets as an illustrious city, in which the men were honest and the women beautiful. Gibbon repeats, in his fifth volume, a shocking tale of the barbarous and blasphemous treatment of its Christian nuns by the Saracen chief who held the town under siege. During the ninth and tenth centuries Salerno was the capital of a principality of the Lombards, from whom it was wrested, after an eight months' siege, by the famous Norman leader, Robert Guiscard, who also made himself master of the Greek provinces of Calabria and Apulia, and the republic of Amalfi. The University of Salerno, changed at the beginning of the present century into a lyceum, was celebrated during the Middle Ages for its school of medicine, then considered the finest in Europe. The great Pope Gregory, in the court of whose castle at Canossa the Emperor Henry IV., of Germany, was obliged to stand shivering with cold for three days while awaiting an interview, and whom Henry,

in revenge, afterwards obliged to fly from Rome to the protection of Robert Guiscard, died here in 1085. This bold and brilliant prelate incurred the enmity of Henry in his efforts to extirpate the evils of simony and unchastity from the priesthood, and to emancipate the church from political interference. His tomb in the cathedral at Salerno is inscribed with his words, spoken in his last moments: "I have loved righteousness and hated wickedness; therefore do I die in exile." The cathedral has the further distinction of containing the reputed remains of the evangelist St. Matthew, brought from the East in 930.

Having supplied myself with provisions as a precaution against the scanty public accommodations on the solitary plains of Calabria, I set out from Salerno, by *fiacre*, for Pæstum. For the first three hours we drove upon the great Calabrian road through a country mostly level and well cultivated. Peasants of both sexes, and of all ages, were deployed in the fields, like an army skirmish line, engaged in hoeing corn, curing hay, or gathering cockle out of the wheat. Mr. Gladstone remarks, as a deduction from his observations during a recent sojourn in Naples, that "no country except France, between 1789 and the Empire, has ever undergone, in a like space of time, such changes as have passed upon Italy in the last twenty years." This observation does not exaggerate, and a substantial evidence of its truth is seen in the fact that a great deal of the Calabrian land, which now produces excellent crops of wheat and other cereals, was, twenty years ago, a malarious marsh, frequented only by buffaloes, herdsmen, and roving brigands. But while this is true, a great deal of such territory, which in ancient times was doubtless well cultivated, still remains to be reclaimed. After passing Battipaglia, where our course turned south, we entered a lonely, sedgy district, touched only at long intervals by the plough. A squad of mounted *gens d'armes*, which accom-

panied the post-diligence to protect it and its passengers from robbery, was an impressive indication of the pokerish character of this region. As a precaution, I had left most of my valuables at Naples, yet I could not forbear some qualms of apprehension as I reflected upon the tales which have been told of the kidnapping and robbery of tourists on this solitary road.

The red-eyed buffaloes which pasture these unploughed plains show neither the timidity nor the noble mien of the American bison. The domesticated buffalo of Italy is a servile, abject-looking beast, which seems to have abandoned itself, like some of the human creatures of these parts, to a life of idleness, mendicancy, and uncleanness. The animal's horns, which are large and clumsy, are pressed back close upon its head, as though servitude had made useless for defence the natural armor of which it is possessed as a free-born denizen of the plains. To the males the lion-like mane and regal spirit of the American buffalo are alike wanting. But these uncomely creatures are not destitute of merit; they thrive in the pestilent marshes, and bend their necks patiently to the drudgery usually performed by oxen and mules.

About half an hour from Pæstum the river Sele is crossed by a lofty stone bridge which some years ago, when the daring brigand Manzi and his associates infested these parts, was considered the most dangerous part of the road. The Sele is the ancient Silarus, whose waters are said to have carried a calcareous sediment which would incrust pieces of wood thrown into them. From the basin of this stream the road rises by gradual ascent to the summit of a plateau which overlooks the site of ancient Pæstum, about a mile distant. Nearly all that remains of the city is its walls and its three beautiful temples, the brown ruins of which rise in lonely grandeur amid a wide plain, extending eastward and southward to the mountains, and westward, by a gentle slope, to the Mediterranean.

Pæstum, anciently known as Posidonia, or City of Neptune, was founded by Lucanian Greeks, about six centuries before Christ. The founders were from Sybaris, a city so noted for its opulence and luxury that Sybarite and voluptuary were synonymous terms. Prior to its conquest by the Romans, in 273 B.C., little is known of Posidonia, except that it was probably a city of considerable splendor and maritime importance. As a Roman colony, known by the Latin name of Pæstum, it rapidly declined. Its people, never reconciled to their subjugation, were accustomed to meet in solemn assembly, on the anniversary of one of their Greek festivals, to commemorate their ancient rites, language, and customs, and lament the loss of their liberties; after which ceremonies they dispersed in silence to their homes. The devastation of the place by the Saracens in the ninth century completed its ruin. Deserted by its people, who had fled to the mountains, it was despoiled of its sculptures and monuments, in the eleventh century, by Robert Guiscard. For centuries after that all that remained of the splendid city was wholly neglected. The ground whereon it stood is now overgrown with weeds and brambles, excepting the space occupied by a few hovels and patches of wheat. Among its scattered stones, which once rose in forms of beauty, lizards and serpents glide, the grasshopper chirrups, and the wild fern flourishes. Of the famous roses of Pæstum,—*biferi rosaria Pæsti*,—which bloomed in May and December, and were extolled by the Roman poets for their wonderful fragrance, no trace remains.

The temples, excepting those at Athens the finest existing specimens of the ancient Greek style, stand in line a few hundred yards apart. The most imposing and beautiful is that in the centre, called the Temple of Neptune, sixty-three yards long and twenty-eight wide, with thirty-six massive fluted Doric columns,—six at the front, six at the rear, and twelve on a side,—each twenty-eight feet high and seven and a half

feet in diameter. In the interior the cella is flanked on each side by a series of eight columns, each six feet in diameter, supporting a row of smaller columns, on which the roof rested. Both the roof and—on one side—the smaller columns have disappeared. This temple, like the others, is built of travertine, hard and durable in its primitive state, but now browned by age and corroded by the elements. Fossil reeds and aquatic plants are embedded in the stone, the imperfections of which were concealed originally by a covering of stucco. The columns, perfect in their symmetry and proportions, are not monoliths, but are laid up in separate pieces, the flutings of which are joined with exactness. As a whole, the edifice conveys an impression of solemnity and of strength and beauty of proportions. Its architecture, of the oldest and purest Greek type, commands both admiration and respect, even awe and reverence. It awakens the consciousness that we are in the presence of something majestic, powerful, and solemn. A religion, even a superstition, could not fail to take strong hold upon the imagination when so dignified and exalted by art.

The second temple, less majestic in its proportions than that of Neptune, and of more recent origin, though of great antiquity, is known by the inappropriate term *Basilica*. Its length is fifty-nine yards, its breadth twenty-six and a half yards. Of its exterior columns, each six and a half feet in diameter, there are nine at the front, nine in rear, and sixteen upon a side. They curve outward considerably, and taper towards the capitals, which are in the form of a flat button. The central space of the edifice is elevated about four feet above the outer portion, and is crossed by a row of columns, dividing it into two equal sections.

The Temple of Vesta, standing some hundreds of yards north of the fane of Neptune, is a perfect gem of architectural symmetry. Its length is thirty-five yards, its width fifteen. The

columns of its peristyle, each five feet in diameter and tapering upward, are thirty-four in number, of which there are six at each end and eleven on a side. The columns of the vestibule differ from the others in the style of their fluting. Although this temple is not so large as either of the others, it is scarcely inferior to them in imposing effect. It is not, indeed, the size of these edifices which gives them their impressive quality, so much as their majesty of proportion, conveying the impression of strength and dignity. They possess the architectural secret of seeming to be much larger than they really are. The more we study them the better they satisfy the eye. There is nothing too large or too small ; nothing incongruous ; nothing to be added, except what time has consumed and vandalism removed ; nothing to be taken away, except, if they could be spared, the unsightly clamps and bars which have recently been put up to hold the crumbling stones in their places.

But the uncouth iron bracings, much as we deplore them, must remain ; without their friendly support many a cornice-stone and tottering column would go to the ground. A small guard of Italian soldiers lingers about the temples to prevent their further despoilment. Unless thus watched and cared for by the government, these splendid monuments of ancient art would soon be little better than heaps of stones ; we marvel, indeed, that they have stood so long. Since they first rose in beauty on these plains more than twenty centuries have sped away, more than twenty generations have come and gone. Verily, they who built these stately fanes built more wisely than they knew.

Excepting the temples, nothing of the city remains which strongly enlists our attention. The conjectural location of the forum is in front of the Temple of Neptune, because of the foundations of pedestals for altars and statues which have there been found. Of the populous streets which once resounded with the clamor of traffic, and sometimes with the

tramp of armies, there remain only some scraps of pavement. The location of the theatre, where doubtless the gay population of the ancient city disported itself, can be but faintly traced. Some fallen metopæ, overrun with briars, some scraps of an aqueduct, and some mural towers, ruined and dismal, but mock our curiosity. The beautiful city which stood here has vanished, leaving behind it only some mouldy remnants of its splendor and the sad story of its conquest, desertion, and decay.

Returning from Pæstum to Salerno, I set out the following morning by *fiacre* for Amalfi. The drive by the magnificent coast-road from Salerno to Amalfi is the most celebrated in Italy. The indented coast-line consists of a series of rocky cliffs rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, the boldest promontories being crowned with massive Martello towers built in the time of Charles V. as a protection against pirates. Cut into the faces of these cliffs, the road ascends and descends alternately, sometimes reaching a height of five hundred feet above tide-water, and sometimes passing pretty villages, with terraced gardens, squeezed into the ravines along the beach. All the elevated parts of the road afford magnificent views over the bay of Salerno, on the opposite side of which, it is said, the ruins of Pæstum may sometimes be discerned. The most favorable point is that where the road, at a height of several hundred feet, bends sharply around the Capo Tumolo, from whence the eye ranges over the bay, and far along the surf-beaten coast from Salerno to Amalfi, and beyond. On the bay, nearly opposite this promontory, the fleet of Charles V. was defeated by Filippino Doria.

In the sheltered nooks of this sunny shore the olive, orange, lemon, and vine grow luxuriantly, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains with a rich vesture of green and gold. Through the surf, which rolls lazily, flashing its snowy foam upon the rocks, or advancing and receding on the sloping

beach, the peasants draw their nets ashore, men, women, and children assisting one another in the task. These simple people were to be envied, it seemed to me, for their sequestered life, apparently so devoid of care, amid a clime so genial, where Nature is at once so lovely and so bounteous.

The sway of the Saracens has strongly impressed itself upon the villages of this coast. Cetara, lying in the secluded cove where these corsairs first settled; Ratto, looking down from a height over the bay; Maiori, with its terraced lemon-gardens and ruined monastery and castle, at the entrance to the Val Tramonti; Minori, once the arsenal of Amalfi, embowered among aloe- and lemon-trees, at the mouth of the Reginolo; Atrani, a quaint old town squeezed into a ravine, up the sides of which its houses clamber one above another; Pontone, above Atrani, and Ravello, above both, all contain churches and other edifices, of mediæval date, in the Saracenic style. The patriot Masaniello, whose tragic career is the theme of one of Auber's operas, dwelt near Pontone.

The rocky height which bears the ruins of the castle of Pontone projects into the sea, separating Atrani from the historic city of Amalfi, which, mounting the cliffs from its wave-washed strand, overlooks its pretty bay, skirted by precipitous rocks and imposing mountains. During the early part of the Middle Ages the commercial renown of Amalfi was world-wide. Under the protection of the Byzantine emperors it became the gate-way through which the western world was supplied with the products of the East. Fifty thousand citizens, says Gibbon, were numbered within its walls, "nor was any city more abundantly provided with gold, silver, and the objects of precious luxury. The mariners who swarmed in her port excelled in the theory and practice of navigation and astronomy; and the discovery of the compass, which has opened the globe, is due to their ingenuity or good fortune. Their trade was extended to the coasts, or at least to the commodities of Africa,

Arabia, and India ; and their settlements in Constantinople, Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria acquired the privileges of independent colonies."

There is one qualification only to be made to these statements of the great historian. It is claimed, it is true, that Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, discovered the mariner's compass there in 1302, but the uses of the magnetic needle in navigation were known to the Chinese prior to that time. What Gioja probably did was to make important improvements in the instrument, thereby greatly enlarging the sphere of its usefulness.

Amalfi reached the zenith of her prosperity while acting as an independent state, like Venice, under the presidency of a doge ; but her commercial success soon provoked the jealousy of Pisa and Genoa, and involved her in dangerous contentions with the neighboring princes of Salerno, and the Norman sovereigns of Naples. After three centuries of prosperity, the city was subjugated by the Normans under King Roger, and sacked by the Pisans, who carried off the precious manuscripts of the Pandects of Justinian, then in the custody of Amalfi, and now in the Laurentian library at Florence. At a later date, Amalfi passed under the supremacy of the dynasties of Anjou and Arragon, from which event the place steadily declined in trade and population until, at the beginning of the present century, its inhabitants numbered barely one thousand. Its present population is about seven thousand, mostly, according to my first impressions, cicerones and beggars.

The cathedral, which I set out to visit, dogged up to its very portal by a clamorous swarm of mendicants and guides, is a richly-decorated edifice of the eleventh century, in the Lombard-Norman style, with a façade and campanile composed of black and white stone in alternate layers. The body of the apostle St. Andrew, from whom the church is named, is said to repose in its crypt, having been brought thither from Con-

stantinople in the thirteenth century. The portal, supported by antique columns from Pæstum, contains bronze doors of Byzantine workmanship, inscribed in letters of silver. The interior is gorgeous with mosaics and antique reliefs, columns, and sculptures, mostly taken from the ancient Greek temples. A colossal statue of St. Andrew was presented to the church by Philip III., of Spain.

The finest view to be had within the town of Amalfi is obtained from the vine-wreathed veranda of the Capuchin monastery, now used as a naval school. The building is perched upon one of the shoulders of a rocky ledge which rises some hundreds of feet abruptly from the sea. From a recess in the rock, used as a Calvary, near the monastery, a most delightful prospect is had of the town, the coast, and the blue, sunlit waters of the bay. For a still wider and more magnificent view we climb to the old town of Ravello, famous for its Moorish architecture, on the summit of a lofty height, rising directly above Amalfi. In the twelfth century Ravello was a prosperous city, with nearly forty thousand inhabitants; now it is a lifeless, moss-grown village of eighteen hundred souls. The cathedral, a modernized structure of the eleventh century, contains an episcopal throne and a magnificent ambo, resting on six columns, supported by lions, and completely covered with costly mosaics. The Palazzo Rufalo, a building of the twelfth century, in the Saracenic style, was occupied at different times by Pope Adrian IV., King Charles II., and Robert the Wise. Its adjacent garden overlooks the sea from a height of twelve hundred and twenty feet.

Descending from Ravello along the southern face of the great ravine which cleaves the mountains asunder at Amalfi, I found myself on a solitary path, shadowed here and there by the foliage of the orange and the aloe. No cloud was perceptible in the pure cerulean of the sky, and no sound ruffled the tranquil atmosphere save the hum of bees, the twitter of

birds, and drowsy murmurs ascending from the torrent in the depths of the ravine. Charmed with the beauty and luxuriance of the scene, so strikingly incongruous with the hideous mendicancy which had assailed me at every turn in Amalfi and Ravello, I was suddenly startled from my reverie by the voice of a plump little maid who emerged from her ambuscade by the way-side and pleaded for a soldo. Her voice was soft and melodious, and her dark, lustrous eyes spoke more eloquently than her tongue. According to the fashion of the country, her gayly-colored gown was gracefully looped so as to expose her daintily-slippered feet and shapely ankles; her black hair fell massively upon her brown, bare shoulders; and while one little hand was persuasively extended, the other was dramatically laid upon her swelling, palpitating breast. In this attitude, with tantalizing display of rosy lips and teeth such as the poet King Solomon describes in his allegorical rhapsodies, she implored once again a soldo, in return for a single osculatory privilege. It was a purely commercial proposition; the goods offered for sale were well worth the money. But it is better to draw the curtain here. [Possibly the scene just described may have gained something from my fancy and the intoxicating effect of the delicious climate, but the picture has at least a framework of fact.]

There being, at the time of my visit, no road along the rocky and precipitous coast west of Amalfi, I had determined to proceed in that direction, as far as Scaricatojo, by canoe. Divining my purpose, a horde of harrying *commissionnaires* pursued me to the beach, eager to do my contracting with the boatmen; but, believing I could just as well manage the negotiations myself, I hastened to awaken a stalwart fellow who lay asleep on the sand in the shadow of his half-inverted dory. Seeing they were likely to be balked, the avaricious *commissionnaires* rushed in a body to arouse my man's sleeping companion, hoping to be paid for that service; but before their

victim had recovered from the surprise and confusion of their onslaught my bargain was struck and the dory was being pushed into the water. A moment later we were afloat upon the bay, and my discomfited persecutors ceased to be anything more to me than an unpleasant memory.

Amalfi, rising in terraces from its beach, its white-walled dwellings mingling with the rich foliage of its gardens, the crag above it crowned with a massive ruined tower, formed, as it appeared—steadily receding—from the placid waters of the bay, a most pleasing picture, which can never fade from my memory. For some distance we cruised along wave-beaten walls of towering rock, above which the mountains, dressed with olive-groves and vines, and dotted with châteaux and villages, lay sloping to the sun. As we rounded the rocky point of Capo Sottile and pushed out into the bay of Positano, the pretty town of Positano appeared on the heights above. Suddenly one of the oarsmen, who spoke French, exclaimed, “*Voilà, monsieur, un grand poisson!*” Sure enough, at a distance of some hundreds of yards, a large porpoise was circling about us with the speed of an arrow, sometimes throwing his head and sometimes his tail out of the water, as if in mockery and defiance. After ridiculing us to his heart’s content, he made one superlative gyration and disappeared.

A most delightful voyage of three hours ended at Scaricatojo, which is nothing but a lonely fishing-station, comprising a hut or two upon the beach, overhung by lofty cliffs. As I stepped upon the strand, about a dozen people—men, women, and children—met and welcomed me as if I were an old friend, even a relative. But the case was one of hasty hail and farewell, for within a few minutes after landing I had employed a guide and was climbing the heights on my way over the peninsula to Sorrento. The ascent, prolonged by my frequent halts to enjoy the enchanting views of the bay and its coast, and to watch the course of my faithful and valiant oarsmen on their

way back to Amalfi, lasted about an hour and a half. In Sorrento, two hours later, I had the pleasure of enjoying an ideal Italian sunset from the piazza of the Hôtel Victoria (formerly Villa Rispoli), overlooking the Bay of Naples.

CHAPTER XX.

POMPEII AND VESUVIUS.

THE drive from Sorrento to Castellamare nobly rivals, in the sublimity and beauty of its scenes, that from Salerno to Amalfi. It is one of the most delightful excursions in Italy. Diverging from the precipitous shore of the bay, the road crosses the Piano di Sorrento, a famous plateau, sheltered by mountains, sloping gently towards the sea, and covered with the mingled foliage of the orange, lemon, olive, pomegranate, grape, aloe, and almond. This favored district was a fashionable resort in ancient Roman times, and has ever since been much esteemed as a salubrious and tranquil retreat.

On the northern side of the Piano, forming its boundary in that direction, rises the Monte di Scutolo, which pushes its rocky buttress far out into the bay, terminating in a lofty promontory. Rising by a long gradient, the road skirts this headland at a height which overlooks the entire bay from Naples to Capri, then descends amid olive plantations and vineyards to the dual town of Vico-Equa, situated upon a rocky eminence, the site of an ancient village. From Vico we follow the coast-line to Castellamare, built on the site of the ancient Stabiæ, and having the character and appearance of a miniature Naples. Stabiæ shared, with other villages of the coast, the fate of Pompeii, when that city was buried under

the ashes of Vesuvius. The naturalist Pliny, whose nephew's letter to the historian Tacitus contains the only circumstantial account we have of the eruption, was at that time in command of a Roman squadron lying in the bay, near Misenum. Tempted by scientific curiosity, and also by the wish to succor the perishing, he was suffocated near Stabiæ by volcanic gases and falling scorïæ.

Setting forth in the early morning, I drove, in about an hour, from Castellamare to Pompeii, passing through a level country once an arid bed of ashes, but now fertile as a garden. Originally the town of Pompeii stood on the margin of the bay, but the eruption of 79 produced such changes in the coast as to leave it more than a mile inland. The place had a very ancient origin; how ancient is not precisely known. Though founded by the Oscans, it soon became thoroughly Greek, and after the Samnite wars passed under the dominion of Rome. It was therefore an epitome of the mingled Greek and Roman ancient life. Having considerable commerce and a lucrative inland trade, its wealth, the beauty of its situation, and the refinement and gayety of its people made it enjoyable both as a pleasure-resort and as a place of permanent residence. Cicero purchased estates in its vicinity, and many wealthy Romans made it their favorite retreat. Its remains abound in tokens of elegant luxury, pompous idolatry, and voluptuous living. Its population, estimated by some of the best authorities at not over twenty thousand, probably never exceeded forty thousand.

The eruption by which Pompeii and its neighboring cities were overwhelmed was the first Vesuvian outbreak of which we have any record. Fifty years before that event, Strabo, writing in the time of Augustus, describes Mount Vesuvius as an extinct volcano, covered with beautiful meadows, excepting its summit. Diodorus Siculus, a historian of the same period, says the mountain exhibited signs of ancient internal fires.

But since the beginning of the Christian era the history of the volcano has been one of intermittent activity, with rare intervals of fireless quiescence. The eruptions of Pompeian celebrity were followed, in succession, by nine others prior to the year 1500; since that year there have been over fifty. Ashes were carried from the eruption of 472 as far as Constantinople, and from that of 512 to Tripoli. During the next ten centuries there were various periods of activity, some of which lasted for many years continuously. Then followed over a century of calm, during which the mountain was overgrown with trees and herbage, and cattle grazed within its crater. Meanwhile, a volcanic cone, now called Monte Nuovo, was upheaved near Pozzuoli, and Etna, which sneezes when Vesuvius takes snuff, and *vice versa*, was laboring incessantly. In 1631 the Cyclopean snuff-box was passed over to Etna, and Vesuvius broke its long quiescence by a terrific eruption, during which a cloud of smoke and ashes rapidly spread over all Southern Italy, casting at mid-day the gloom of night. The earth was convulsed by an earthquake, stones of great weight were thrown from the crater a distance of fifteen miles, and seven lava-streams, accompanied by torrents of boiling water, poured from the mountain, overwhelming all the towns around its base, and destroying over three thousand human lives. This eruption, lasting nearly three months, is the first of which we have a complete circumstantial account. It reduced the height of the cone by more than fifteen hundred feet.

After various intermediate disturbances,—notably that of 1794, when ashes were carried as far as Chieti and Taranto, and an enormous lava-stream poured through the town of Torre del Greco into the bay,—the volcano broke forth again, in 1779, on a stupendous scale. Masses of sluggish, cottony vapor, which enveloped the mountain and piled themselves far above it, were succeeded by columns of fire, which shot up to three times its height. Vast quantities of red-hot stones, some

of them over a hundred pounds in weight, were hurled two thousand feet into the air.

Within the present century twenty-three eruptions have taken place, of which at least ten were important. That of 1861, by which Torre del Greco was laid waste for the fourth or fifth time, was witnessed by Humboldt and other men of science. In 1822 the whole top of the mountain was broken up, and an elliptical chasm was formed three miles in circumference and two thousand feet deep. But the culminating events in the recent history of the volcano fall within the period of activity which began in January, 1871, when a stream of lava began to pour through a fissure on the north-east side. During the following autumn a second stream broke through the cone on its western side, the lava-currents never pouring over the top of the crater, but always forcing an outlet through the mass of scorïæ at some distance below the summit. The symptoms of violence began to increase early in 1872, and continued to do so until the 24th of April, in that year, on which date and the six days following a tremendous outpouring of smoke and flame was succeeded by the bursting forth of lava-streams on all sides of the mountain. One of these streams issued with such suddenness as to overtake and roast to death twenty persons in a crowd of spectators who were watching the eruption. Many other persons who had ventured too near were hurt by stones thrown from the crater. A prodigious lava-torrent, twenty feet deep and three thousand feet wide, descended at the rate of three miles in twelve hours, partially destroying the villages of Massa and San Sebastiano, and laying waste a large area of cultivated land. Terrific explosions were heard in the crater, which emitted huge volumes of smoke and discharged red-hot stones and lava to the height of four thousand feet. The streets of Naples were deluged with black sand, and clouds of ashes were carried as far as Cosenza, one hundred and forty miles distant.

The ancient Pompeians who gazed upon and admired the beauteous groves and pastures which covered the symmetrical cone up to the very rim of its smokeless, silent crater must have had but a faint idea of the real nature of their terrible neighbor. But in the year 63 they received a most impressive and—had it been heeded—timely warning of what they were to expect. A fearful earthquake shook down their temples, colonnades, and dwellings, giving awful premonition of the reawakening of the stupendous forces of Nature which had been slumbering for centuries. The city was a wreck, but it was immediately rebuilt, and was greatly improved by conforming its architecture more nearly than before to the style of imperial Rome. A reaction from the depressing effects of disaster was at high tide, and Pompeii was doubtless more splendid and more gay than ever when, on the 24th of August, 79, it was overtaken by the supreme catastrophe, the details of which, in the absence of authentic narrative, have been supplied by the romance of Bulwer. First came a dense shower of ashes, which covered the town to the depth of three feet, impelling most of its inhabitants to fly from its precincts. This was followed by a delusive lull, during which many of the fugitives returned to seek their valuables, and perhaps to care for the sick and infirm who could not be readily removed. But directly the shower of ashes was succeeded by a heavy rain of red-hot cinders and pumice, called *rapilii*, from which there was no escape. This covered the town with another stratum seven to eight feet thick, burning the wooden upper stories from the houses, and extinguishing the last vestige of animal life. On top of this the remorseless Cyclops shook down more showers of ashes, and then fiery *rapilii*, until the superincumbent mass attained an average thickness of twenty feet, and the beautiful city of the Sarno was literally smothered, buried alive, with scarcely a single trace of it above ground.

For nearly seventeen centuries Pompeii, except as a name

and memory, disappeared from history. In ancient times its ruins were ransacked, partly by the survivors of its wreck, in recovering their valuables and the dead bodies of their friends, and partly in the search for decorative materials with which to embellish temples and other buildings. In this way the city was stripped of nearly everything easily accessible which was worth carrying away. Subsequent Vesuvian eruptions covered it still more deeply, vegetation grew over it, and a village bearing its name rose upon the ground which covered its ancient site. During the Middle Ages the place was entirely unknown. In 1592 a subterranean aqueduct, which is in use to this day, was carried under it without leading to its discovery. In 1748 some statues and bronze utensils, discovered by a peasant, attracted the attention of the reigning King of Naples and Sicily, Charles III., who caused excavations to be made. At that time the theatre, amphitheatre, and other portions of the buried town were brought to light, discoveries which caused great surprise and enthusiasm throughout the civilized world. The muse of Schiller broke forth in this exclamatory strain:

What wonder here! Of thee, O Earth, a fount
 Have we invoked, and from thy sombre womb
 What yieldest thou? Is life in the abyss?
 And dwells a new race there till now concealed
 Beneath the lava? Doth the past return?
 O Greeks, O Romans, come! Behold again
 Rises the old Pompeii, and rebuilt
 The long-lost town of Dorian Hercules,
 House on house!

* * * * *
 The earth, with faithful watch, has guarded all!

Under the Bourbon dynasty the excavations were very imperfectly carried on, only statues and valuables being taken out, and the ruins afterwards covered up again, or suffered to fall into decay. Under the French dominion, the Forum, the

Street of the Tombs, and many private houses were uncovered ; but after the fall of Murat the work relaxed again, so that as late as 1860 not more than one-third of the town had been laid bare. The new *régime* which came in with Victor Emmanuel imparted a fresh stimulus to the work. In 1863 the archæologist Fiorelli was appointed by the government to supervise the excavations, which have since that time kept a corps of workmen constantly employed. Fiorelli estimates that at the present rate of progress the complete excavation of the town can be accomplished in seventy years, at an expenditure of about one million dollars. What further discoveries will be made can only be conjectured, but undoubtedly many revelations of intense interest await the search of the archæological spade.

The excavated portion of the city, together with its museum and library, are under the care of a corps of government guides, who, for a European wonder, are forbidden to accept gratuities. Quite agreeably to me, my visit fell on a holiday, when the guides were off duty, so that I was permitted to wander at will among the silent streets, unembarrassed by long and apocryphal verbal explanations. A previous visit had familiarized me with the principal streets, buildings, and localities, so that I had no difficulty in finding my way. Besides a considerable region which had been excavated since my first visit, eighteen months before, there were some important buildings which I had not then been able to inspect. Among these was the Villa Diomed, so conspicuous in Bulwer's romance. This villa—more properly speaking, the house of M. Arrius-Diomedes—was one of the largest and most splendid of the Pompeiian residences, and, in addition to the usual conveniences and luxuries of an elegant mansion of that day, enclosed an interior court, or garden, one hundred and seven feet square, open to the sky, surrounded by a colonnade, and embellished by a central fountain.

Beneath this court, on three sides, are long vaulted chambers, reached by stairways and lighted by narrow apertures in the upper pavement. These cellars, now entirely cleared of rubbish, are believed to have been used in the summer season as family promenades. "In them," says Bulwer, "twenty skeletons (two of them babes, embracing) were discovered in one spot by the door, covered by a fine ashen dust that had evidently been slowly wafted through the apertures until it had filled the whole space. There were jewels and coins, and candelabra for unavailing light, and wine, hardened in the amphoræ, for a prolongation of agonized life. The sand, consolidated by damp, had taken the forms of the skeletons as in a cast, and the traveller may yet see the impression of a female neck and bosom, of young and round proportions, the trace of the fated Julia! It seems to the inquirer as if the air had been gradually changed into a sulphurous vapor; the inmates of the vaults had rushed to the door and found it closed and blocked up by the scorix without, and, in their attempts to force it, had been suffocated with the atmosphere.

"In the garden was found a skeleton with a key by its bony hand, and near it a bag of coins. This is believed to have been the master of the house, the unfortunate Diomed, who had probably sought to escape by the garden, and been destroyed either by the vapors or some fragment of stone. Beside some silver vases lay another skeleton, probably a slave."

The impression of a girl's breast in the ashes, which Bulwer's fancy represents as the sole remaining trace of one of his heroines, is still preserved in the museum at Naples, and is as shapely and perfect as if the flesh of the fair young victim had been moulded but yesterday instead of eighteen hundred years ago. The bodies found in the Diomedan corridors had their heads wrapped up, and were half covered by the fine infiltrated ashes, in which was preserved even the imprint of the chemises worn by the women and children. The bodies had decayed,

like those embedded in other parts of the town, but their forms had been moulded in the ashes with wonderful precision and distinctness.

In many cases such cavities, after the skeletons contained in them had been carefully removed, were filled with liquid plaster, which produced an accurate and durable image of the imprinted form. The museum at Pompeii contains a collection of such images, which impress upon the beholder, more vividly, perhaps, than any other objects, the horror and consternation of those awful days when the rain of volcanic ashes turned noon to night and overwhelmed the doomed city. One of these figures is that of a girl with a ring on her finger; another, that of a woman *enceinte*; a third, a man whose features are singularly distinct and natural. A group of three includes father, mother, and daughter, found lying near one another. The figure of a female shows even the folds of her drapery and the arrangement of her hair. The attitudes are generally those which follow a short and fierce death-struggle. Some of the victims seem to have fallen upon their faces and died suddenly in their flight. Others, who were perhaps asphyxiated by vapors, have the calm attitude of sleep, as though death had been but a pleasant dream.

Near the Great Theatre an open court, with a peristyle of seventy-four columns, is surrounded by a series of detached cells. This is supposed to have been a barrack for confinement of the gladiators who were chosen for the contests of the arena. Sixty-three skeletons found here are believed to have been those of soldiers who remained on duty during the eruption. In one of the chambers, used as a prison, the skeletons of two presumable criminals were found, together with the stocks and irons with which they were bound for punishment. The story that the people were assembled, in great numbers, to witness some spectacular entertainment at the time the volcano began to belch upon them its rain of ashes is probably

a myth. The theatre had been badly wrecked by the earthquake of 63, and its restoration was yet far from complete when the eruption broke forth.

The streets of Pompeii are generally narrow, not over twenty-four, some of them not over fourteen, feet in width, and are paved with blocks of lava, with high stepping-stones at intervals, for the convenience of foot-passengers in rainy weather. At the street-corners public fountains are placed, from which the water poured through the decorative head of a god, a mask, or some similar ornament. Trade signs are rare, but political announcements are frequently seen, conspicuously printed in red letters. Phallic emblems, boldly cut in stone and built into the walls, surprise and shock us by their frequency, notwithstanding their innocently-meant purpose as a means of protection against witchcraft.

The architecture of the temples and other public buildings is a clumsy mixture of the Greek and Roman style, the columns being invariably laid up in brick or travertine, and covered with stucco. The dwellings, built of the same materials, or of travertine, have very little exterior adornment. Yet at the time of its catastrophe Pompeii must have been a highly-decorated town. Marble was but little used architecturally, but the stucco which took its place was admirably adapted to decorative painting, and this means of ornamentation was lavishly employed. The lower halves of the columns are generally painted red, with harmonizing colors on the capitals. Interior walls are also laid with bright, gay coloring, usually red or yellow. But the most attractive and striking of the mural decorations are the paintings, the wonderful variety and delicacy of which are only surpassed by the more astonishing wonder of their preservation. The subjects of these pictures are generally drawn from poetry or mythology, as, for instance, Theseus abandoning Ariadne, Ulysses relating his adventures to Penelope, Cupid holding a mirror up to

Venus, Apollo and the Muses, Polyphemus receiving Galatea's letter from Cupid, Leda and the Swan, Diana surprised in her bath by Actæon, Achilles and Patroclus, and representations of Venus, Cupid, Bacchus, Silenus, Mercury, and the fauns in endless variety. A favorite subject was the beautiful youth Narcissus, son of the river-god Cephissus and the nymph Liriope. According to the Greek fable, this youth, seeing his image in a fountain, became enamoured of it, and, in punishment for his hardness of heart towards Echo and other nymphs, pined away and was changed to a flower. In consequence of its origin this flower loves the borders of streams, and, bending on its fragile stem, seems to seek its own image in the waters, but soon fades and dies.

The larger and finer dwellings of Pompeii have generally been named from their supposed possessors, or from the works of art found in them. The House of the Tragic Poet, so called from the representation of a poet reading found in its tablinum, was one of the most elegant in Pompeii. From the pavement of its vestibule was taken a celebrated mosaic, now in the museum at Naples, representing a chained dog barking, with the legend *cave canem*,—beware of the dog. The periphery of the columns of the peristyle is fluted, except the lower third of the shaft, which is smooth and painted red. The walls of the interior are decorated with paintings, among which are Venus and Cupid fishing, Diana with Orion, and a representation of Leda and Tyndarus, which is very beautiful and remarkably well preserved. This house, which figures in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" as the home of Glaucus, was probably the dwelling of a goldsmith.

One of the most palatial residences yet brought to light is the House of Pansa,—one hundred and twenty-four by three hundred and nineteen feet,—which finely illustrates, in its complete and well-preserved appointments, the plan of an aristocratic Pompeiian mansion of the imperial epoch. Enter-

ing from the street by a vestibule, in the floor of which the greeting, "*Salve*," was wrought in beautiful mosaic, we reach a large interior court (atrium), which, owing to the absence of glass, or exterior openings, was necessary for the admission of light and air to the surrounding chambers. A reservoir for rain-water (impluvium) occupies the centre of the atrium. Passing from the atrium through a large apartment called the tablinum, we enter, towards the rear, the strictly domestic part of the house, which occupies more than half the space within its walls, and is also provided with an interior court. The family apartments open into this court, and derive from it their light and ventilation. It encloses a garden surrounded by a peristyle, and hence takes the name of peristylum. The front part of the house, surrounding the atrium, was that in which the proprietor transacted his business and held intercourse with the external world; the rear part, surrounding the peristylum, was devoted to domestic use exclusively. The roof, sloping inward, and open over the interior courts, discharged the rain which fell upon it into the impluvium. The images of the household gods usually occupied a place in the vestibule.

The House of Sallust, so named from an epigraph on its outside wall, appears from later discoveries to have been the property of A. Cossius Libanus. This house was finished in gay colors and embellished with mural paintings, one of which—a representation of Actæon surprising Diana at her bath—is singularly well preserved. Other subjects treated are the rape of Europa (badly defaced), and Helle in the sea, extending her arm to Phryxus. Opposite to the *Actæon* is a dainty chamber, arbitrarily named the *venereum*, surrounded by polygonal columns painted red. The impluvium was adorned with a bronze group—now in the museum at Palermo—representing Hercules contending with a stag. Out of the mouth of the stag, in this group, the waters of the fountain gushed.

Some of the bedrooms of this house were floored with African marble.

The House of Meleager takes its name from one of its mural decorations, illustrating the story of Meleager and Atalanta. Other frescos adorn its walls, representing the judgment of Paris, Mercury presenting a purse to Ceres, and a young satyr frightening a bacchante with a serpent. Its peristylum—sixty by seventy-three feet—is the finest yet found in Pompeii. The columns of the peristylum are covered with yellow stucco and its chambers are floored with mosaic. A colonnade rises on three sides of the dining-room, and one of twenty-four columns, red below and white above, supports the portico. A garden to the left of the atrium and in front of the portico is adorned by a pretty fountain.

An exquisite bronze statuette of a dancing faun, now in the Naples Museum, gave its present title to the most beautiful and also one of the largest houses in Pompeii. The discovery of this house was first made in 1830, in the presence of a son of the poet Goethe. A small pedestal, on which the statuette of the faun stood, is still seen in the marble-lined impluvium. In the mosaic floor of one of the rooms near by, three doves are represented drawing a string of pearls from a casket. Mosaics in the dining-room represented Acratus (companion of Bacchus) riding on a lion, a cat devouring a partridge, and a group of crustaceans and fishes. The salutation "*Have*" (welcome) is wrought with colored marble in the pavement of the vestibule before the main entrance. The walls are covered with stucco, made of cement, in imitation of colored marble.

The atrium, thirty-five by thirty-eight feet, is finished in the Tuscan style, but the twenty-eight columns surrounding the peristylum are Ionic. In the rear of the mansion opens a garden, one hundred and five by one hundred and fifteen feet, enclosed with a peristyle of fifty-six Doric columns. Various

articles in gold, silver, bronze, and terra-cotta were found in this house, and also some skeletons, one of which was that of a woman with a gold ring on her finger engraved with the name Cassia. But the most important discovery of all made in the House of the Faun was that of the magnificent mosaic of Alexander in the battle of Issus. "This work, which is almost the only ancient historical composition in existence, represents the battle at the moment when Alexander, whose helmet has fallen from his head, charges Darius with his cavalry and transfixes the general of the Persians, who has fallen from his wounded horse. The chariot of the Persian monarch is prepared for retreat, whilst in the foreground a Persian of rank, in order to insure the more speedy escape of the king, who is absorbed in thought at the sight of his expiring general, offers him his horse."—BAEDEKER.

Such are some of the principal mansions of Pompeii and the objects found in them. All of the most precious works of art which were or could be detached, including many exquisite little mural frescos, have been removed and deposited in the museum at Naples. The ruins and the museum explain each other, and taken together furnish the most complete and vivid illustration of ancient life in the world. No books, no pictures, can tell us so clearly and comprehensively how the people of that day and country lived as the remains of this buried city. Its dwellings, shops, streets, prisons, temples, theatres, and tombs disclose with amazing fulness and accuracy the pursuits, habits, follies, vices, and even the thoughts of its inhabitants, just as they were living and moving when caught, overwhelmed, and forever stilled in the full tide of their existence. Well-curbs worn by the sliding rope, stepping-stones hollowed by the march of eager multitudes, pavements scarred by the stamp of horses' hoofs, advertisements painted on public walls, shops and magazines containing the symbols and utensils of trade, fountains where the crystal torrent might have hushed

but an hour ago its rippling voice, temples whose altars bear yet the marks of sacrificial fire, frescos whose color and outline are bright and delicate in spite of calamity and time, mosaic floors smooth and shining as if polished only yesterday by the dance of dainty feet,—these and a thousand more traces of the life of that ancient time help the imagination to repeople and restore the ruined city as it was in the day of its pride and splendor.

An inspection of the ruins of Pompeii deepens upon the mind its impressions of the sublimity and terror of Vesuvius. Physically speaking, the volcano is but a monstrous heap of ashes, stones, and scorïæ, hollow, or partially so, in the centre, and streaked with black, solidified lava-currents on the outside. From the crater, whirling volumes of steam and smoke constantly issue, each rotary gush representing an interior explosion, usually heard only on the summit. In the varying states of the atmosphere this monstrous volume of vapor rises in columnar form for thousands of feet, and is then borne far to seaward, or landward, by the upper currents of the air; or it falls in a dense, sulphurous, shapeless cloud, which envelops and conceals the upper part of the mountain. In the latter condition of things I made my first ascent; in the former my second. On the first occasion we went up from Portici and down to Pompeii; on the second, the route was reversed.

From Pompeii the summit may be made—on horseback as far as the foot of the cone—in about three hours. The railway on the Portici side ascends to the outside rim of the crater, within which, separated by fissured slabs of lava which, a yard below the surface, yet glow with living fire, the main chimney or flue of the volcano rises some hundreds of feet higher. On the eastern side, below the rim, a lava-stream of considerable magnitude had burst forth at the time of my visit, and was issuing with a fierce, hissing sound. Its course could be traced down the slopes of the mountain for the dis-

tance of a mile. Its movement, at first quite rapid, was soon checked by the cooling effect of the atmosphere.

The operations of the crater at this time were extremely interesting. Near the base of the final cone a small secondary volcanic funnel had recently been formed, which sometimes almost silenced with its screeching and blubber the thunderous rumbling within the main chimney. Neither of the active craters could be approached with safety, but they made no objections to being looked at, and so, dismissing my guide, I remained about two hours on the summit, watching their antics. Sometimes the smaller crater, or safety-valve, as it seemed to be, would work itself up to a perfect frenzy of hysterical hissing and shrieking, as though all the misery of a hundred colicky locomotives were venting itself in one prolonged scream. During such spells the red liquid lava would bubble over the rim for a time, like the boiling of an over-filled pot; then suddenly some explosive interior force would throw it into the air in a sheaf of beautiful red spray, rising and descending in graceful parabolas all around the cone. After this performance, the little fellow would subside and keep tolerably quiet for ten minutes or so, when it would be seized with another paroxysm.

The larger crater, though also intermittent, was more progressive and less fidgety in its action. Its behavior had the dignified air of regular business, while the safety-valve demeaned itself more as a transient upstart, impatient of attracting popular attention. The masses of steam and smoke issuing from the main orifice were somewhat irregular, both in quantity and velocity, their increase in both respects being always accompanied by louder and more rapid interior explosions. At the moments of greatest activity showers of stones and lumps of red lava were hurled into the air to heights varying from three hundred to one thousand feet, and descending, rolled rattling and smoking down the yellow, sulphurous

sides of the cone. The spectacle was terrifically sublime at times, particularly when the safety-valve chimed in with its screaming accompaniment, and flung aloft its *jet-d'eau*-like pyrotechnics. The missiles projected from the main crater soared at an angle of about fifty degrees, and almost uniformly in the same direction, so that they fell on territory of which the spectator, looking on from the opposite point of the compass, was quite willing to accord monopoly of possession, with a liberal margin for unadjusted boundary.

As sunset approached, and the shades of evening were beginning to add new touches of grandeur to the sublime spectacle, I took leave of it reluctantly, and, with Brobdingnagian strides down the volcanic ash-heap, descended in not more than seven minutes a space which it had once cost me a weary half-hour and the help of two guides to climb. Three hours later the red currents of lava could be seen from my window in Naples, glittering far away in the darkness, and streaking the black sides of the volcano like descending streams of molten gold.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM MAYENCE TO MADRID.

FROM Germany to Paris there are three direct railway routes: First, from Mayence, *via* Metz; second, from Cologne, *via* Liège; third, from Strasburg, *via* Nancy and Châlons. For my present purpose I chose the Mayence-Metz route, which descends the Rhine as far as Bingen, then turns squarely to the left and ascends the valley of the Nahe. The scenery in that valley is exceedingly attractive, particularly in

the neighborhood of Creutznach, an old German town and famous watering-place, the heights around which bear numerous remnants of mediæval strongholds. One of these heights is the Rheingrafenstein, a porphyry cliff rising almost perpendicularly from the Nahe, from which look down the shattered walls of the castle,—blown up by Louis XIV.,—within which dwelt the old-time Rhenish counts. Opposite the Rheingrafenstein towers the crag of Ebernburg, with its pinnacled ruin, originally a stronghold of Franz von Sickingen and the robber knights; later the refuge of Ulrich von Hutten and his associates. Other castle-crowned heights, alternating with the vine-clad hills which border the valley, are seen as we pass along.

Conspicuous in the chain of quaint old towns and villages along this route is Oberstein, a noted seat for the manufacture of mock jewelry; much of which is exported to the American market. Formerly the agate stones used in this industry were found abundantly in the neighborhood of Oberstein, but for some years past the diminished home supply of this material has had to be made up by importations from Brazil and other distant countries.

At Saarbrücken we enter the mining and iron-manufacturing districts of Lorraine, through which, for some miles, the railway meanders among smoking mills and blazing furnaces. It was upon the heights near Saarbrücken that the little Prince Imperial of France received his famous "baptism of fire," and from here it was that Napoleon III. began the so-called concentration of his army to the rear. Unfortunate prince! self-deluded and self-ruined emperor! Who is so poor as to envy the career of the one or the other!

At Metz we find ourselves in the historic and beautiful valley of the Moselle. The railway does not enter the fortress, and only a few of its outworks can be seen from the passing trains. Pagny, a short distance beyond Metz, is the boundary

station, where all travellers must alight and put their baggage under the inspection of the customs officials.

"*Quel pays ?*" demanded a French officer in uniform, with a note-book in his hand.

"The United States of America," was my reply, and it was so recorded.

"Have you any tobacco?" inquired another official, as he rummaged my portmanteau.

"None whatever."

Upon which response I was permitted to gather up my effects and go.

A short distance from Pagny, the railway passes close by the imposing ruins of a Roman aqueduct, constructed by Drusus. This structure, originally sixty feet high and twelve hundred and twenty yards long, conducted water from the hills to Divodurum, the ancient Metz. Seven of its grand arches rise near the railway, and at another place in the vicinity eleven more still stand in firm condition.

We have now entered one of the most fruitful and beautiful regions of France,—a fair, smiling land, exhibiting everywhere that painstaking cultivation of the soil, and that industrious, frugal thrift so characteristic of the French. Parallel with the railway, and often intersecting it, branches and trunk-lines of the great canal system are observed, which France esteems as the most beneficial part of her public works. Immense sums are spent in the extension and improvement of these canals, and with good reason, for as a means of cheap interior transportation they are unequalled.

Having left Mayence in the morning, we find ourselves, at 10 P.M., nearing Paris. As the great city is approached by railway in the evening, its numberless lights are seen twinkling from afar, and, with commingled glare, waving to the traveller a flamboyant greeting. Soon we are among the brilliantly-lighted streets and boulevards, swept by almost ceaseless cur-

rents of gay and eager life, and we realize at once why it is that Paris is the siren which bewitches the fancy and incites the ambition of all Frenchmen.

The beautiful city was at its best those bright May days. The weather was perfect, and every element of metropolitan activity was in full play. It was a luxury to stroll about in the sunshine and mingle with the cheerful current of active, ardent, diversified humanity. Let me quote a few lines from my diary :

“Last evening we had a cloudless sunset, and it was superb. Looking up the Champs Élysées, I saw the noble Arc de Triomphe standing in a perfect flood of golden light bursting through its magnificent portal. I walked up to the Arc, that splendid memento of Napoleon’s victories, to see the sun slide down behind the bastioned summits of Mont Valérien, and was rewarded by an inspiring view far out the great avenues of Neuilly and Bois de Boulogne, flooded and dimmed with mellow sunset splendors. What Parisian standing there at such a time could help feeling proud of France and her metropolis ! American as I was, I could not escape the patriotic inspiration of her great national memorial so fitly and sublimely set.

“Another scene almost equally inspiring was that witnessed from the balcony of the opera-house in the full tide of evening. The world does not offer a more animated picture of throbbing, thronging metropolitan life than that. The heart of Paris beats there, perhaps the heart of France also, for from thence the tides of its exuberant energies seem to emanate.”

The railway journey from Paris to Bordeaux may be made in fifteen hours. The traveller has the choice of two routes, the preferable one being that *via* Orléans, Tours, and Poitiers. After quitting Paris, the railway pursues for a time the upper valley of the Seine, and brings us in a couple of hours to

Orléans, whose cathedral, rising high above its clustered gables, looks far over the surrounding plain. The walls from before which the Maid of Orléans, with her followers, drove the besieging English, are entirely gone, and, excepting her equestrian statue erected in the Place Martroy, the town has few visible reminders of its glorious heroine.

From Orléans the railway follows the course of the Loire to Blois and Amboise, each possessing a castle of mediæval renown, and to Tours, with its celebrated renaissance cathedral. At Tours we quit the valley of the Loire and pass over to that of the Indre, on the margin of which, observable from the railway, rise the renaissance spires and gables of the Château de la Roche. The region hereabouts has been called the garden of France,—a title which the luxuriance and variety of its vegetation go far to justify. Standing upon an eminence in the midst of this fertile district, the city of Poitiers, surrounded by turreted walls, overlooks the garden-like valley at the confluence of the Clain and the Boivre. Two cathedrals lift their spires upon its rocky promontory, that of St. Pierre, with rare glass-painting of the thirteenth century, and that of Notre-Dame-la-Grande, of the twelfth century, which latter is one of the most interesting specimens of the Romanesque style in Western France. Poitiers was the ancient Lemonum. Near it the Visigoths were beaten by Clovis in the sixth century, and upon the great plain lying between it and Tours, Abderrahman and his Saracens were defeated two hundred years later by Charles Martel. A few miles from the city was also fought the battle of Poitiers, in which King John the Good, with an army at least fifty thousand strong, was overcome by eight thousand English and Gascons under Edward the Black Prince.

The sun was just setting as we neared Angoulême, a fine old town of ancient origin, admirably situated upon a symmetrically-rounded hill rising two hundred feet above the

meandering current of the Charente. Here again we find a noble Romanesque cathedral of the twelfth century. The city also contains a Benedictine abbey of the time of Charlemagne, and a ruined castle, within whose walls Marguerite of Navarre was born.

It was some time after dark when our train drew up on the north bank of the Garonne, and we crossed by a noble stone bridge of seventeen arches—Pont de la Bastide—into Bordeaux. This city had long been to me the goal of many pleasing anticipations. Although situated fifty-eight miles inland, it has ample communication with the ocean by the broad, deep channel of the Garonne, which makes it, next to Havre and Marseilles, the most important seaport in France. Its origin is ancient. First a Celtic port, it became afterwards a Roman station, and was made chief city of Aquitaine by the Emperor Hadrian. In the fifth century it was subdued by the Goths, in the sixth by the Franks, and in the eighth by the Spanish Arabs. Made a dukedom by Charlemagne, it fell to the inheritance of Eleonore, heiress of the last of the Gascon dukes and subsequently wife of Henry II. of England, of whose realm, through his marriage with her, it became a part. Bordeaux remained an English city for three centuries, and during that period acquired many English characteristics. Edward the Black Prince made it his residence, and held there a brilliant court. In the fifteenth century it was lost to the English, together with their other possessions in France. Montaigne and Montesquieu were both natives of Bordeaux, and the former was for many years its mayor. A colossal statue of each of these famous men adorns the great central public square of the city, known as the Place des Quinconces.

Protestantism early gained a footing in Bordeaux, and on the bloody eve of St. Bartholomew twenty-five hundred Bordelais gave up their lives at the shrine of the new faith. During the Revolution the city was strongly Girondist, and

thereby drew upon itself the wrath of the Jacobins, by whose decree, on a certain occasion, three hundred men and women were put to death. Over the place of execution was written the barbarous motto, "Blood is the milk of the children of liberty." Here it was, too, in this city of Bordeaux, that Napoleon III., referring to the commercial interests of France and their need of public tranquillity, spoke the memorable words, "*L'empire c'est la paix.*" These words, afterwards so disastrously falsified by their author, were transixed in letters of marble on the walls of the Public Exchange.

Outside of France Bordeaux is better known, popularly speaking, by its wines than by its history. Within its vicinage, between the Garonne and the sea, lies the most celebrated grape-growing district in the world. This is the so-called Médoc region, containing the renowned Château Margeaux, Château Lafitte, St. Estéphe, St. Julien, and Mâcon vineyards. It is questionable whether any other territory of equal size, even among the gold- and diamond-fields, has produced so much wealth as this. The Bordeaux wines have probably enriched France more than any other single interest. There are striking differences, however, between Bordeaux on the banks of the Garonne, and Bordeaux on the banks of the Rhine, the Hudson, or the Mississippi. The rule of the Gascon restaurants is *vin à discrétion*, and their guests have the same freedom with the claret carafe that Americans have with the water-pitcher. There is a saying in Spain that the poorest sherry is drunk at the great sherry mart, Jerez, but the *vin ordinaire*, which costs nothing at Bordeaux, is better than much of the *vin "extraordinaire"* for which we pay one dollar and a half to two dollars a bottle.

The great wine-vaults of Bordeaux are interesting in the extreme. Through the courtesy of an acquaintance I was afforded the opportunity to explore one of them,—that of a firm well known in the United States. The vaults of this

establishment are two stories deep, one series below the other. Most of the wines in store are in bottles, placed on iron racks and laid upon their sides, so as to prevent the admission of air through the corkage. Many of the racks are overspread with a snow-white fungus, which grows in such places in various fantastic forms, without any apparent moisture to nourish it. In some of the racks the bottles had lain ten, twenty, and even thirty years untouched.

As a conclusion to my sight-seeing in Bordeaux, I climbed the tower of the St. Michael Cathedral, and obtained a far-reaching, most interesting view over the city and the country around it. Southward were displayed the western spurs of the Pyrenees, sloping down to the ocean; westward lay the great sandy moor known as the Landes; northward was the Médoc wine district, skirted by the broad, sail-studded surface of the Garonne; eastward rose a series of verdurous hills, crowned with châteaux, orchards, and vineyards; and directly below were the great wharves, crowded with shipping and piled with merchandise from all parts of the world.

Excepting the view, just described, to be obtained from its tower, the St. Michael Cathedral offers no especial attraction to the stranger, but it is the favorite church of the peasantry, and its early mass on Sunday is attended by large numbers from that class of the population. On such occasions the maids and workwomen wear a peculiar head-dress of brightly-colored stuff, with which they cunningly set off to best advantage their sparkling black eyes, Brunette complexions, and luxuriant hair.

Forty miles from Bordeaux I halted to enjoy a quiet Sunday at Arcachon, a Bordelais sea-side resort on the Biscayan coast. The weather was exquisite, and from my window in the hotel I looked out over the bright bay, wrinkled by a gentle breeze and tinted with the azure of an unclouded sky. More enjoyable still was an afternoon stroll among the villas,

gardens, and evergreen groves which cover the dunes blown up by centuries of fretful wind, and along the far-extending beach, where the wavelets came softly lispings over the sand.

Next day, for twelve hours, I journeyed southward by rail, through the monotonous Landes, the most sterile region in France. The inhabitants of this district, few and scantily civilized, lead a nomadic life, on the patriarchal principle. The water which falls from the clouds, or exudes from springs, being hemmed in by the dunes and held from absorption by an impervious stratum of clay, the greater part of the country has been converted into swamps and bogs. Over this quaggy surface the shepherds and turpentine boilers, of whom the male population mainly consists, travel on long stilts, in the use of which they are wonderfully expert, and can make the speed of a horse. When the stilt-walker wishes to rest himself, he plants a third stake firmly in the ground so as to form a tripod, upon which he sits for hours watching his herd, and additionally improving his time by knitting. The cultivation of the cork-tree has been successfully introduced in the southern part of the Landes, but the trees must be permitted to grow fifty years before their bark can be used, and it may then be removed only once in eight or ten years.

The construction of the railway through the Landes was a matter of much difficulty. The workmen dwelt in tents which were pitched upon the track as it progressed, and their food had to be brought forward from Bordeaux. When the Moors were obliged to leave Spain, they solicited from the King of France the privilege of redeeming and inhabiting this region, but were refused.

Reaching Bayonne at sunset, we journeyed between sundown and dark behind a chipper little narrow-gauge locomotive over the hills to Biarritz. It was night when we arrived there, and not long after we reached the Hôtel d'Angleterre, I dropped to sleep listening to the beat and

swash of invisible waves. Next morning I was awakened by the same throbbing music of the sea, and, looking out, saw the bright bay all a-sparkle with wavelets blown up by the fragrant breath of an unclouded May morning. From my window the indented line of the coast could be seen extending far away to the northward, while in the foreground lay the broad, sandy beach known as the Côte des Fours, behind which rose a range of hills crowned with châteaux. The beach has a gentle inclination, and as the tide came in, long, silvery lines of surf chased each other in slow, measured movement up and down the sloping strand. The picture was a most fascinating, tranquillizing one,—a picture to rhapsodize and dream over through all the livelong hours. But there was one sad object in it,—sad in its associations, at least,—and that was the Villa Eugénie, once the holiday home of the Empress of France. The villa was neglected and weather-stained, and the dethroned empress, who once irradiated it with her truly imperial beauty, was an exile from home and country.

In respect to its natural advantages, Biarritz has been called the most attractive sea-side resort in Europe. It is certainly the most attractive one in France. Its three different bays, with a bottom and gently-sloping beach of fine, elastic sand, and a surf, here roaring and strong, and there gentle, offer conveniences for sea-bathing adapted to every taste. The elevated situation of the town commands a superb view along the coast from the mouth of the Garonne to the peaks of the Spanish Sierras, the whole variegated and enlivened by the perpetual rush of the sea, sometimes leaping up against perpendicular walls of rock, sometimes foaming and chafing amid the breakers, and sometimes gently swaying back and forth upon a wide, slanting beach.

Opposite the lower part of the town the sea is open, and the waves come rolling in unbroken, sometimes twenty-five or thirty feet high. Here, also, the bottom and beach are laid

with soft, fine sand. The coast at this point is known as the Côte des Basques, for the reason that here, on a certain day in August, the Basque peasants, assembled by hundreds from all the country round, march hand in hand, with shouts, drum-beat, and song, into the heavily-rolling waves. On such occasions the whole party is often momentarily submerged, but men and maidens keep their places in the ranks, and, when the surf rolls back again, resume with redoubled zest their songs and laughter.

My original intention was, upon quitting Biarritz, to cross the Pyrenees on foot, and make for Saragossa, but the snow yet lay upon the mountains so deep as to render that scheme impracticable. I therefore resumed the journey by rail, the more reluctantly because the only comfortable train from Bayonne to Madrid passes over the most interesting portions of the route by night. This train crosses the Bidassoa—forming the boundary between France and Spain—about two o'clock in the afternoon. The last French station is Hendaye, the first Spanish one Irun. In the middle of the Bidassoa, near the point where the railway crosses it, lies the so-called Pheasant's Island, upon and near which war and diplomacy have frequently changed the current of human affairs. It was upon this little patch of neutral ground that Louis XI. of France personally negotiated with the Spanish king the marriage of the Duke of Guienne; that King Francis, when a captive of Charles V., was exchanged for his two sons; and that Cardinal Mazarin concluded the treaty of Pyrenees, in pursuance of which Louis XIV. of France was married to the Spanish Infanta. Down the river from Pheasant's Island rise the ruined ramparts of the old Spanish town of Fuenterrabia, from whose walls the Prince of Condé was repulsed, and near which Wellington crossed and marched into France. The gorge of Roncesvalles, where Knight Roland suffered his "dolorous rout," is forty miles distant.

No sooner have we halted at Irun than we realize that we have changed countries, changed languages, and must also change trains. Hitherto we have been paying in francs ; now we must pay in pesetas. The standard of time is also changed, and we must set our watches to conform to the standard at Madrid. The customs officers inspect our baggage and ply us with the usual questions about the possession of tobacco. Retiring from the presence of these uniformed and peremptory officials, we timidly seek admission to the passenger *coupés*, already crowded, and immediately encounter the Spanish language in all the vigor, melody, and mystery of its provincial vernacular.

The *coupé* in which, after much persistence, I obtained a place, was filled at first with local passengers, but after we had gotten under way they dropped off one by one, to my great relief, at the way-side stations, until finally I had the whole compartment to myself. For some hours we coursed through a hilly and tolerably fertile country, with views of the Pyrenees inland, and occasional glimpses of the sea to the right. The dwellings, built of stone or some grouty material, were generally low and unattractive, the villages much resembling those of Southern France. In nearly every important town passed, a huge wooden amphitheatre built and used for bull-fighting stood forth as the most conspicuous object. More people were seen working in the fields than in France, and, as evening approached, numerous squads of homeward-going peasants moved upon the highways, accompanied by lumbering ox-carts with great spokeless wooden wheels. So like unto dreams of my boyhood were some of these scenes, that I could have believed them to be phantoms of the mind but for the noise and jostle of the train, keeping my senses awake to the facts of actual experience. This, then, was Spain, really Spain, the land about which I had so much read and fancied ; the land of the Goth, Moor, and Castilian ; of Ferdinand and Isabella ; of Charles

V. and Philip II. ; of Columbus and De Soto ; of Calderon and Cervantes ; of Murillo and Velasquez ; and last, and least, of Amerigo Vespucci, the Florentine "pickle-vender of Seville," who gave his name to our continent.

At Miranda del Ebro we obtained, at trifling cost, an excellent supper, after which I lay down upon one of the divans of the *coupé*, and was conscious of nothing more during the night except some dreamful regrets upon hearing the trainmen sing out, in their peculiar Spanish drawl, the names of Burgos and Valladolid. Early dawn disclosed a bleak mountain landscape, for we were mounting the heathy slopes of the Guadarrama, from the snow-covered summits of which the wind blew piercing cold. About sunrise the train halted, to let the passengers take breakfast, at Avila, a venerable town surrounded by weather-stained walls and battlemented towers of the mediæval period. Avila, with its little vicinage of arable land, lies like an oasis amid a barren waste of treeless, snow-tipped mountains and boulder-strewn hills. The fascinations of the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps are totally wanting to the Guadarrama ; its bare and bleak sublimity is harsh and repellent, saddening rather than inspiring.

An hour or two beyond Avila the railway descends the southern slope of the range, and a vast, mountain-girdled region is disclosed, in the midst of which, far below, lies the distant plain of Madrid. The scenery, though imposing by its immensity, is still cheerless and unfriendly, in marked contrast with that which is viewed from the sunny southern slopes of the Alps, looking down upon the luxuriant plains of Lombardy and Piedmont. At nine o'clock the train halts for a few minutes at the station for the Escorial, and at half-past ten arrives at Madrid.

The capital, although it is the most populous, is the most upstart city in Spain. It is therefore, in some respects, much less representative than other cities of the traditional Castilian

life. Situated at an elevation of nearly twenty-five hundred feet above sea-level, its horizon, northward and eastward, is skirted by the Guadarrama range, which, when I saw it, was covered with snow. Much has been said as to the alleged folly of establishing the capital in such a region, but Charles V., who chose the site, had his reasons for the choice. For my own part, I am inclined to ratify it, for my days in Madrid were all cloudless and crystalline. The rarefied atmosphere was cool enough in May to make an overcoat desirable, and the skies were spread with fathomless azure, much resembling that of a Colorado day in spring-time. Charles V. was gouty, it is said, and with good reason loved the bright skies and bracing atmosphere of his capital.

Madrid, despite all the unfriendly comment of which it has been the subject, is a very beautiful city. Its parks, promenades, public buildings, and principal streets are all on a magnificent scale. But in nothing does it excel so much as in its great museum of painting, which has sometimes been called the finest collection of modern art in the world. I had seen Murillo in the Louvre, at Dresden, and at Munich, but it is necessary to see him also at Madrid and Seville to form an entirely adequate conception of his genius. Velasquez is not only great in this museum; he is gigantic. The gallery contains sixty-two of his pictures, among which his *Philip IV. entering Lerida* and *Duke Olivarez commanding in Battle* have been declared by some writers on art to be the finest equestrian paintings extant. To me, and perhaps to most people, a more pleasing specimen of his work of this character is a less pretentious picture, representing the boy-prince Balthazar riding a pony, which seems to be verily springing out of the frame. Among the numerous portraits by Velasquez are his incomparable character-pieces known as Philip IV.'s dwarfs. The museum contains several Raphaels, the most celebrated of which is that known as *The Pearl*, so called

because Philip IV., when he first saw it, exclaimed, "This is the pearl of all my pictures." It represents the infant Saviour and St. John, and although it has suffered much from restorations, gives convincing evidence that it could have come from no other hand than Raphael's.

Titian, as might be expected from his long residence at the court of Charles V., is magnificently represented in the Madrid collection. In the Salon Isabel his splendid coloring flames like the golden gleams of a Venetian sunset. His portrait of Charles V. on horseback disputes with the equestrian paintings of Velasquez the honor of being the very first of its kind. Some of the choicest Vandykes extant are in the Salon Isabel, while Rubens's blazing color illuminates nearly every chamber in the museum. One of the most interesting portraits in the gallery is that of Queen Mary, painted pending her marriage with Philip II. It was executed by Antonio Moro, who was sent to England expressly for that purpose by Charles V. The museum contains several of Claude Lorraine's landscapes, but most of them have suffered sadly from the effects of time and the brush of the restorer. The Dutch and Flemish schools are of course largely represented, and the pictures by Spanish artists are very numerous, but at the boundary which separates Murillo, Velasquez, and Ribera from the rest of the Spanish school its interest for the most part ceases.

Tourists who go to Madrid feel it to be a duty to go also to the Escorial. The task is a tiresome one, and consumes an entire day. Those who undertake it leave Madrid by a wretchedly-slow morning train, and return by the same sort of conveyance in the evening. The compensation for the tedium, dust, fatigue, and other discomforts of the trip is the privilege of exploring the dismal monastery wherein Philip II. glided about with his fellow-monks; where his austere and merciless career came to a fitting close; and where most of the Spanish

kings, queens, and emperors are entombed. Readers of history scarcely need any description of this monstrous pile, dismal alike in its nondescript architecture and in its savage surroundings. It is situated far up among the rocky spurs of the Guadarrama, where winter howls and rages with such fury that no human being can endure it with any comfort, and where the kindlier seasons come timidly and tarry briefly.

Strangers are permitted to wander at will through the church and the monastical corridors, and are shown by a guide through the numerous chambers of the palace. A guide also conducts the visitor down into the crypt of the Pantheon, where rest in sublime seclusion the confined remains of the Spanish monarchs. The church, or chapel, as it is called, is the finest part of the Escorial. Here Philip II. punctually attended the daily services, and the seat is pointed out wherein he sat when an attendant whispered to him, and he received without apparent emotion or interruption in his devotions, the news of the Lepanto victory. Excepting its chapel, the Escorial is nothing special in an architectural sense. The rooms of the palace were no doubt considered very grand in their day, but are quite insignificant in comparison with the present royal apartments at Madrid. Most of them are small, low, and badly ventilated and lighted, the most famous, though smallest of all, being finished in costly inlaid wood and filigree work in gold and silver. The walls are generally lined with rather monotonous tapestries after designs by Teniers and Goya.

The most interesting of all the apartments are those in which Philip II. lived and died. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion, after seeing those miserable chambers and hearing all the tales told about them, that their royal occupant was crazy. Nobody could live in such a place and in such a manner as Philip did and be a cheerful, generous ruler of men. The furniture which he used has been carefully preserved just as he left it, and is miserably plain and mean. The rooms which

he personally occupied are small and, with one exception, dark. That in which he died is but a cell, barely large enough for a bed, and has no aperture for light excepting a door with glass panels, looking into the gloomy grandeur of the chapel. In this sombre cell, as in the depths of a cavern, the royal monk listened to the masses celebrated at the grand altar. Here it was that he governed Europe, and here he expired, at last, amid terrific tortures of body and mind. For fifty-three days, it is said, he lay in unmentionable filth, consumed, like Herod, by self-engendered vermin.

Before quitting the Escorial for Madrid, having nothing else to do, I climbed the mountain behind the village. The skies were clear, and the atmosphere warm but stirred by a pleasant breeze which fanned the heathy slopes. Seated upon the fragments of a ruined wall near the summit, I found myself in a good position for reverie. Directly below me rose the gray walls and lofty dome of the palace monastery, beyond which, stretching southward, lay the plain of Madrid. The whole country looked bleak and sterile. It was an ironical destiny, I thought, which led the remorseless monarchs whose mortal remains lie in the Pantheon of the Escorial to choose such a region and such a spot for their last resting-place. The stony desert which surrounds them in death is in keeping with their hard, unrelenting natures in life; and Spain, which shows plainly in her silent, melancholy decay the results of their misrule, could have given them no more fitting tomb.

My sojourn in Madrid happened to fall in the midst of a season of national festivities. One of the principal events in the catalogue of amusements was a great bull-fight, in which were to figure some of the most famous matadores in Spain. "By all means go and see it," said an acquaintance to me, "for you will never be able to realize how utterly brutal and horrible a bull-fight is until you have witnessed it." Yet I did not go. Our civil war had satiated my appetite, if I ever

had any, for combative and cruel amusements. But another opportunity was presented, which I did not miss, for observing some of the interesting phases of Spanish life. I attended the races.

We went early, and secured a position for our carriage directly opposite to the royal pavilion. The delightful weather and other attractions brought out an enormous crowd, in which the beauty and nobility of all Spain were represented, from the beach of San Sebastian to the orange-groves of Valencia. As the time approached for the races to begin, a splendid carriage, drawn by six white horses, drew up at the pavilion, and King Alfonso and his queen appeared upon the platform. They were attended by ministers of state, ambassadors, noblemen, distinguished military officers, and many ladies of the court. The king looked more like a young coxcomb than the ruler of a great nation, though it must be confessed that he was ruling then, and ruled afterwards, up to the time of his death, with wisdom above his years. Queen Christina did not impress me as handsome, so much as graceful and womanly.

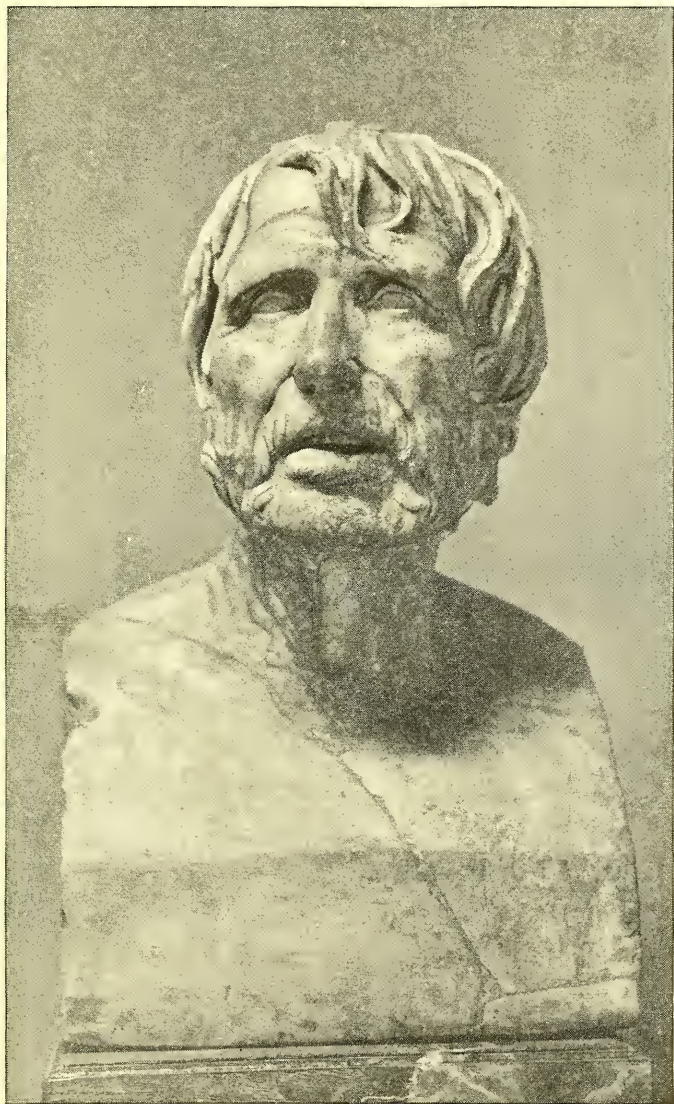
After the races, which, by the way, were a wretched failure so far as the racing was concerned, everybody took a drive in the Prado. Down one side of the magnificent thoroughfare and up the other, throughout its entire extent, two and a half miles, a continuous line of carriages passed and repassed, filled with the *élite* of Spain. Between the moving lines space was left, by usual courtesy, for the royal equipage. The city, the weather, the promenaders, and the promenade with its stately trees and splendid fountains, all were at their best. The glittering uniforms of ambassadors, *attachés*, and military officers were mingled with the gayly-colored toiles of dark-eyed, jewelled *señoras*, while over all the declining sun of May cast floods of golden evening light. The entire scene was a brilliant and intensely-interesting one, unique and never to be forgotten.

CHAPTER XXII.

TOLEDO AND CORDOVA.

THE intellectual delights of travel in Spain are many, but its comforts are few. The best hotels, albeit reasonable in their charges, are scant and ordinary in their accommodations, while those of less pretensions are scarcely endurable. The railways make slow time, bad connections, and long *détours*. "They suit us," say the Spaniards, in their blissful unconsciousness of anything better, and it must be confessed that they are something of an improvement over the primitive modes of Spanish travel.

To an American, Spain is a country of especial interest. The discovery, exploration, and early settlement of our continent all lead our thoughts to her. Spaniards dispute with other Europeans the honors of first discovery of our Atlantic shores, and were first of Celts to look upon our great central river, or to reach our western boundary, the broad Pacific. The West Indies, Mexico, and Central and South America—all neighbors with whom our relations will become closer and closer as time rolls on—are largely or predominantly Spanish. California, Florida, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico were all first explored and settled by Spaniards, New Mexico nearly a century before the English landed on the coast of New England. No country ever had such colonial opportunities, or made such colonial conquests in the western hemisphere, as Spain. From the dawn of American civilization to the present the current of Spanish history is intermingled with, or closely related to, that of our own destiny. Reciprocally, the annals of America run for centuries through Spanish archives, and the best his-



SENECA.

PORTRAIT BUST, UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

tories of Spain, of her lost conquest, the Netherlands, and of her retained one, Granada, have been written by Americans.

No city of Spain is more truly typical of her history and of the social and intellectual life of her people, and none can therefore be more interesting, in these respects, to an American than Toledo. What Nuremberg is to Germany is this venerable city, or rather citadel, to Spain, except that it looks, and really is, much older than the quaint old German fortress. Perched aloft on great ledges of gneiss and granite, which have been tilted upon their edges and deeply cut by the gnawing current of the Tagus, Toledo lifts its gray walls and towers high above the bare, sun-baked, foot-beaten hills around it. The city and its surroundings have alike a worn and ancient look, an air of storm-stained, threadbare antiquity, surviving the flight of many ages and the fret of many generations. Ascending from the railway-station towards the town, we pass under a portecullis upon the narrow stone bridge, five centuries old, which spans the chasm of the "wild and melancholy Tagus," the "lonely, unused river," which "flows away solitary and unseen, its waters without boats, its shores without life." Beyond the bridge we mount again, passing under the shadow of the huge walls, until we reach and enter the principal gate—over which another portecullis hangs—and alight amid a bewildering net-work of narrow lanes, under the towering walls of the great citadel.

Here we are in the midst of a city of less than twenty thousand inhabitants, which once contained more than ten times that many dwellers within its precincts. Here the Jews found refuge who fled from Nebuchadnezzar; here the Romans conquered under Marius Fulvius; here the Goths established the seat of their monarchy; here the Moors dominated for three hundred and fifty years; and here the Alonzos set up an imperial Spanish throne. Jewish, Gothic, Roman, Moorish, in succession, Toledo became at length thoroughly Spanish and a

renowned source of the pure Castilian dialect. To speak Spanish *en proprio Toledano* is the equivalent of speaking German according to the strictest Hanoverian standard. But languid now are the scenes among which once surged such great activities, the little life that remains in them but casting into stronger relief the life that was, but is no longer. The streets of the old town, made purposely crooked for defensive reasons, wind and cross each other in all directions, and are seldom passable for carriages. The dwellings, built of stone and whitewashed, are severely plain outside, but many of them are arranged with a charming interior court, in the Moorish style, wherein tropical plants are cultivated, and over which awnings are drawn in summer. Of the Moorish architecture, seen here mainly in decayed remnants, the old church of Cristo de la Luz, originally a mosque, is the completest and best-preserved specimen. The Gothic style is more conspicuous than the Moorish, and manifests itself here in its most exquisite forms. The old Franciscan convent known as San Juan de los Reyes, although it was gutted and partially burned by the French, is still a rare gem of Gothic art. The best-preserved portion of this once splendid but now ruined establishment is its chapel, the embellishment of which is rich in stone tracery and leaf-work of poetic delicacy and grace, and in the surpassing beauty of its exquisitely-pointed arches and its flamboyant windows. This admirable chamber was used by the French invaders as a stable.

The cathedral is a magnificent example of the pure thirteenth-century Gothic. Not surpassed by any of the great French cathedrals in the excellence of its style, it excels them all in the richness and variety of its furniture and artistic embellishments. Like many other great churches of Spain, it is built on the site of a Moorish mosque. In 1808 it was sacked by the French under La Houssaye, who carried off its silver plate to the amount of two thousand three hundred pounds.

Its painted windows, executed four or five centuries ago, are of the finest materials and workmanship, and, when illuminated with the splendors of the setting sun, glow with the color of rubies and emeralds. The interior consists of five naves, supported by eighty-four majestic piers, with lofty arches of sublimest Gothic form and symmetry. The great choir, which is so prodigally ornate as to form within itself a museum of rich carving, sculpture, and painted decoration, takes its place at the centre of the church, in the middle nave, which is widest and highest. The principal chapel is also placed in the central nave, adjoining the transept. This chapel contains the tomb of Alonzo VII., and that of Cardinal Mendoza, the great prelate, who shared, as Tertius Rex, the sovereignty of Ferdinand and Isabella. Its superb Gothic *retablo* is reached by a flight of steps in jasper and colored stone, with elaborate carvings dating from the year 1500, illustrative of the lives of Christ and the Virgin. Twenty-seven other chapels range along the walls around the outside nave, all abounding in objects and decorations of deep religious, historical, and artistic interest. Near the central aisle a pyramid of gilded open Gothic has been erected to designate the spot on which the Virgin Mary descended from heaven, in person, to meet San Ildefonso. Incased in red marble, and suitably inscribed in Latin, the very slab on which the Virgin's feet alighted appeals to our reverential wonder. Devout visitors have visibly worn away the stone with pious kisses. The Virgin is further honored in this church by an ancient effigy of her person, carved in black wood, and seated on a silver throne beneath a gilded silver canopy. The wardrobe of this image includes a mantle embroidered with pearls, precious stones, and threads of gold. Many of her jewels were carried off by the French, and in 1868 her superb crown and bracelets, of sixteenth-century workmanship, were stolen. The sacristy, entered by a stately portal finished in colored marble, is a museum of relics,

gems, church plate, and other precious articles. The library, occupying a noble apartment, contains many volumes and manuscripts of great antiquity and value.

From Toledo to Cordova, if we betake ourselves to the railway, we must once more travel by night. The down trains from Madrid are intercepted at Castillejos Junction, sixteen miles from Toledo. Leaving Castillejos at ten o'clock in the evening, we arrive at Cordova just twelve hours later. This train passes through the fine scenery of the Sierra Morena mountains about sunrise. Being the solitary occupant of the *coupé*, and having fallen asleep soon after we quitted Castillejos, I was conscious of nothing further until awakened by the curiously-intoned cry of the trainmen,—“*Alcazar! veinte minutos!*” The station so announced was that of Alcazar de San Juan, from whence the line branches to Alicante and Valencia. Sixteen miles farther south, on the Cordova stem, we pass the village of Argamasilla, where Cervantes wrote his “Don Quixote,” while in prison. Beyond Argamasilla we cross the dry, timberless plains of La Mancha, which, exposed to intense heat in summer and piercing winds in winter, derive their sole interest from the genius of Cervantes. At Manzanares we enter a vineyard district, which extends as far as Valdepeñas, famous for its wine,—a rich, fruity claret of the same name, preserved in pig-skins and goat-skins such as Don Quixote attacked. At Venta de Cardenas, in the province of Jaen, just south of the La Mancha boundary, we enter the hilly region bordering the Sierra, where the scenes of some of the most striking adventures of the famous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure are laid. These fancies of Cervantes are regarded by the simple peasants of the neighborhood as historical verities. Ascending the Sierra Morena from this district, the railway finds passage across the range by a magnificent defile, darts through numerous tunnels, and descends to Vilches, near which, in 1212, the King of Morocco, at the head of the

Andalusian Moors and their allies, was defeated by Alonzo VIII. Near the important mining city of Linares, some miles farther south, a great battle was fought between Scipio and Hannibal. Beyond Linares we cross to the left bank of the Guadalquivir, whose course, fringed with palms, aloes, and orange-trees, we follow to Cordova.

Beautifully located at the southern base of the Sierra, and of far-reaching historical interest, Cordova is nevertheless one of the least pleasing of all the Spanish cities. In ancient times it must have been far otherwise. By the Goths it was called "holy and learned," and by the Carthaginians "the gem of the South." During the Roman civil wars it took sides with Pompey, and was therefore half destroyed by Cæsar, who is said to have slaughtered twenty-eight thousand of its people as a terror to the rest. Marcellus rebuilt it, and colonized it with impecunious patricians from Rome, from which circumstance it became known as *Patricia*. Under the Romans it was the seat of a celebrated university, which taught philosophy and rhetoric especially, and sustained a professorship of Greek. Among the eminent persons born in Cordova during the Roman period were the two Senecas and the poets Sextilius Henna and Lucan; in more recent times it was the place of nativity of the painter Cespedes, the "Spanish Chaucer" Juan de Mena, and of the great captain Gonsalvo de Cordova, leader of the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella. Cordova lost its importance under the Goths, but regained it under the Moors, who transformed it into a seat of wealth, luxury, and learning rivalling Bagdad in its splendors, and so renowned in letters as to be called the Athens of the West. The accounts of its prosperity and magnificence during this period—from the ninth century to the twelfth—almost rival the tales of the Arabian Nights. Its population, now about forty thousand, is said to have then reached an aggregate of a million souls.

The great mosque of Cordova, founded in the year 786 by

Abdurrahman I., rose in wondrous beauty on the site of an ancient Roman temple dedicated to Janus. To make room for it, many buildings were torn away, including a basilica, in the use of which the Moslems and Christians—strange to say—had enjoyed an amicable partnership. The mosque of Abdurrahman, intended by him to be the most magnificent in the world, was enlarged by his successors—particularly by the Khalif Almansur—until it covered an area of three hundred and ninety-four feet from east to west, and five hundred and fifty-six feet from north to south, the whole enclosed by walls six feet thick and thirty to sixty feet high. The low but graceful roof of colored tiles was supported by twelve hundred—some authorities say fourteen hundred—slender columns, linked together from capital to capital by exquisitely-rounded Moorish arches in gay colors, appearing, when viewed obliquely, like plaited ribands. These columns were of jasper, porphyry, verd-antique, or precious marbles, susceptible of high polish. One hundred and forty of them were presented by Leo, the Emperor of Constantinople; about two hundred more were taken from Nîmes and Narbonne, in France, and from Seville and Tarragona, in Spain; the residue were brought from the plundered temples of Carthage and other cities of Africa. Not being of uniform length, the longest were sunk into the floor, and the shortest were spliced out by giving them a redundancy of Corinthian capital. Their arrangement was in parallel rows, extending lengthwise with the interior, which was thus divided into nineteen longitudinal and thirty-three transverse aisles, the former all opening into a roofless interior court, which was—and still is—planted with orange-trees and embellished with fountains. This court is that referred to in the “*Tales of the Alhambra*,” wherein grew a palm-tree, “planted in days of yore by the great Abdurrahman,” whereon sat a wondrous parrot which had “all the learning of the East at the tip of his tongue,” and was “a universal favorite

with the fair sex," on account of his talent for quoting poetry, yet would "burst into a fit of rickety laughter" at "the mere mention of love." The court and its orange-trees are still there, and loiterers still lounge within its precincts, but the palm-tree has disappeared, and the cynical parrot no longer discourses to the multitude.

In its completed state the interior of this splendid mosque, illuminated, as we are told it was, by four thousand silver lamps, and by a great silver speculum of thirty-six thousand facets, must have been transcendently beautiful. But the sad truth must be told, that in the process of adapting it to its present use as a place of Christian worship, its beauty has been greatly marred. All of the aisles which opened into the court have been closed but three, while at their interior extremities chapels have been built, the emblems and style of which produce lamentable architectural discord. The most destructive and incongruous of these additions is the choir,—an ornate, cumbersome structure, so located as to greatly impair the forest-like effect of the columns and the beautiful bewilderment of plaited arches. When Charles V. saw this "improvement," after having mistakenly sanctioned it, he confessed his misplaced leniency by the remark, "You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world."

The style of the exterior walls is original and pleasing. A striking effect is produced by their square, buttressed towers with bearded parapets, and their portals of Oriental type, with latticed openings, Moorish spandrels, and Cufic inscriptions. The bronze plating on the doors of the principal entrance to the court bears the legend, in Gothic and Arabic, "The Empire belongs to God; all is His."

A pilgrimage to this mosque was deemed equivalent to one made to the shrine of Mecca, which alone surpassed it in the veneration of the Moslem world. The lovely little sanctuary

is still preserved which was known as the Mihrab, wherein a copy of the Koran, written by Mahomet's friend and companion, Othman, was deposited in a small heptagonal recess, with shell-shaped roof, and point turned towards Mecca. The Mihrab is decorated with brilliant Byzantine mosaics, donated by the Emperor Leo, who sent his Greek artists to teach this art to the Moorish workmen. The stone floor still shows the well-marked path worn by the feet of Moslem pilgrims, who performed here, as is done at Mecca, the pious duty of walking seven times around the sacred shrine of their religion.

The lofty Moorish walls, with octagonal towers, which still surround the older part of Cordova, are built of a mixture of stone, brick, and cement, and are supposed to stand very nearly upon the line of Roman circumvallation described by Cæsar. In one or two places the tops of venerable palm-trees rise above them, adding their own strange suggestiveness to the fancies awakened by these huge crumbling buttresses. Excepting the great mosque, these walls, now burrowed with the hovels of the indigent, are almost the only substantial vestiges which remain here of the mediæval pride and splendor of the Moors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THROUGH ANDALUSIA.

MY journey from Cordova to Granada fell upon one of the fairest days of an Andalusian May. So long as our course pointed southward, it lay amid undulating landscapes, with smooth, flowing outlines and mountainous confines, both north and south, where rose, treeless and shadowy, the purple-tinted forms of the Sierras. The surface of the country was richly mottled with olive-orchards, vineyards, grain-fields, and patches



MOORISH INTERIOR.
ALGIERS.

of meadow. It was a pleasing picture of bucolic loveliness, yet this favored region does not sustain its ancient reputation for fertility and luxuriance. Its population seems to be sparse, and its agriculture in a languid, backward condition, for which the land monopoly of the nobility and clergy is no doubt, in part, responsible. With some parts of Northern Italy, Western Germany, or of France and Belgium, where the *metayer* and peasant proprietorship systems prevail, it compares but indifferently in painstaking and productive husbandry.

At Bobadilla, situated in the open country at the northern base of the Ronda Mountains, we quit the main stem of the railway continuing to Malaga, and turn eastward towards Granada. Beyond Antequera, an old town abounding in Roman and Moorish associations, we pass through a broad gate-way of the Sierras into the so-called Vega, or valley of the Xenil. This was the garden-land of the Moors, and their last citadel. It is still garden-like, notwithstanding all it has suffered from the neglect and devastation of man. Its scenery is truly Arcadian. North, south, and east it is shut in by mountain barriers rising behind its girdle of hills pinnacled with the ruined strongholds of the Moor, while high over all the Sierra Nevada, with its single glacier, the most southerly one in Europe, lifts its summits, wrapped in perpetual snow. Watered from the snowy sierras, the vegetation of this valley, like its climate, covers the entire range from arctic to semi-tropic, from the hardest Alpine lichen to the orange, the indigo-tree, and the sugar-cane. The olive, the aloe, and the fig diversify the rich foliage, the vine swings burdened with its purpling fruit, and the pomegranate displays its flaming crest. Cotton and hemp grow side by side with the cereals of the north, and crops follow crops through all the seasons in unbroken succession.

Historically speaking, this is one of the most interesting regions of the world. The very mountains, solemn and

shadowy, seem like dim old memories, looming out of the obscurity and silence of the past. There is scarcely a cliff or a brook which has not its legend, scarcely a locality which has not been consecrated by romance, poetry, or history. Andalusia was the Tarshish of the Bible. Here the ancient Phœnicians came in quest of fortune, and the fervid imagination of the Orient pictured the Elysian Fields. Here Carthaginian and Roman disputed with one another for the mastery of the world, and here art and literature flourished when Greece and Rome decayed. Saddest of all, here Moslem and Christian fought out their deadly feud, and a heart-broken race quitted, in humiliation and despair, the fruits of seven centuries of toil.

The evening light was falling softly on the hills as we passed the old town of Loja, once the key of Granada, around whose castellated battlements, now decayed and sallow with age, the Moslem army made its final and ineffectual struggle with that of Ferdinand and Isabella. Farther on we passed the "bridge of Pinos," a defile, says Irving, "famous in the Moorish wars for many a desperate encounter between the Christians and infidels." It is also famous for another and better reason, for here took place an event of immense importance to the Western World. The story of that event, so interesting to every American, may be briefly told.

Near the little seaport of Palos, on the Andalusian coast, stood, in the fifteenth century, and still stands, the ancient Franciscan convent of Santa Maria la Rábida. At the gate of this convent a pedestrian stranger of distinguished air, though humbly clad, stopped one day with his little boy to request some bread and water for the child. The stranger was Columbus; the prior of the convent was Juan Perez de Marchena, who had once been confessor to the queen. Happening to pass by while the refreshment was being served, the good prior, struck with the appearance of the wayfarer, engaged

him in conversation, and drew from him the avowal of his wonderful geographical theories, and the daring schemes of exploration upon which he had already labored for nearly eighteen years. Baffled in his efforts to enlist the sovereigns of Spain or Portugal in his enterprise, Columbus was at this time about to betake himself to the court of France. Deeply interested in what he had heard, Juan Perez persuaded the stranger to tarry as the guest of the convent until he could consult the veteran mariners of Palos. Among these was Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a man of wealth, and the head of a family of experienced navigators. Pinzon also became interested, and offered to bear, from his own purse, the expenses of a renewed application to the Spanish court. This generous proposal prompted Friar Juan Perez to address the queen a letter on the subject, which was at once despatched by a shrewd pilot of the neighborhood, named Rodriguez. Queen Isabella was at this time with the army at Santa Fé, a few miles up the valley from Pinos, where a "military city" had been built up to convince the Moors that the siege of Granada would endure until successful. Rodriguez executed his mission with discretion, and brought back encouraging assurances from Isabella, coupled with a request that Perez would repair immediately to court. The kind-hearted friar saddled his mule, and set out before the following midnight. Arriving at Santa Fé while the siege of Granada was still in progress, he soon obtained an audience, and eloquently presented the cause of Columbus to the queen. His earnest words were warmly seconded by the queen's friend and favorite, the Marchioness de Moya. Isabella was persuaded, and requested that Columbus should return for further conference. At the same time she illustrated her nobleness of nature by directing that the sum of twenty thousand maravedis (about two hundred and sixteen dollars) should be presented to the impoverished navigator, with which to pay his travelling expenses and provide himself with apparel

suitable for making a decorous appearance at court. Perez, overjoyed at the success of his mission, hastened back to La Rábida.

Immediately upon receiving the message of the queen, and her gift, Columbus purchased a mule, and set out once more for the camp before Granada. He arrived in time, says the historian, "to witness the memorable surrender of Granada to the Spanish arms. He beheld Boabdil, the last of the Moorish kings, sally forth from the Alhambra and yield up the keys of that favorite seat of Moorish power, while the king and queen, with all the chivalry and rank and magnificence of Spain, moved forward in proud and solemn procession to receive this token of submission." It was "one of the most brilliant triumphs," continues the chronicler, "in Spanish history. After near eight hundred years of painful struggle, the crescent was completely cast down, the cross exalted in its place, and the standard of Spain was seen floating on the highest tower of the Alhambra. The whole court and army were abandoned to jubilee."

But the public exchequer had been depleted by the war, and the requirement of Columbus that, in case of success, he should be invested with certain dignities and emoluments, provoked the resentment of the nobility and clergy. While King Ferdinand continued to regard his projects coldly, Queen Isabella was shaken in her support of them by the dissuasion of her confidential advisers. Columbus would concede nothing, and his negotiations failed. Mounting his mule, he set out for Cordova, from whence he intended to depart at once for France. This was in February, 1492. But it so happened that Columbus had gained two earnest friends at court, who were firm believers in his cause, and perceived the star of his destiny. They were Luis de St. Angel and Alonzo de Quaintanilla, revenue officers to the crown. These friends, deeply distressed at the loss of what they esteemed a great

opportunity for Spain, hastened to represent the matter once more to the queen, and were heartily seconded in their efforts by the Marchioness de Moya. Their eloquence kindled the enthusiasm of Isabella. The great endeavor dawned upon her mind in all its grandeur, and she exclaimed, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." "This," says Washington Irving, "was the proudest moment in the life of Isabella; it stamped her renown forever as the patroness of the discovery of the New World."

A messenger, despatched with all speed to summon Columbus to return, overtook him at the bridge of Pinos. He hesitated for a moment, then turned back to Santa Fé, and was graciously received by his royal benefactress. On the 17th of April, 1492, stipulations for the expedition were signed, and on the 12th of May following, Columbus took leave of the court and set out for Palos, there to organize and equip his momentous expedition.

It was some time after nightfall when we arrived at Granada, and drove, first through the narrow lanes of the old town, then, amid deep forest shadows, silent except the purling of descending waters, up the winding ascent of the Alhambra hill. Near the summit were two hotels, standing opposite to one another, amid thick foliage, near the massive walls of the Alhambra. Looking out of my window next morning, I found that I could toss a penny to the tower of the Siete Suelos and the grand gate—afterwards walled up as of bad omen—by which Boabdil emerged for the last time from his palace, accompanied by his dejected followers. Damp, mouldy, and suggestive of rheumatism, as well as of romance, the place is infested with nightingales, whose song at night mingles with the silver sound of many a rivulet which the cunning hand of the Moor has conducted thither from the sportive current of the Xenil.

To the imagination the Alhambra—"red castle" of the

Moors—is one of the most captivating themes in history. The human fancy will always delight in its poetic tales and legends, and the human heart will always be touched by the pathetic story of its conquest and decay. In its perfected state, as the stronghold of the Granadian princes, it was both a sumptuous palace and a powerful fortress. Forty thousand men could be quartered within its massive, turreted walls. Viewing it in its admirable position, and adaptation for defence, we are not surprised at the difficulties of its conquest, but rather that it was conquered at all. But in its present condition the Alhambra is a melancholy and disappointing wreck. For centuries after Boabdil's fall it was a subject of pillage and depredation. Charles V. tore away some of its most characteristic portions, including its entire southern façade, in order to make room for a clumsy, nondescript palace, which he never completed. Plundered by its successive governors, it was finally ravaged by the French invaders, who blew up eight of its towers, and tried to demolish the rest. We wonder, not that so little, but that so much of this gay, slenderly-wrought architecture has survived so many vicissitudes. The Arabesque is but poorly adapted, at best, to withstand even the natural effects of time and decay. It seems, and it is, fragile and transitory in comparison with the massive and robust Corinthian and Doric. Its natural association is with such scenes of Oriental luxury and splendor as the poet ascribes to “the golden prime of the good Haroun-al-Raschid,”—scenes and pictures which the bard thus gracefully portrays before the delighted imagination :

Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and blooméd foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron shadows in the blue :

By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
And broidered sofas on each side.

Far off, and where the lemon-grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.

With dazed vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers, looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamed
Upon the moonéd domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
Of night new risen.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene, with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark, delicious curl
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone.

Of like character are the pictures which the fancy conjures up of this "boasted terrestrial paradise" of the Moorish kings of Granada. Washington Irving truly says, "It is impossible to contemplate this once favorite abode of Oriental manners without feeling the early associations of Arabian romance and almost expecting to see the white arm of some mysterious

princess beckoning from the balcony, or some dark eye sparkling through the lattice. The abode of beauty is here, as if it had been inhabited but yesterday ; but where are the Zoraydas and Lindaraxas ?”

It would be altogether superfluous to undertake to add anything to Irving’s descriptions of the Alhambra. It is very much the same now that it was when he rambled and mused amid its ruins. We enter the fortress by just such an immense Arabian arch as he mentions, with an outside key-stone carved with the emblem of a hand, and an inside one displaying a huge key. The famous Court of Lions, with its fountain celebrated in poetry and romance, are just as he saw them. “The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil.” The magic charm which according to popular tradition has preserved the light and graceful architecture and delicate ornamentation of this court through “the wear and tear of centuries,” “the shocks of earthquakes,” “the violence of war,” and the “pilferings of the tasteful traveller,” still holds its potency. The Hall of the Abencerrages, and the alleged blood-marks on its pavement, caused by the atrocious butchery of thirty-six gallant cavaliers of that name, were shown to us, just as they are described by Irving. The superb chamber known as the Hall of the Ambassadors, although stripped of its vases and all other loose ornaments, rebukes with its mutilated magnificence the vandalism of its despoilers. This saloon contains nine alcoves, in one of which the throne was placed. The views of the old city, the Vega, and the distant mountains from the arched windows of this chamber are said to have elicited, as we may well believe, the exclamatory admiration of Charles V.

A passage with iron gratings leads from the great tower of Comares to the whispering gallery and the Moorish baths,—apartments which have been miscalled the prison of Boabdil’s

queen. Over the halls and grottos of the baths is a suite of rooms, with Spanish decorations, which were fitted up in 1526 for the beautiful Elizabeth of Parma and her maids. Irving tells a delightful story of the manner in which he discovered these rooms and took up his abode therein. The locality was his favorite haunt, and his pen loved to dwell upon its unique aspects and romantic associations. There were two lofty rooms, he says, speaking of his chosen apartments, with an outward prospect towards the Generalife and its embowered terraces, and looking inward upon the bewitching little court and garden of Lindaraxa, with its Oriental fountain of alabaster and its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges. "The garden of Lindaraxa was still adorned with flowers; the fountain still presented its crystal mirror." And such is the case to this day.

The best view which the Alhambra affords is that from its tower known as the Torre de la Vela, so called because, upon its silver-toned bell, at regular intervals during the night, signals were struck to the Moorish irrigators in the Vega. This tower, rising upon the outmost extremity of the Alhambra promontory, surveys a superb panorama, with the city directly below, the garden-like, mountain-fringed Vega beyond it, and the snowy sierra in the background. History and legend vie with Nature in giving interest to this scene. The luxuriant valley, twenty-five miles wide and thirty long, is dotted with villages and checkered with fields of variegated green, through which the flashing Xenil, descending from its parent glacier on the Sierra Nevada, courses like a silver riband. Far to the southwest rises a rounded spur of the Alpuxarras, on the summit of which, as the old custodian of the tower endeavors to explain, Boabdil sighed and wept his last adieu to his kingdom and to this Eden planted by his people. "You do well," exclaimed the haughty mother of the fallen prince, "to weep like a woman over what you could not defend as a man."

An inscription on the Torre de la Vela records that the Christian flag was first hoisted over the Alhambra on January 2, 1492, after seven hundred and seventy-seven years of Moorish occupancy in Spain. On the anniversary of the surrender the bell on the tower is rung, and the Alhambra is visited by crowds of peasants, with whom it is a favorite superstition that the maiden who strikes the bell is sure of a husband, and a good one if the stroke is sufficiently vigorous.

In the old Romanesque cathedral, which we look down upon from the tower, lie entombed the mortal remains of Ferdinand and Isabella. The vault is reached by descent through a trap-door, which an attendant reveals by removing a carpet. The metallic coffins are plain and much indented, but have never, we are assured, been rifled or disturbed. The letter F designates that of Ferdinand, "the wisest king that ever ruled in Spain;" the letter I that of Isabel, "the queen of earthly queens." The crypt is a simple one, far less grand than that of the Escorial, but not so gloomy in its associations. No epoch in Spanish history suggested by that splendid pantheon is worthy of so much pride as that of which these unpretentious shrines remind us.

In the time of the Moors the city of Granada had a population, it is said, of half a million souls; now it has about seventy thousand. Much of its architecture shows traces of Moorish origin, but there is little such which has not been so modernized as to have lost its original character. Of the suppressed convents in the suburbs, several of which were once possessed of great wealth, the most important is the Carthusian, founded upon an estate which was the gift of the Grand Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova. The solitary sacristan who conducts the visitor around this deserted and lonely establishment, displays with great pride its numerous treasures, among which are some rare and costly agates, splendid marbles, and no end of inlaid work in ebony, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl.

Among the paintings which the convent possesses are some revolting representations of alleged persecutions and tortures of the Carthusians in England by Henry VIII. Most of these paintings are very inferior as works of art, but in one of them the artist has performed the singular feat in foreshortening of making a pair of horses appear to be moving straight from the spectator, whether the picture is viewed from the right, left, or front.

The bull-ring of Granada is a huge, roofless amphitheatre, built of wood, capable of seating about twenty thousand persons. Coming upon it by accident in the course of our wanderings, we were conducted through it by an attendant. In the stables were a number of wretched-looking steeds, aged and raw-boned as Don Quixote's Rosinante, yet considered good enough to be slain by doughty bulls for the amusement of the gentle dames and spirited young dons of Granada. On the stockade surrounding the arena were great streaks and blotches of blood, which had spurted from the wounded animals in various combats. While these were being pointed out to us it was stated as an interesting fact, incident to the noble practice of bull-fighting, that a horse would sometimes have the strength and pluck to continue in the fight to the finish, although its sides might be ripped open by an infuriated bull, and its entrails trailing on the ground and dangling about its feet.

We were then conducted to the chambers where the matadores dressed themselves, and where were kept the trappings for ornamenting the horses, and the apparatus for provoking the bulls. Among the articles of the latter sort were long poles with sharp spikes in the end, masks, dummy horses, and various other devices and instruments of torture cunningly adapted to arouse the wrath of a peaceably-disposed bull, and convert him into an infuriated demon. In one of the rooms, improvised as a chapel, there were crucifixes and other pious para-

phernalia, by which the last offices of the church might, in case of sudden emergency, be administered to a mortally-wounded matadore, so that his gentle spirit might not take its flight unshriven. There appeared to be no similar provision for the bulls and horses, they being only brutes, and having no souls.

Since 1873 direct railway communication has been complete between Granada and Seville. Returning from Granada to Bobadilla, we thence take our course through a rolling but mostly open country, *via* Osuna and Utrera, with the peaks of the sierras distantly visible. The towns on these Andalusian plains, being generally of Gothic or Roman origin, have all an ancient appearance, with conspicuous Moorish features. The scenery, despite its somewhat worn and rather solitary aspect, has a unique loveliness peculiar to Southern Spain. Nature has here arranged her tones, colors, lights, and shadows with infinite art. The neutral yellowish-gray of the mountains serves as an advantageous foil to the positive green of the plains below them. The contrast is toned down somewhat, but not impaired, by delicate tints of purple, which make us doubt sometimes whether it is really a mountain that we see, or the cloudy semblance of one floating along the horizon. The gray-green of the olive orchards accords well with the purple-gray of the sierras, and the meadow-green of the fields by no means breaks the harmony. The colors are not strong, and neither is the light, as in the Alps, but all is gentle and dreamy, as if the dim old centuries, so many of which have left their human traces here, had shed upon the land something of their own remoteness and mystery. A railway seems out of place in such a country; we yearn for leisurely enjoyment of that fine frenzy of romantic reverie which only such a climate and such scenery can produce.

As we approach the Guadalquivir we enter one of the most fertile districts in Spain, celebrated from ancient times until

now for its oil and olives. Here the aloe flourishes, and the cactus, often planted in the form of a hedge, to serve as fencing, reaches an extraordinary height. The palm-tree and the parasol pine, sure indicators of a warm climate, grow spontaneously.

Seville, the metropolis of this valley and of Andalusia, had its origin with the Phœnicians, but afterwards became a Gothic capital, and passed successively under the dominion of the Carthaginians, Romans, and Moors. Life in Seville is much after the manner of that in Naples. While winter does not come with any of its hard lines, the long, hot summers promote indolence. The noontide hours, when all who can do so seek refuge from the midsummer heat, are the most tranquil of the twenty-four. Trading and shopping are mostly done after sundown, from which time until midnight the streets are full of gayety and life. The most fashionable evening drive and promenade is the Alameda, a stately thoroughfare, with marginal gardens and rows of palms and pomegranate-trees, along the left bank of the Guadalquivir.

One of the sober phases of Sevillian life is seen at the government tobacco factory. This enormous establishment employs about six thousand women and girls. It manufactures cigars, cigarettes, snuff, and cut tobacco for the Spanish market, using chiefly the Cuban and North American leaf. The women are paid for their work by the piece, receiving from four to six reals (eighteen to twenty-seven cents) per day. They are permitted to come to the factory from 7 until 10 o'clock A.M., and may remain until 8 P.M. They must all reside outside of the government premises, which are surrounded by a moat and kept under strict military guard, to prevent smuggling. No schools or hospitals are provided for the employés, of whom most are very ignorant, and some immoral. Not more than one in a hundred can read. The majority of them are young, but some are middle-aged, some

very old, and some yet children of tender years. Many mothers bring with them their babes, which are seen coddled in cradles, or crowing amid the tobacco leaves on the work-tables. Beside these tables, on one vast, unpartitioned floor, the workers sit in groups of fifteen or twenty. Most of the women are true Spaniards in appearance, with tawny skin and eyes black as coal. Beauty is exceptional among them, although a few are quite handsome. It is a wonder that any of them can retain the color of health, sitting, as they do, from day to day, amid such fumes of nicotine. Some of the girls wore roses in their black hair, and I noticed one pale little maid who kept a bunch of flowers amid the tobacco on the table before her.

The name of Seville cannot be mentioned without bringing to mind its great cathedral, which, while it preserves the exterior form of the Moorish mosque which once occupied its site, in its interior is a sublime specimen of Gothic art, imposing alike by the vastness and perfection of its proportions. Its painted windows, the work of Flemish artists, are among the finest specimens extant of deep, harmonious color enriched by the lapse of centuries. The grand central aisle is a majestic Gothic arch, springing aloft in such captivating lines as to carry with it the very soul of the beholder in its ambitious flight. On either side are two minor aisles, and also a series of chapels. Under the floor, near the main entrance, Colon, the son and biographer of Columbus, lies buried. A plain marble slab, carved with an epitaph and two quaint ships, marks the spot. In the chapter library, an adjoining building, some manuscripts in the handwriting of Columbus, and some rude maps drawn by him, are shown. These documents were prepared by the great explorer while in prison, to answer the accusations of the Inquisition.

One of the most important relics which the cathedral possesses is an image of the Virgin, said to have been presented

to St. Ferdinand by St. Louis of France. It is called *The Virgin of the Kings*. The image, which is of life-size, is kept behind a screen, and only exhibited by special request. It is made of wood, wears a crown and hair of gold, and is seated on a throne of silver. A small pecuniary reward induced the attendants to draw aside the screen, and permit me to behold this wonderful effigy. The exhibitors reverently turned away their faces, scarcely venturing to glance at an object so sacred, but I must confess that, divested of its purely religious claim to respect, its appearance was not awe-inspiring.

The treasures of the church, deposited in the sacristy, are of immense value. Among them is a portable silver altar, to carry which requires the services of twenty men. Massive silver candelabra accompany the altar; also a superb monstrance, dating from 1587, which is considered one of the finest specimens of the silversmith's art ever executed in Spain. The sacristy contains, among other precious articles of special interest, an agate chalice, the rock-crystal cup of St. Ferdinand, a fine Gothic cross of 1530, a gold censer, a Gothic Lignum Crucis, a cross made from the first gold brought by Columbus from America, and a splendid monstrance studded with twelve hundred gems. Among the relics are shown a sliver from the Crown of Thorns, and the identical keys delivered to St. Ferdinand by the Moors when they surrendered Seville. The vestments of the priests, made of the finest fabrics, and embroidered with gold, are kept in a glass cabinet devoted to that purpose.

The name of Murillo is inseparably associated with that of Seville. The great artist was born here, and here, like one of his own matchless beggar-boys, he passed his early youth in poverty and neglect. Made an object of charity by a distant relative, he learned here his first crude lessons in art, and here he afterwards executed most of his celebrated works. Yet Seville possesses but twenty-four of his paintings, besides two or three in the cathedral. They are hung upon the dull, taste-

less walls of a suppressed monastery, now used as a museum, and are among the least meritorious of his productions. Let us turn from them to that which is more interesting and beautiful,—the story of his life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BARTOLOMÉ ESTEBAN MURILLO.

SPANISH art is a child of adverse fortune. It had its origin about the year 1450, when Juan Sanchez de Castro established at Seville the earliest school of Spanish painting. But for more than a century after that its growth was stunted, feeble, and precarious. Born amid the gloom of the convent, it was brought up under the iron hand of the Inquisition. Its moral and intellectual habitat was a fit counterpart to the land of its nativity, aptly described by Irving as, for the most part, “a stern and melancholy country, with rugged mountains and long, sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome.”

To the rollicking, sensuous freedom of Dutch and Flemish art the art of Spain was a stranger. No genial Venetian skies warmed and vivified it with their generous golden radiance. All its surroundings were austere and monastic. Forbidden to taste the bright fountains of classic inspiration, it was held to the strictest chastity and sobriety. Alike in sacred and profane things it was subject to the vigilant and jealous censorship of both church and state. Under such influences and restraints it grew up austere, devout, and sombre. Cramped in its sphere and its aspirations, its development was slow, and for more than a century its results, with few exceptions, were indifferent and capricious.



A MODERN MOORISH TYPE.

ALCIERS.

The first important stimulus to healthy and vigorous growth in Spanish art came from Italy. That stimulus began to be felt just at the period when Spain had reached the climax of her political aggrandizement under Charles V. At that time Dürer and Da Vinci had accomplished their work, Holbein was in the meridian of his career, and Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian were enriching and astonishing the world with the products of their genius. Enamoured with the work of Titian, Charles V. made him a pensioner and count palatine of the empire, and retained him as a guest at the imperial court. The emperor became known as a generous patron of art, and a genuine though tardy art revival spread itself over the Peninsula.

During the reign of Philip II., whose vast dominions embraced nearly every art-producing country except the Italian Peninsula, the revival thus begun was fostered and still further stimulated. Titian, continuing in favor, remained at court, and many other Italian artists, attracted by the liberal patronage of the king and the wealthy noblemen, churches, and cloisters, came to Spain. Juanes and Ribalta studied in Italy, and returned accomplished in the style of Raphael; Antonio Moro, a Fleming, came from Antwerp and established a school of portrait-painting; Morales, misnamed "The Divine," won something more than provincial reputation by his coarse and grotesque but vigorous art; Navarrete, "The Mute," returning from his studies in Venice, founded the school of Madrid; Theotocopuli, "The Greek," filled the convents with bizarre imitations of his master, Tintoretto; and Peter of Champagne, another Fleming, settled and labored at Seville. Upon the works of these and numerous other artists of minor reputation, and for the most part Italian by training or by birth, the wealth then being drawn from the New World was liberally expended in the adornment of convents, palaces, and churches. The directing and vastly-predominating influ-

ence in the art of the country was Italian, and the schools of the Peninsula in the sixteenth century were more Italian than Spanish.

It was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that Spain produced any great master of painting worthy of the name. About that time a cardinal passing one day through the streets of Rome observed a bright-faced youth intently occupied in copying the frescos on the façade of a palace. The young artist was dirty and ragged, and beside him lay some crusts of bread which had been given him in charity. His earnestness and evident poverty touched the cardinal, who took him to his home, dressed him decently, and gave him a position in his household.

The youth thus befriended was José de Ribera, a native of Jativa, near Valencia, Spain. A pupil in the studio of Francisco Ribalta, in Valencia, this young enthusiast had been captivated by the splendors of Italian art then diffusing their lustre throughout Europe. Thinking only of Rome and its marvels, he quitted his home and country, and made his way, penniless and friendless, to the artistic and religious capital of the world. With no resources but a burning desire to learn, he exercised himself in making drawings of the frescos and statues of public buildings, and subsisted for a time upon the charity of the Roman artists, to whom he soon became known by the pet name of *Il Spagnoletto*, or "The Little Spaniard." The name thus acquired was destined to become illustrious in the annals of art. A pupil of the vagrant and turbulent Caravaggio, and a student of Correggio, Ribera developed a style as original as his genius, and settled in Naples, where he rose rapidly to fame and fortune, and became chief of the Neapolitan school. But in an evil hour his beautiful and favorite daughter fell into the wiles of Don Juan of Austria (natural son of Charles V.), who, abusing the privileges of a guest, and pretending honorable purposes, enticed her to her

ruin. Broken in spirit by this calamity, Ribera died soon afterwards. His is one of the trinity of great names around which clusters all that is best and greatest in Spanish art. After him came Velasquez, and then Murillo.

Although he never revisited his native country, Ribera did more than all who had preceded him to influence the formation of the Spanish school. The reputation he had acquired caused a great demand for his pictures in Spain, and drew Velasquez to Italy, where that great master, whose rising fame had preceded him, was received with the highest honors. Apartments were assigned to him at the Vatican, where he diligently copied the frescos of Michael Angelo and Raphael, although he regarded Titian as the greatest of the Italian artists. Before returning to Madrid, Velasquez visited all the principal art centres of Italy, including Naples, where he carefully studied Ribera's work, though apparently without fancying its subjects, or being materially influenced by its style.

In the illustrious trinity of Spanish art the genius of Velasquez, with a strong individualism all its own, was of an intermediate and transition quality between that of Ribera and that of Murillo. Of Ribera's master, Caravaggio, it has been said that he painted like a ruffian because he was a ruffian. With deep shadows and obscure backgrounds, his pictures have an air of imposing mystery quite in keeping with his passionate and dramatic life. Like teacher, like pupil. In Ribera's work we see the legitimate product of his impetuous and fiery nature moulded by his Spanish training and by Caravaggio's influence. Gloomy, horrible, and frightfully strong and truthful, his pictures relate mostly to martyrdoms, tortures and executions. His art is the off-spring and reflex of Spanish life and character as they emerged, savage, ascetic, and imperious, from the darkness and barbarism of the Middle Ages. With a passion for the cruel and revolting, he is a Michael Angelo in strength and correctness of anatomical

drawing. No wonder that his pupil, Salvator Rosa, who was of like genius for the awful and fantastic, should have passed into art history as "The Savage."

It is a relief to turn from the dismal precincts of this bloody school to the work of Velasquez. Here also we see a reflex of Spain, but a vastly different one from that of Ribera. It is a harsh and ascetic Spain, still haughty and half savage, but chastened and restrained by reviving civilization, and tempered by the refining influence of the Italian renaissance. It does not appear that his studies in Italy produced any essential change in the style of Velasquez. The influence of Rubens, with whom he formed a personal acquaintance at Madrid, affected him more than that of the Italian masters. But an influence far more potent than any of these in giving character to his work, and to all Spanish art, was that of the court and the church. Ribera took his cue from the church, or, rather, the Inquisition, Velasquez from the court.

King Philip IV., into whose service Velasquez was taken early in his career, was himself an artist and a lover of art. Yet in the enjoyment of his sovereign's partiality the master was by no means wholly fortunate. As chief chamberlain to the king, Velasquez was obliged to be in constant attendance upon His Majesty, and it was while making arrangements for the marriage of the Infanta to Louis XIV., on the famous *Île de la Conférence*, that he contracted the fever of which he died.

It is pitiful to think of a genius like that of Velasquez half the time absorbed with the dull and petty distractions of court routine, and even in its nobler functions obliged to pander to the doltish vanity of trumpery princes and grandees. Moving in such a sphere, Velasquez became chiefly a portrait-painter, and his subjects, mostly chosen for him by his royal patron, were scarcely less unlovely than those of Ribera. The members of the Austro-Spanish royal family, as Velasquez has

portrayed them, are the opposite of all that is graceful or attractive either in person or in dress. Among the least agreeable of them all was Philip himself, whose vapid, long-jawed, preposterous countenance the hapless court painter was obliged to reproduce over and over *ad nauseam*. The fashions of the day were also as repugnant as possible to all enjoyable art, particularly those adopted by the women, who were done up in prodigious hoops and long-waisted, armor-like corsets, and who seem to have particularly prided themselves on having their hair twisted and frizzled into shapes of mountainous deformity.

An artist busied with such material could not be expected to take frequent inspiration from the sublime and beautiful in out-door nature, or even from higher religious themes. There could be no lofty spiritual incentive, or seeking after the ideal, in the slavish routine of painting court dolls, dwarfs, and dunces. Nor was there for Velasquez. He missed the ideal in art, and became an embodiment of intense, energetic realism. This, however, was probably due quite as much to natural choice and taste as to force of circumstances. A key to the artistic nature of Velasquez is found in his disrelish for Raphael.* His mind was too unimaginative, too naturalistic, to appreciate the sublime Italian. But what he lacked in imagination he made up in truth and power. He is realistic, but his realism, like his personality, is of the noblest quality. He sought the true rather than the beautiful, and his truth is gigantic. If art were solely the imitation of nature, the world would not have seen a greater painter.

* Boschini says that, being asked by Salvator Rosa what he thought of Raphael, Velasquez

“Bowed his figure tall

And said,

‘For Raphael, to speak the truth,—
I always was plain-spoken from my youth,—
I cannot say I like his works at all.’”

From the gloomy naturalism of Ribera, and the materialistic realism of Velasquez, we pass to the bright and sublimated ideal of Murillo. The transition is much like unto that from the Inferno through the Purgatorio to the Paradiso.

Like Velasquez, whose junior he was by nineteen years, Murillo was a native of Seville. He was born on New-Year's Day, 1618, and received the baptismal name of Bartolomé Esteban. In early childhood little Bartolomé gave sign of his genius by scratching figures and sketches on the whitewashed walls and brick floors of his father's house. His parents were poor, and his youth a melancholy one, passed without education or pleasure, except the happiness he found in sketching the ragged, sunburnt children of the street. At length, out of compassion and charity, his uncle, Juan del Castillo, a Seville artist of inferior talents, took him into his studio as a pupil. But Castillo could only instruct the boy in drawing, and in his own cold, dry style of coloring, and it was not long until the apt scholar had learned all of art that his master knew. How different this from the training of Michael Angelo by the brilliant Ghirlandaio, or that of Raphael by the great Leonardo's friend, Perugino!

Castillo having removed to Cadiz, Murillo was cast upon his own resources. He therefore betook himself to the production of cheap images of the Virgin and the saints, which he painted on wood, and offered for sale in the Thursday markets. These crude paintings were eagerly bought by exporters and ship-captains for the newly-converted population of Mexico and Peru, and to this day many of them are religiously treasured in the churches of Spanish South America.

Thus the young artist reached his twenty-third year, when, by accident, a great awakening took place in his mind. Pedro de Moya, who had been one of his school-fellows under Castillo, now returned from Flanders, where he had been taught by Vandyke, and had schooled himself in the style of that

master. As soon as he saw Moya's paintings, Murillo's soul was on fire. It was the revelation of a world of beauty, and the dawn of splendid possibilities no glimpse of which had hitherto crossed his provincial horizon. He was in an ecstasy of delight and enthusiastic aspiration, and his conscious genius thirsted unspeakably for training and for opportunity. But he had neither money nor helpful friends. He resolved to help himself. Having bought a large canvas, he cut it into small pieces upon which he painted the Madonna and the infant Saviour accompanied by the cherubic host and encircled with garlands of flowers. These little paintings he sold at the fair in Seville, and with the small sum thus obtained in his pocket he set out on foot for Madrid. It seemed a pitiful undertaking, but the friendless young Andalusian who thus trudged away unmissed and uncared for was destined to win a fairer fame for himself, and confer a nobler distinction upon his country, than its proudest captains had ever achieved.

At Madrid, Murillo sought Velasquez, then in the full meridian of his fame. The great court painter, whose generous heart was of like mould with his genius, received him kindly, gave him instruction and the means of earning subsistence, and secured for him what he chiefly sought, the opportunity to study the famous Italian and Flemish paintings then hung in the palace, the Escorial, and the master's studio. What happiness, what privilege was this for the craving and expanding soul newly eliminated from the little art world of a provincial town !

For two years Murillo remained at Madrid, working, copying, and learning under the direction of Velasquez, whose generous help did not stop with encouraging him by words of praise and promise, but went so far as to bring his work to the favorable notice of the king. Velasquez also urged Murillo to go to Rome, at the same time offering to pay all his expenses, and proposing to secure for him an influential

acquaintance in Italy. But the simple-hearted artist felt a dread of great cities and courts, and turned back to his native Seville. His return, like his departure, was unnoticed, but he only lacked the opportunity now to compel the world to recognize his genius. The opportunity soon came. The friars of the Franciscan convent at Seville desired to have some historical pictures painted in one of the cloisters of their establishment, but the artists of their choice hesitated to undertake the work for the moderate compensation offered. The friars then turned to Murillo, who accepted the commission, and executed it so superbly as to create universal astonishment. At one bound he reached the lofty position to which his talents entitled him, and henceforth he had no lack of orders. All Seville was in raptures over his charming and original style, more winning than that of Vandyke, Ribera, or Velasquez.

Quickly following this came another happy event which added much both to his felicity and his usefulness. Having occasion to visit Pilas, the birthplace of his mother, a short distance from Seville, his eyes there fell upon Donna Beatriz de Cabrera, a lady of great beauty and intelligence and considerable fortune. The artist became enamoured with her, but shrank from proposing an alliance with one so much above his station. His good fortune soon made amends for his diffidence. Being engaged to paint an altar-piece for a church in Pilas, he gave to the face of an angel in his picture the faithful semblance of the idol of his heart. Touched by this compliment, the lady reciprocated his passion, and they were soon afterwards married.

Murillo's rising fame and his attractions of person and character doubtless had much to do with the making of this match. The gentleness, modesty, and manliness which were so conspicuous in his life are plainly read in his portraits (painted by himself) which have come down to us. His delicately-moulded face, deep, spiritual eyes, full brow, and

shapely head, with its "black cataract of hair" streaming down upon his shoulders, must have made him, with his quiet and faultless demeanor, a most lovable man to all true-hearted, sensible women.

The effect of his marriage upon his art is notable. The bold and vigorous style to which he had been accustomed was softened, subdued, and polished, to be resumed at a later period with more vigor than ever, coupled with exquisite grace and sweetness. Thus he reached the last and best of the three different styles which, like Raphael, he successively adopted. To the Spaniards these styles were known as the *frio*, *calido*, and *vaporoso*,—cold, warm, and hazy. It was the latter style, a suffusion of ethereal warmth and effulgence, a unity of the living, breathing world with the celestial life, in which Murillo most delighted, and in which he made his sublimest flights into the empyrean of the ideal. In this style he painted his luminous, silvery-toned annunciations, depicted the ecstasies of the saints, and achieved such triumphs of light and color as only Guido Reni and Correggio had previously attempted.

One of the finest examples of this third-style work is the *St. Anthony of Padua*, which hangs in the cathedral at Seville. This picture is well described in the words of Mrs. Jameson: "Kneeling near a table, the shaven, brown-frocked saint is surprised by a visit from the infant Jesus,—a charming, naked babe, who descends in a golden flood of glory, walking the bright air as if it were the earth, while around him floats and hovers a company of cherubs, most of them children, forming a rich garland of graceful forms and lovely faces. Gazing up in rapture at this dazzling vision, St. Anthony kneels with arms outstretched to receive the approaching Saviour. On a table is a vase containing white lilies, the proper attribute of the saint, painted with such Zeuxis-like skill that birds wandering among the aisles have been seen attempting to perch on it and peck the flowers."

During the night of November 4, 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out of this picture and spirited away. Through the efforts of the government it was afterwards discovered in New York, while being offered for sale. It was immediately returned to Seville, where it was received and borne back to the cathedral by the people, with great rejoicing. It has been restored with much skill to its place in the painting, for the protection of which the chapel where it hangs is now closed by lofty iron gates securely locked, and opened for the visitor only upon special solicitation. It so happened that when these rusty portals were swung back for me, a devout bat was chirruping joyous orisons in its place of concealment behind the precious picture.

From the rapt St. Anthony of Murillo we turn naturally to his beatified and glorified women. His art is the apotheosis of womanhood and childhood, the idealization of their beauty and perfection. Divine they are, and spiritually irradiated with a glory that seems to emanate from an opened heaven, yet they share our mortality and are of ourselves a part. They are supernally exalted, and yet thoroughly human. It has been said that the women in the streets of Rome seem to have walked out of Raphael's pictures in the Vatican. His Sistine Madonna is a sweet Italian girl of eighteen years, and his infant Christ and St. John are ideals of Italian babyhood. In like manner Murillo's types of female beauty are just such brown-faced, black-eyed maidens as we now see in the streets of Seville, with red roses coquettishly hung in their raven-black hair. His own beautiful daughter is said to be the original of some of his finest creations of angelic and virgin loveliness. His children are the very children which every traveller sees in Spain. He drew not upon the distant and the strange, but transformed and beautified the daily life around him.

The best study of Murillo is to be had in the Royal Museum at Madrid, which contains forty-six of his works. The two

principal Madonnas hang side by side in the great central gallery, than which the world has no grander chamber, no more fit repository for such priceless gems of art. In these pictures it has pleased Murillo, like Raphael, to paint the Madonna young, to impart to her all the guilelessness and artless grace of early womanhood. But the two pictures show a difference of age, the Madonna in the one being a girl of seventeen, and in the other a woman of twenty. Both are radiantly beautiful, and both are expressive of the sublimest and purest ecstasy, but the younger is the more intuitive and winsome ideal. No artist ever drew a lovelier semblance of maiden innocence. Every lineament is eloquent of purity, tenderness, and holy rapture. With her hands crossed upon her breast, and her face upturned in timid surprise and caught in adoring ecstasy, the Virgin stands upon a crescent amid unfolding clouds, while the luminous haze which surrounds her is thickly clustered with cherub faces. Around her figure, which is robed in spotless white, floats a loose drapery of blue, in pleasing contrast with the rich golden glow which transfuses and glorifies the whole. Verily, in the presence of such a work, we seem to tread on sacred ground.

In the companion picture the Virgin* stands in similar attitude amid parted clouds, her crossed hands "stilling the glad tumult of her heart," and her face upturned in rapturous adoration and submission, whilst amid the ambient effulgence, soft and golden-hued, a host of happy cherubs are waving palms and strewing myrtles and lilies. Light, coloring, drapery, and transcendent beauty of face and form all combine to express and emphasize the trust, the peace, the infinite bliss of the transported soul.

But the crowning jewel of the conceptions, the flower and

* In painting the Virgin in this picture, the artist is said to have taken his daughter as a model.

perfect fruit of Murillo's art, is the *Immaculate Conception*, in the Louvre. This picture, with many other precious paintings, was carried off by Marshal Soult during the French invasion, and at the sale of Soult's collection, in 1852, it was bought by the French government for six hundred and thirty-five thousand francs. In this, as in the Madrid pictures, the Virgin, robed in white, with drapery of blue, appears amid a lustrous *entourage* of diaphanous cloud, her feet resting upon the crescent, her hands meekly folded upon her bosom, and her face upturned in unspeakable rapture. Around her, and bearing her aloft in the golden mist, flutters a multitude of winged cherubs, painted with incomparable sweetness. Nothing could exceed, nothing in art has surpassed, if equalled, the pure and seraphic beatitude of that adoring face. Emotionless must be the heart that is not thrilled and awe-inspired in the contemplation of this sublime revelation of the possibilities of heavenly exaltation to the human soul!

It is much to say that no artist has deserved more than Murillo the veneration of women. His art is the exaltation of motherhood. Many beautiful Madonnas have been painted, but the mother-soul belongs peculiarly to his. They are celestial in their purity and beauty, but they are not supernatural. His Christ-mother is a real mother, his Christ-child a real child, yet both are as satisfactory to our conceptions of the ideal as they are to our knowledge of the real.

One of the finest of Murillo's works of this kind is his *Virgin and Child*, in the Dresden gallery. Beautiful in its simplicity, it is the personification of divine motherhood and angelic childhood, all within the range of human experience and sympathy. With her lips parted and her eyes directed heavenward, the Virgin, with reverent affection, embraces the bright-faced child, which rests its chubby hands upon her breast. The countenances are thoroughly Spanish, yet suggest by that fact no anachronism, since they have that touch of

Nature which makes them kin to all the races and conditions of mankind.

Resembling but not quite equalling the Dresden picture in style and merit is the *Virgin of the Rosary*, in the Madrid Museum. The rosary which the mother holds in her hand, and which gives to this picture its name, is an incongruity which somewhat mars its otherwise admirable effect. Murillo very seldom resorts to such accessories, although so common with the artists of his time. The Madrid collection also contains an *Adoration of the Shepherds*, marvellous in poetic grace and truth, and not excelled even by Correggio's famous *La Notte* in its magical effects of light and color. Wrapt in the same dreamy enchantment of the *vaporoso* style are (in the same collection) two superb annunciations and a deeply-pathetic picture representing the Child Redeemer—an impersonation of infantile beauty and innocence—asleep upon the cross. Also glowing with the soft effulgence of this style is the delightful and universally-favorite Madrid picture known as *The Children of the Shell*, in which, with perfection of loving grace and tenderness, the infant Christ presents the water of life, in a shell, to the child St. John. Of like merit as an ideal portraiture of childhood and motherhood is the *St. Felix*, of the Seville collection. Of this picture, also in the *vaporoso* style, the Spaniards say that if pricked it will bleed, and that the playful and winsome child, which the venerable saint is in the act of restoring to the Virgin, has been fed on roses.

But the genius of Murillo had also its realistic side, and while it could thus idealize divine infancy and motherhood, and the beatitudes of saints and angels, it was scarcely less phenomenal in portraying the gypsy and gamin life of the street. The so-called *Beggar-Boys*, produced by the same pencil which drew the beatific conceptions at Madrid and the Louvre, are the perfection of genre art. Three of these pictures, numbered 348, 349, and 357 in the catalogue, hang in

the Royal Pinacothek at Munich. Number 348 represents two youthful tatterdemalions seated on the ground near a basket filled with fruits, the one in the act of biting off the berries from a bunch of grapes which he holds aloft, and the other devouring a melon. In Number 349 two gamins are squatted on the ground, accompanied by a chipper little dog. One of the boys is poking a piece of melon into his mouth, and is being laughed at by the other. The third picture shows two sprawling ragamuffins engaged in playing dominos, while a third, standing, and accompanied by his dog, observes them, and devours a piece of bread. Near the group is seen a basket filled with fruits.

Nothing could surpass the life, vigor, and naturalness of these pictures or their appropriateness of coloring. They are as true to life and nature as it is possible for art to make them. Yet Mr. Ruskin finds fault with the dusty feet of the boys, and with his usual dogmatism judges and condemns Murillo upon these specimens of his art. It is enough to say that the same arbitrary oracle declares that Salvator Rosa and J. M. W. Turner were far superior to Claude Lorraine; that Tintoretto's huge and bewildering *Paradise* is "the most wonderful piece of pure, manly, and masterly oil painting in the world, the most precious thing that Venice possesses;" and, to put the climax upon audacious and erratic judgment, that Turner is "the only perfect landscape-painter the world has ever seen!"

Murillo's art, like his life, is sublime in its simplicity. It is of that rare quality which conceals art. He paints as a tree grows, or a bird sings, and his work, with all its surpassing excellence, goes straight to the plainest understanding. He had no academy training, and was for the most part self-taught; but he painted from the heart to the heart, and thereby made himself, as he still remains, the most popular of all the Spanish painters.

Murillo is no imitator and no mannerist. He is thoroughly original. At Madrid he studied Ribera, Velasquez, Vandyke, and Titian, but his style is entirely his own. It is also wholly indigenous to his own people and country. He never was outside of Spain. After returning from Madrid he labored incessantly for thirty-seven years at Seville, producing his greatest and best work after he became fifty years of age. None of the enticements of court life or the flatteries of power could induce him to quit his native city. One of his "immaculate conceptions," which he completed at the age of fifty-seven years, was borne in public procession at Madrid, and created such a *furor* of admiration that King Philip sent at once for Murillo; but even royal solicitation could not beguile him away from the pursuit of his art in the quiet of his home. He has been called the painter without ambition, and properly so, for he certainly cared little for distinction for its own sake.

He was equally indifferent to the acquisition of wealth. Vastly as he enriched the world by his name and works, he died almost penniless. The king honored him with commissions, and the Pope was proud to possess some of his works, yet the highest price he ever received for a picture was but eight hundred dollars, or less than the one hundred and fiftieth part of the amount paid by the French government for his *Conception*, in the Louvre. In 1874 his *Little Shepherd*, which Queen Isabella had presented to Guizot, was sold at auction for one hundred and twenty thousand francs. His *Healing of the Cripple* was bought by an English collector for one hundred and sixty thousand francs. In all civilized countries his works are now considered gems of almost priceless value. King Charles III. became so deeply impressed with their excellence that he issued a decree forbidding their export from Spain; yet, strange to say, of nearly five hundred pictures which Murillo is known to have painted, only one hundred and twenty-eight remain in his native country. Of the resi-

due, London has one hundred and five, other English cities one hundred and fifteen, Paris twenty-one, other French cities seven, Russia twenty-four, Austria-Hungary six, Italy six, the United States seven, Germany ten, Holland three, and Sweden two. Forty-seven are of unknown location. Verily, Murillo, like Lord Bacon, though not with the same need, has bequeathed his name and memory to foreign nations and to after-ages.

Modest as Murillo was, and blamelessly as he lived, he did not wholly escape envy and even persecution. He was narrowly watched by the Inquisition, and it is said that he was obliged at one time to take refuge in a convent to escape punishment for exposing the pretty foot of one of his Virgins beneath her drapery. The same restrictive surveillance may account, in part, for the fact that, pre-eminent as he was in his power to portray and idealize female loveliness, he has left behind him no portraits of real women. The works of Velasquez, who was one of the greatest portrait-painters of his time, show a similar deficiency, and probably for similar reasons. The social as well as the religious customs of Spain in that age obliged well-bred ladies to live in a kind of Oriental seclusion, and were jealous of any form of art which might mitigate its strictness.

Eleven years after his return from Madrid, Murillo undertook to establish an academy of painting in his native city, but was much opposed by Herrera and other artists who had studied in Italy and were disinclined to be led in such an enterprise by an artist who had never quitted Spain. Nevertheless the academy gained a permanent footing, and Murillo, its first president, with characteristic magnanimity, placed his would-be rival, Herrera, at the head of its directorship.

Another contemporary who was loath to endure Murillo's ascendancy was Castillo, a painter and poet of Cordova. Coming to Seville, this artist viewed the master's works with

speechless astonishment. When he had recovered voice, in despair of ever emulating such excellence, he exclaimed, "It is all over with Castillo." He then went home and died, poet-like, of melancholy and discouragement. Such, at least, is the story solemnly told by various chroniclers.

Of Raphael it has been said that, beautiful as his works are, none of them "surpass the perfect picture of his life." Of Murillo, whose life and works bear many striking resemblances to those of Raphael, the remark is equally true. So far as we know, there was no serious blemish upon his character or career. Victor Cousin observes that "the loftiest aim of art is to arouse the sentiment of the infinite." This aim Murillo diligently pursued. Like Juanes, the evangelist of Spanish art, he was profoundly religious, and it has been related of him that he spent part of each day in meditation before Pedro Campaña's *Descent from the Cross*, in a little chapel of the Church of Santa Cruz. On one such occasion, when reminded by the sacristan that it was time to close the church for the evening, he replied, in a state of beatific abstraction, "I wait until these holy persons have taken away the body of our Lord."

As he lived and labored in single devotion to art, so, in one sense, he became a martyr to it, for while painting the *Espousals of St. Catherine* over the high altar of the Capuchin Convent at Cadiz, he fell from the scaffolding and received injuries which proved fatal. He died in April, 1682, at the age of sixty-four, and was buried in the Church of Santa Cruz, in Seville, beneath the picture he had so much admired. During the French occupation, in 1810, the church was destroyed, and the grave of Murillo, like that of Velasquez at Madrid, was despoiled of its contents.

The house where he lived still stands in Seville. I found it one golden vernal evening, after long pursuit through labyrinthian alleys, in a remote corner of the ancient Juderia, or

Jews' quarter. It was a plain, whitewashed, two-story building, with an Arabesque court, standing next to the old Moorish wall. It possessed no very important or attractive feature except its association with the great master who had been its occupant. Little children were playing in the grass-grown street near by, but except their merry voices no sound disturbed the devout and grateful reminiscences which the place awakened of the pure and splendid genius which has so embellished this human existence with immortal beauty, and has so filled the world with a light that never was on land or sea.

THE END.

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